



OXNARD NOT  
IN THE DEADDenies That He is Bo  
of New Combine.Papers Told Him All  
Knows About It.De La Mar Sued for Millio  
Big Hotel for Rob Hill  
Smugglers Caught.

INT DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The proposed solidation of beet-sugar interests which has kept the speculative market guessing for so long, seems to be definitely identified, and with the news, profits to have been positively made on the subject.

Vice-President Robert Oxnard of American Beet Sugar Company said today: "The first news I received was the reported consolidation of beet-sugar companies in my newspaper. It may or may not be true, but you may possibly be right in the deal."

In reply to the direct question to the probability of the formation of a trust to fight the Bakersfield trust, Oxnard said: "There has been no definite plan made, so far as company is concerned."

SHIP SUBSIDY BILL  
ITS CHANCES ARE DOUBIOUS.

INT DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

WASHINGTON, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Up to today the Shipping Subsidy Bill has had very little chance in the Senate, and the chance for its passage in the form in which it was reported by the committee was considered of the brightest. This afternoon, Senator Seneca Allison of Iowa took the floor and some features of the bill, and made an address that makes its passage look extremely uncertain, unless it is agreed that it will not be satisfactory to the shipping interests that drew it, and that have pressed it for many years.

Senator Allison had many objections to offer to the bill, and in order to correct these he offered amendment after amendment, will make it simple a straight-out mail subsidy.

Steamship men do not want that, and it is doubtful if the Committee of Commerce of the Senate would agree.

It is suggested that if Senator Allison's amendments are adopted, Senator Frank D. Ryan of New Mexico will rally the friends of the bill around him, and vote it down rather than see it go through in a amended form.

MALLORY'S AMENDMENT.

INT DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

WASHINGTON, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Senator Frank D. Ryan of New Mexico has introduced an amendment to the bill to control ocean freight rates on the trans-Pacific products of the United States to foreign countries, or the transportation of products of foreign countries to the United States.

HOLD CONFERENCE.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY PEOPLE.

INT DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

SACRAMENTO, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Directors of the Sacramento Valley Development Association met here to-night, Will S. Green, F. E. Wright, and J. L. Swank of Colusa, H. S. Taylor, Woodland; H. P. Stabler, Chico; Dr. R. M. Green, Oroville, and Frank Miller, M. R. Board, Alexander Gordon, J. O. Coleman and Frank D. Ryan of this city, being present.

A resolution was adopted urging county boards of supervisors to levy a 2-cent tax for exhibition at the Everything New and Improved House always warm. Prices \$1.50 a day for special rates.

A resolution recommending the erection in this city of a hotel for the accommodation of tourists was also adopted.

A resolution recommended a concerted action for irrigating and draining lands, and that laws allowing any reclamation of swamp-land district to buy the warrants or bonds of another was adopted, and a resolution proposed by S. L. Devin, A. T. J. Reynolds and A. L. St. John was appointed to argue for a convention to negotiate and swamp-land district trustees to be held in this city in the near future.

It was decided the three men on the convention to be John and Ogden.

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RAILROAD RECORD.  
TRAIN PASS  
IN NIGHT.Fresno Has Grievance  
Against Espee.Action Taken to Secure  
Better Service.Rosy Prospects for Stillwell's  
Road—Speyer Preparing  
a Merger Plan.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

FRESNO, March 15.—The Fresno Chamber of Commerce is not satisfied with the present train service given by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Some time ago the day train from Fresno to Los Angeles was taken off, and sent down the Coast route. Since then all the passengers from Los Angeles have passed through this city in the night time, or else, because of better arrangements, have gone over the Coast route.

There has been some detrimental to the work being done in Los Angeles to induce immigration into this country.

Markham's New Office.

HOUSTON (Tex.) March 15.—At a meeting of the directors of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio (Southern Pacific) C. H. Markham, executive head of the Houston and Texas departments, was elected vice-president, and will become the executive head of the first-named road.

SPAIN.

KING ALFONSO DULL  
BUT NOT WEAK-MINDED.FUNCTIONS OF KINGSHIP WOULD  
PROVE TOO MUCH FOR HIM.Needs Three or Four Years to Give  
His Brain a Chance to Grow—His  
Body Health also Below the  
Average.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

OAKLAND, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Some functions of the Kingship have been made here recently respecting the young King of Spain. It has been hinted not obscurely that he is weak-minded. These reports are grossly exaggerated. The actual facts are that a short time ago the National Bank of Mexico, the largest banking institution of the Oakland City Council, stating that the Santa Fe is anxious to come into Oakland. This telegram came in response to a message from Schaffer asking for information on the subject.

The Santa Fe people have been invited to come before the City Council next week, and tell what they want in Oakland.

HARRIMAN HEADS IT.

NEW "ESPEE" COMPANY.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—The directors of the recently incorporated Southern Pacific Railroad Company have elected the following officers:

President, E. H. Harriman; vice-president, Charles H. Tread; second vice-president, J. P. Krutsch; treasurer, N. T. Smith; assistant treasurer at New York, A. K. Van Dusen; secretary, J. L. Wilcutt; assistant treasurer at New York, Alexander Miller.

The officers are the same as those of the now defunct Southern Pacific.

The company necessary to instigate suits to property descriptions resulted in the property being taken a quietus of the court.

STILLWELL'S ROAD.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.) March 15.—Speaking at the dinner to President Arthur E. Stillwell and the English financiers interested in the Kansas City, Mexican and Orient Railroad, Lord Mowbray said that a high rate of interest could be obtained, many times over to build the road. Stillwell told of the interest President Diaz of Mexico, the greatest man on earth, took in the project and gave statistics of the mineral resources of the Mexican country through which the Orient would pass.

The Orient road, said Stillwell, will a private visit to Rome in Easter week.

SAGASTA TRIUMPHS.

QUEEN SURRENDERS TO HIM.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

MADRID, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Queen Regis, has consented to build Sagasta's new Cabinet. She only called upon Sagasta to reconstruct the ministry after she found it impossible to induce the various sectional leaders to attempt the formation of a coalition Cabinet.

The Pope has appealed to Her Majesty, not merely for the decree, obligating religious congregations to comply with the law of associations, to be put in force. The decree becomes operative March 21, so the new Cabinet will be early confronted with a question admitted to be extremely difficult to settle.

PRIZE FOR THE ZOO.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has won its fight for a ferry landing on Terminal Island by a decision of the Supreme Court. The Los Angeles Terminal Land Company was the opposing party in the suit.

The realty company bought the island in 1892. The lot where the ferry landing is to be built was sold to the Catalina Yacht Club four years later.

The yacht club decided not to use the property and sold it to the Southern Pacific Company.

One of the conditions under which the land was first sold was that nothing should be done to it which would injure the interests of the realty company.

When the Southern Pacific Company began to build the ferry it became evident that the business of the Terminal Railway Company would be injured, and litigation commenced.

The lower court decided in favor of the Terminal Land Company, but the Supreme Court reversed that decision.

It is held that a ferry will be of great convenience to the public and that the personal covenant embodied in the original sale cannot legally prohibit the proposed improvement.

SANTA FE

DEATH OF SANTA FE.

Joseph W. B. Clark, pioneer resident to this State, the early days of the San Francisco Cottages, has died at his home in San Francisco.

For many years he was a member of the San Francisco Terminal Railway Company.

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## HOTEL CASA LOMA

Charming in its surroundings, perfect in appointments, and located in the beautiful town of

## REDLAND

The most attractive, beautiful location and best winter climate of any resort in

## CALIFORNIA

J. L. BOHON, Mgr.

## Elsinon

The Great Hot Springs  
soft. Fine Hotels, Cottages  
Camping Grounds.

Only successful treatment  
for Rheumatism known

## THE LAKE VIEW HOTEL

ELGINORE HOT SPRINGS  
New Mineral Water and Air  
New Cure for Rheumatism. Write

C. S. THAPAGEN & CO.

## Beautiful Santa Barbara

BY-THE-SEA.

Where roses bloom and strawberries every day in the year.

## The Arlington Inn

With this last modern improvement in capacity of four hundred guest green turf golf links is in

Five minutes street car from the

Perpetual May Climate

Ocean Bathing Every Day

Write for booklet.

E. P. DUNN,  
Los Angeles office off South Spring

## Hotel El Paso de Robles

OTTO E. NEVER, Prop.

## Hotel unexcelled. Cecilia

Hot Sulphur and Mud

For Health and Pleasure

Most BEAUTIFUL HOTEL

Los Angeles Office, 202 West Third Street, C. A. HUBERT, Agent

## CATALINA. EUROPEAN

WARMED PALACE

Large, airy, spacious

Rooms, bedding, linen, etc.

Clean, cool rooms with bunks, etc.

From wharfs to LEFT

to corral, a few steps to ocean.

Rooms, etc., at one time

more. Los Angeles address, 1202 West Third Street. E. J. WHITNEY, Prop.

## HOTEL REDONDO

Redondo Beach, Queen

All modern improvements

from the latest

train daily to Santa Fe

For rates address, 1207 W. Third and 200 S. Main Street.

W. M. GILL, Prop.

## HOTEL GREENE

Whittier, Calif. F. G. Green, Prop.

Meat, fruit, etc., climate delicious

staying here one month will

transportation to and from Los Angeles.

For particulars address, 1207 W. Third Street.

W. M. GILL, Prop.

## Wilson Peak

Above the Clouds.

For information, call at 207 W. Third Street, or address, M. H. STEPHENSON, Prop.

Marin. Cal. Telephone 2121.

## Hotel Arca

SANTA MONICA, BY THE

Delightful winter year, good, soft, and dry.

Breathless with S. P. H. and

the city car every day.

For details, W. H. WRIGHT, Prop.

Third Street, Los Angeles.

## CATALIN

Except the Metropole, the GRAND

is the largest hotel on the Coast.

Large parlor and dining room.

Reading and smoking room.

Large swimming pool.

Cost, \$1.50 a day and up.

G. L. COOPER, Prop.

## Ysidro Ranch and Cottages

A beautiful resort, on the banks

of the Colorado River.

Excellent water from

For printed address, L. E. LEIGH JOHNSON, Santa Monica.

## SUNONA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Beautiful climate. For details

see our address, SANTA MONICA COUNTY BOARD.

Santa Monica, California.

## OXNARD NOT IN THE DEAL.

*Denies That He is Back  
of New Combine.*

*Papers Told Him All He  
Knows About It.*

*De La Mar Sued for Millions.  
Big Hotel for Nob Hill—  
Smugglers Caught.*

*IST DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The proposed consolidation of beet-sugar interests which has kept the speculative market moving for so long, seems to be well under way, in the East, but men prominently identified locally with the industry, profess to have no information on the subject.*

*Vice-President Robert Oxnard of the American Beet Sugar Company said today: "The first news I received of the reported consolidation of beet-sugar interests came in my morning newspaper. It may or may not be true, but you can possibly know that the American Beet Sugar Company is not a part of it."*

*In reply to the direct question as to the probability of the formation of a trust to fight the Havemeyer trust, Oxnard said: "That has been proposed time and again. Up to date there have been hundreds of trips to San Francisco every year and is well known here."*

*He said: "I have been offered a position with the new combine, but I have not accepted it. I am not a member of the Political Henchman."*

*GOVERNOR REWARDS  
POLITICAL HENCHMAN.*

*JOHN MCKENZIE GETS JOB OF HAR-  
BOR COMMISSIONER.*

*Appointment Made With View of  
Strengthening Gage's Chances of Re-  
election—Bos Rae also Gets a Slice of  
Executive Patronage.*

*RED DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gov. Gage's appointment of John McKenzie of San Jose as a member of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners is regarded as a clever move in this campaign. McKenzie has figured in politics for many years. He first became known as a member of the staff of James W. Rea, former Railroad Commissioner, and a political boss in Santa Clara county. McKenzie has stood by the State organization and his appointment is, therefore, in the nature of a reward. He is said to be satisfactory to Dan Burns. McKenzie is still a comparatively young man. San Jose has always been his home, but he has made hundreds of trips to San Francisco every year and is well known here."*

*McKenzie is a member of the Political Henchman.*

*REVERSES SEAMANS.*

*FINLEY ON RETIRED LIST.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SACRAMENTO, March 15.—Gov. Gage today reversed the decision of the late adjutant-general, W. H. Seaman, in which the latter denied the application of First Lieutenant of Battery D, First Battalion Artillery, stationed at San Francisco.*

*NO HILL HOTEL.*

*FAIR HEIRS TO BUILD IT.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—The heirs of the late Senator James G. Fair will soon erect a magnificent hotel on the site of the coming State campaign headquarters for the new combine, which is to be known as the Gage.*

*The proposed hotel will be situated on the site of the old Hotel de la Mar, which was to be the new headquarters of the new combine, and will be built by the heirs of Senator James G. Fair.*

*SEVERAL PLACES FILLED.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SACRAMENTO, March 15.—Senator Gage today appointed an attorney to the Ship Subsidy Bill, and a director of all vessels from the benefits of the whose owners have been within the past year parties to any agreement with any person or corporation, the purpose of which has been to control ocean freight rates, or to restrain competition in the transportation of products of the United States to foreign countries, or the transportation of products of foreign countries to the United States.*

*HOLD CONFERENCE.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SACRAMENTO, March 15.—The Directors of the Sacramento Valley Development Association met here today: Wm. S. Green, F. E. Wright, J. L. Swanson of Colusa, H. S. Wadsworth, H. P. Stabler, Taber Clegg, Dr. R. E. Johnson, Dr. W. and Frank Miller, M. R. Beard, Alexander Gordon, J. O. Coleman and Frank D. Ryan of this city, being present.*

*SACRAFON'S AMENDMENT.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SACRAMENTO, March 15.—Senator Gage today presented an amendment to the Ship Subsidy Bill, and a director of all vessels from the benefits of the whose owners have been within the past year parties to any agreement with any person or corporation, the purpose of which has been to control ocean freight rates, or to restrain competition in the transportation of products of the United States to foreign countries, or the transportation of products of foreign countries to the United States.*

*THE OWL.*

*SUIT FOR MILLIONS.*

*DE LA MAR THE DEFENDANT.*

*BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A. M. SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—Capt. J. L. St. John, of the San Francisco Bar, and his wife, Mrs. St. John, were sued by the heirs of De La Mar, the millionaire mine owner, in the Superior Court of this city for \$3,425,000, and whatever additional sum an accounting may show to be due to the plaintiff, the Utah-Nevada Company.*

*The suit is based on an alleged agreement between De La Mar and the Utah-Nevada Company for the purchase of the Monitors and Jim Crow mines at the place which is now known as De La Mar, in Lincoln county, Nev.*

*De La Mar is the owner of the Utah-Nevada Company.*

*THE OWL.*

*DRUG COMPANY.*

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## BUSINESS.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, March 15, 1902.

## FINANCIAL

LOCAL CLEARINGS. The exchanges brought into the local clearinghouses last week amounted to \$4,364,342, as compared with \$4,628,246.08 the week before that, and \$4,708,469.02 the week before that, and \$3,561,649.54 in the previous week. For the corresponding week of 1900 the figures were \$1,137,177.88.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS. The Los Angeles Stock and Bond Exchange quotes local securities as follows:

LOS ANGELES BANKS.

Description— Bid Asked.

Brewery ..... 151

Bank of Commerce ..... 102

California ..... 150

Central ..... 129

Citizens ..... 158

Columbus ..... 57

Farmers and Merchants ..... 200

First ..... 150

German-American Savings ..... 141

Los Angeles National ..... 156

Main Street Savings ..... 50

Marin ..... 150

National Bank of California ..... 125

State Bank and Trust ..... 91

Security Savings Bank ..... 87

Southwestern ..... 100

Southwestern National ..... 143

Security Loan &amp; Trust Co. ..... 30

Union Bank of Savings ..... 150

First National ..... 150

Pandora National, Pasadena ..... 150

San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena ..... 150

\*Shares, 1000; paid up, 150.

Miscellaneous Stocks.

Edison Electric Co. ..... 75

L. A. Brewing Co. ..... 103

Title Guarantee &amp; Trust Co. 125

Title Insurance &amp; Trust Co. 100

pfd.

BONDS.

Azusa Irrigation Co. 75 ..... 102

Bakersfield &amp; Kern R. Ry. 50 ..... 100

Houston Water Co. 85 ..... 162

Cal. Gas &amp; Electric Co. 50 ..... 100

Cong. Water Co. of Pomona 65

Corona City Water Co. ..... 102

Edison Electric Co. ..... 102

Los Angeles &amp; Pacific 50 ..... 102

L. A. Railway Co. ..... 119

Los Angeles and Pasadena

Electric Railway Co. ..... 105

Mt. Lowe Railway 45 ..... 94

Orange Domestic Water Co. 65

Power Co. 65 ..... 101

Redlands Electric Light and

Power Co. 65 ..... 101

Santa Ana Gas and Electric Co. 65 ..... 102

San Antonio Water Co. 65 ..... 104

San Gabriel Elec. Co. 65 ..... 103

Seaside Water Co. 35 ..... 104

L. A. Traction Co. 65 ..... 107

L. A. Traction Co. 65 ..... 115

United Electric Gas and

Power Co. 65 ..... 103

Ventura Water &amp; Light Co. 65

Power Co. 65 ..... 104

Visalia Water Co. 65 ..... 102

COMMERCIAL.

CORN. The price of canned corn is now \$1 per dozen for western. No prices are made yet on futures.

PACK OF SALMON. The Seattle Trade Register has published a most interesting resume of the pack of canned salmon last year. The grand total is put at \$2,024,538 cases. For the previous year it had been \$2,162,513 cases. The carry-over stock of salmon of all brands was put at \$1,024,000 cases.

SUGAR SITUATION. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has put out a special report on the sugar situation in that market:

During the past week there has been no further change in the local sugar market. The reduction on the part of the Western Refining Company on the spot to \$4.25 for dry granulated remains in force, while stocks can be obtained from the jobbers at a 4-cent reduction, or \$4.16. White sugar can be obtained for \$4.16, which merely shows in what an unsettled condition is the market. Although of course the fight between the trust and the outside market is still a factor, reductions, it is unlikely, as a further decline would bring the rate below that of Missouri. River rates are excellent. It is reported that the Los Angeles Sugar Company intends erecting a \$60,000 beet-sugar refinery in Antelope Valley. The Brussels conference has reached an agreement signed by all the delegates except of Roumania, to remove all bounties, suppress the cartels and establish a uniform tariff of 10 per cent. The remains, however, the ratification of the agreement by the different countries represented.

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

CITRUS-FRUIT SHIPMENTS. Shipments of oranges from Southern California for Friday were 115 carloads, and 6 of lemons. The total for the season, November 1, 1901, to date is 823 carloads, of which 457 were lemons.

BRITISH GROCERS' FEDERATION. Arthur J. Giles, secretary of the British Federation of Grocers, sets forth these facts about its purpose and operation:

The Federation is an organization which has been established about eleven years, and is composed of associations which are affiliated by the payment of a capitation fee of \$1.50 per annum, or \$1.25 per month, with a minimum subscription of \$2 (10s.). This fee is paid upon all ordinary members, and upon what we call honorary members, that is, those manufacturers and merchants who support local associations by an annual contribution.

The result is we have an income of about \$10,000 per annum, which covers the whole of our working expenses. In return for this payment the Federation deals with all questions of trade. Parliament, we likewise give the advice and legal opinions to the affiliated associations, or to the secretaries of the local associations, which are to be of great assistance to the trade, customs, trade contracts, and frequently act as arbitrators in trade disputes.

At the present time a scheme is being prepared for the appointment of a board of arbitration by the Grocers' Federation, which, it is hoped, will be recognized by merchants and manufacturers. The board will then have under review the subjects of contracts, and the terms of such contracts.

The chairman of the General Purpose Committee is practically the chief executive officer, with the secretary. This chairman is elected by the committee itself. The other officers are elected at the general conference.

The General Purpose Committee appoints two standing committees—Finance and Parliamentary—while it appoints other sub-committees for special subjects as arise.

The federation has instituted special terms for insurance of members against claims made by their assistants for accidents under the law known as the Workmen's Compensation Act; for what is known as the Third Party Risks, such as accidents caused by grocers' drivers to members

of the public in or about the shops of the grocers.

The federation likewise has a benevolent fund, which started two years ago, and has already seven pensioners aged, and is now organized separately. It should be noted that we have no organization, but the spread of trade organization, is generally done by missionaries who were local members from an association visiting the town where such association exists, and setting forth to a meeting of the grocers the advantages of such a movement.

## LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

As the weeks pass, and stocks get low, good potatoes become firmer. No changes in values are noted.

SPRING ONIONS. Sprouting, entailing big loss.

POTATOES. Grade, 1000 lbs.

POTATOES. Fresh, 1000 lbs.

POTATOES. Fresh,

## WHY? Los Angeles County: Cities and Suburban Places.

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

WHY?













## Liners

FOR SALE—  
Miscellaneous.FOR SALE—  
COLYERS.  
22-23 S. Main.

Colyer's buys all the second-hand furniture!

## WHY?

Because they pay the price and get the goods.

Colyer's sell all the second-hand furniture!

## WHY?

Because they have made the low prices and everybody trades with them.

That's why we can afford to sell cheap.

Colyer's simply won't be undercut.

Colyer's defy all competition.

Our beautiful art rug for only \$1.45.

Buy them all.

Then just come in and look at our fine line of all kinds and quality of new and second-hand carpets.

We'll fit you out in prices to suit.

If you have Calvairs, they'll treat you right.

Come down to Colyer's, we've got a good furniture set, hardwood, large mirror, for only \$1.45.

Where can you beat that?

A radio outfit will go for \$1.50.

A double matress, \$1.50.

A pair of feather pillows, \$1.50.

Some might say it's too cheap to be good, but some and see.

Be convinced Colyer's price can't be beat.

Our miscellaneous list this week leads all.

A hardware business, N.Y.

A spring, \$1.

A mattress, \$1.

Best that if you can.

A chair, \$1.

A chifferon, \$2.75.

A sideboard, \$25.00.

A folding table, \$5.00.

A double matress, \$1.50.

A pair of feather pillows, \$1.50.

Originally Adams Co.

38

FOR SALE—  
DO YOU USE WOOD?

We are strictly first hands, running a gang of fifty choppers in the woods.

We have a large quantity of wood in lots of one thousand cords at the following low price: 25¢ per cord.

We have live stock wood, 15¢ per cord.

A pair of leather gloves, \$1.50.

We have a large quantity of wood in lots of one thousand cords at the following low price: 25¢ per cord.

We have live stock wood, 15¢ per cord.

A pair of leather gloves, \$1.50.

Some might say it's too cheap to be good, but some and see.

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A chifferon, \$2.75.

A sideboard, \$25.00.

A folding table, \$5.00.

A double matress, \$1.50.

A pair of feather pillows, \$1.50.

Originally Adams Co.

38

FOR SALE—  
STAVNOKS.

34 W. FIFTH ST.

WATER-BOILED WATER.

ON CARPETS AND FURNITURE.

Brussels carpet, 10x12, \$115 per foot, \$125; fine Smyrna rug, 8x10, \$125; 10x12, \$135; 12x15, \$150; 14x18, \$175; 16x20, \$200; 18x22, \$225; 20x25, \$250; 22x28, \$275; 24x30, \$300; 26x32, \$325; 28x38, \$350; 30x40, \$375; 32x42, \$400; 34x48, \$425; 36x52, \$450; 38x58, \$475; 40x62, \$500; 42x68, \$525; 44x72, \$550; 46x78, \$575; 48x82, \$600; 50x88, \$625; 52x92, \$650; 54x96, \$675; 56x100, \$700; 58x104, \$725; 60x108, \$750; 62x112, \$775; 64x116, \$800; 66x120, \$825; 68x124, \$850; 70x128, \$875; 72x132, \$900; 74x136, \$925; 76x140, \$950; 78x144, \$975; 80x148, \$1,000; 82x152, \$1,025; 84x156, \$1,050; 86x160, \$1,075; 88x164, \$1,100; 90x168, \$1,125; 92x172, \$1,150; 94x176, \$1,175; 96x180, \$1,200; 98x184, \$1,225; 100x188, \$1,250; 102x192, \$1,275; 104x196, \$1,300; 106x200, \$1,325; 108x204, \$1,350; 110x208, \$1,375; 112x212, \$1,400; 114x216, \$1,425; 116x220, \$1,450; 118x224, \$1,475; 120x228, \$1,500; 122x232, \$1,525; 124x236, \$1,550; 126x240, \$1,575; 128x244, \$1,600; 130x248, \$1,625; 132x252, \$1,650; 134x256, \$1,675; 136x260, \$1,700; 138x264, \$1,725; 140x268, \$1,750; 142x272, \$1,775; 144x276, \$1,800; 146x280, \$1,825; 148x284, \$1,850; 150x288, \$1,875; 152x292, \$1,900; 154x296, \$1,925; 156x300, \$1,950; 158x304, \$1,975; 160x308, \$2,000; 162x312, \$2,025; 164x316, \$2,050; 166x320, \$2,075; 168x324, \$2,100; 170x328, \$2,125; 172x332, \$2,150; 174x336, \$2,175; 176x340, \$2,200; 178x344, \$2,225; 180x348, \$2,250; 182x352, \$2,275; 184x356, \$2,300; 186x360, \$2,325; 188x364, \$2,350; 190x368, \$2,375; 192x372, \$2,400; 194x376, \$2,425; 196x380, \$2,450; 198x384, \$2,475; 200x388, \$2,500; 202x392, \$2,525; 204x396, \$2,550; 206x400, \$2,575; 208x404, \$2,600; 210x408, \$2,625; 212x412, \$2,650; 214x416, \$2,675; 216x420, \$2,700; 218x424, \$2,725; 220x428, \$2,750; 222x432, \$2,775; 224x436, \$2,800; 226x440, \$2,825; 228x444, \$2,850; 230x448, \$2,875; 232x452, \$2,900; 234x456, \$2,925; 236x460, \$2,950; 238x464, \$2,975; 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WANTED—  
Liners.WANTED—  
Help, Females.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR IDENTIFICATION registration and accident insurance. Jig Pacific Registry Co., 140 Spring St.

WANTED—JAPANESE AGENT, all kinds of goods, to go to East. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—I WILL GIVE YOU \$100.00 for your services. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—TWO YOUNG AND ACTIVE girls to learn collar work. Call ANCHOR shirt bands, 36 S. BROADWAY, room 16.

WANTED—AT ONCE, A FIRST-CLASS girl to learn collar work. Call ANCHOR shirt bands, 36 S. BROADWAY, room 16.

WANTED—APPRENTICE FOR DRESSMAKING; car fare to start. 122 S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—SALESBOY, EXPERIENCED IN general housework. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO WORK WITH housewives, waitresses, etc. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—TWO YOUNG GIRLS TO WORK WITH housewives, waitresses, etc. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A NEAT RELIABLE LAUNDRY girl for general housework in small family for laundry. 218 S. FLOWER. Phone White 1-1216.

WANTED—2 EXPERIENCED HAIRDRESSERS, also two apprentices girls. Apply at the HAMMERSHOP STORE, 122 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A NICE YOUNG GIRL OR two side waitresses, to work in nice place near city, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MILLENNIUM salesladies. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A CANDIDATE WOMAN FOR housework. 218 S. FLOWER ST.

WANTED—GOOD GIRL TO TAKE CARE OF children. Apply HOPE ST.

WANTED—COAT, FINISHES, AMERICAN VESTEKS. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—VESTMAKERS, BUFFALO WOOLEN CO., 288 S. Broadway.

WANTED—APPLICANT FOR MILLER. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN (ENGLISH) who is a good worker. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A YOUNG WOMAN WITH THEATRICAL ambitions, to work in small family dental. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—COMPETENT BOOK-KEEPER and stenographer, mining town, merchant, address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, AN EXPERIENCED COOK to do housework. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—DRAFTSMAN IN WORK, WITH INSTRUMENTS, APPLY 100 S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—MERCANTILE AGENT, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR PAPER, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—APPRENTICE, IMMEDIATELY, TO WORK, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—EDUCATED WOMAN WITH THEATRICAL ambitions, to work in small family dental. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MILLENNIUM salesladies. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO WORK WITH housewives, waitresses, etc. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—LADIES OR GENTLEMEN, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO EMBROIDERY work, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—CHAMBERMAID, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—DRAFTSMAN, 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MILLENNIUM salesladies. Address: 100 S. Spring St.

WANTED—













## THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.  
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.  
ALBERT MCFARLAND.....Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

## The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday,  
and Weekly Magazine.

EVERY MORNING OF THE YEAR

Vol. 41, No. 102.  
Founded Dec. 4, 1881.  
Twenty-first Year.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 18,000 miles of leased wires.

TERMS.—Daily and Sunday, including Sunday, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year.

WEEKLY CIRCULATION.—Daily, 10,000; Sunday, 25,000; Magazine only, \$3.50; Weekly, \$1.00.

TELEPHONES.—Counting Room and Subscription Department, First Floor, Room 1; City

TELEGRAMS.—Eastern Agents, Western &amp; Lawrence, No. 812, Tribune Building, New York; 27 Washington street, Chicago. Washington Bureau, 46 Post Building, where the latest copies of THE TIMES may be consulted.

Offices: Times Building, First and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

## PRICES AND POSTAGE.

The postage on the Midwinter Number complete will be four cents.

The following table shows the prices of the Midwinter Number when sold at The Times Office. The edition will be for sale at all city and out-of-town news agencies, ready for mailing in a handsome three-colored wrapper:

	Without postage.
Single copies	\$ .10
2 copies	.19
3 " "	.25
4 " "	.32
5 " "	.38
6 " "	.45
7 " "	.52
8 " "	.58
9 " "	.65
10 " "	.72
11 " "	.78
12 " "	.85
13 " "	.90

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

## BUSINESS.

The clearances sent to the city banks yesterday amounted to \$605,735.53, and for the corresponding day in 1903 to \$334,664.51.

For the week closed at noon yesterday the clearances were \$4,943,345.45, compared with \$3,267,735.53 for the corresponding week in 1903.

The day's clearances were light even for a Saturday for both years.

For the week the clearances this year were unusually large. A good deal of real estate figured in the total. General business is more quiet than it has been for some time. It is "between seasons" in most lines.

New York stock markets were listless yesterday owing to absence of traders. The weekly statement of the associated banks of New York showed a considerable falling off of cash, Chicago grain markets were firm.

## FRUIT SHIPMENTS FROM CALIFORNIA.

At the annual meeting of the State Board of Trade, held in San Francisco on Tuesday last, the question of waging a campaign for the colonization and industrial improvement of Central and Northern California was taken up. President Chipman, in the course of his remarks, said, referring to Southern California:

"I would not divert one single person from settling in that charming region. I would not speak a single word in disparagement of any claims it has, and there are many as a place of residence. I often say I had no happiness to be of their number. But I would have the world know that California is greater than a small part of it. There are additional advantages and resources in other parts of the State of which the men who are looking this way as yet know but little, and know that little doubtfully."

These remarks are as graceful as they are true. If our northern friends proceed along these lines, they cannot go amiss.

Gen. Chipman also made some interesting statements in regard to the shipments of California products out of the State in 1901. Among other things, he presented the following table, summarizing the facts in regard to some of the principal horticultural products:

Carrots	Onion	Onion	Onion
No. Cal. So. Cal.			
1,663	30,793	1,663	30,793
2,014	35,000	2,014	35,000
2,465	45,000	2,465	45,000
2,916	55,000	2,916	55,000
3,367	65,000	3,367	65,000
3,818	75,000	3,818	75,000
4,269	85,000	4,269	85,000
4,720	95,000	4,720	95,000
5,171	105,000	5,171	105,000
5,622	115,000	5,622	115,000
6,073	125,000	6,073	125,000
6,524	135,000	6,524	135,000
6,975	145,000	6,975	145,000
7,426	155,000	7,426	155,000
7,877	165,000	7,877	165,000
8,328	175,000	8,328	175,000
8,779	185,000	8,779	185,000
9,230	195,000	9,230	195,000
9,681	205,000	9,681	205,000
10,132	215,000	10,132	215,000
10,583	225,000	10,583	225,000
11,034	235,000	11,034	235,000
11,485	245,000	11,485	245,000
11,936	255,000	11,936	255,000
12,387	265,000	12,387	265,000
12,838	275,000	12,838	275,000
13,289	285,000	13,289	285,000
13,740	295,000	13,740	295,000
14,191	305,000	14,191	305,000
14,642	315,000	14,642	315,000
15,093	325,000	15,093	325,000
15,544	335,000	15,544	335,000
15,995	345,000	15,995	345,000
16,446	355,000	16,446	355,000
16,897	365,000	16,897	365,000
17,348	375,000	17,348	375,000
17,799	385,000	17,799	385,000
18,250	395,000	18,250	395,000
18,701	405,000	18,701	405,000
19,152	415,000	19,152	415,000
19,603	425,000	19,603	425,000
20,054	435,000	20,054	435,000
20,505	445,000	20,505	445,000
20,956	455,000	20,956	455,000
21,407	465,000	21,407	465,000
21,858	475,000	21,858	475,000
22,309	485,000	22,309	485,000
22,760	495,000	22,760	495,000
23,211	505,000	23,211	505,000
23,662	515,000	23,662	515,000
24,113	525,000	24,113	525,000
24,564	535,000	24,564	535,000
25,015	545,000	25,015	545,000
25,466	555,000	25,466	555,000
25,917	565,000	25,917	565,000
26,368	575,000	26,368	575,000
26,819	585,000	26,819	585,000
27,260	595,000	27,260	595,000
27,711	605,000	27,711	605,000
28,162	615,000	28,162	615,000
28,613	625,000	28,613	625,000
29,064	635,000	29,064	635,000
29,515	645,000	29,515	645,000
29,966	655,000	29,966	655,000
30,417	665,000	30,417	665,000
30,868	675,000	30,868	675,000
31,319	685,000	31,319	685,000
31,770	695,000	31,770	695,000
32,221	705,000	32,221	705,000
32,672	715,000	32,672	715,000
33,123	725,000	33,123	725,000
33,574	735,000	33,574	735,000
34,025	745,000	34,025	745,000
34,476	755,000	34,476	755,000
34,927	765,000	34,927	765,000
35,378	775,000	35,378	775,000
35,829	785,000	35,829	785,000
36,270	795,000	36,270	795,000
36,721	805,000	36,721	805,000
37,172	815,000	37,172	815,000
37,623	825,000	37,623	825,000
38,074	835,000	38,074	835,000
38,525	845,000	38,525	845,000
38,976	855,000	38,976	855,000
39,427	865,000	39,427	865,000
39,878	875,000	39,878	875,000
40,329	885,000	40,329	885,000
40,780	895,000	40,780	895,000
41,231	905,000	41,231	905,000
41,682	915,000	41,682	915,000
42,133	925,000	42,133	925,000
42,584	935,000	42,584	935,000
43,035	945,000	43,035	945,000
43,486	955,000	43,486	955,000
43,937	965,000	43,937	965,000
44,388	975,000	44,388	975,000
44,839	985,000	44,839	985,000
45,280	995,000	45,280	995,000
45,731	1,005,000	45,731	1,005,000
46,182	1,015,000	46,182	1,015,000
46,633	1,025,000	46,633	1,025,000
47,084	1,035,000	47,084	1,035,000
47,535	1,045,000	47,535	1,045,000

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1902.

AY, MARCH 16, 1902.  
BANQUET TO ENTHUSIEST  
INTEREST IN W.FINAL APPEARANCE OF  
TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.Good Work Done by  
Bishop Hamilton and  
Workers Go North—Replies  
Local Interest.The board of directors of  
Men's Christian Association  
invitations to a large number  
of representative citizens of Los  
Angeles to be present at an informal  
meeting to be held at the Hollenbeck  
Hotel on Saturday, March 16, at 6:30, in  
with the invitation, the following statement:"The Young Men's Christian  
Association of this city has a large  
membership and so enlarged  
of its work, that its present  
entirely inadequate. Consider  
plans for the future cannot  
be delayed. This is an opportunity  
to the public and the people  
is committed in determining  
The members of the board  
take this method of securing  
and cooperation of the  
men of the city, in shaping  
policy of the association."THE BLUE-RIBBON  
The phenomenal growth of  
movement conducted by Bishop  
Hamilton, which has almost  
a nation, a dispatch informing an  
ex-convict that Panama is the  
sure-enough thing in the  
place where it is everlasting.  
An irrigating ditch for  
wishes, and the water comes  
hours or a little later,  
in a dispatch from  
selected by Ben Tillman,  
the Eagle people and others that  
has been selected as  
a place where it is possible to  
and expedite and develop and  
that is in such a red  
area that I like to have their  
wives and everything run by  
convict in this purely  
recreation.WOMEN'S GOOD WORK  
Among the delightful  
the W.C.T.U., according to  
reports read at their meeting  
Temple was the  
Mrs. Laura T. Carter, super  
of funds, and visited 225 sick and  
bouquets. Mrs. Ann  
superintendent of hospital work  
and the hospital. Mrs. H. H. Miller  
visit to persons in jail, and  
a total of 16,000 to 20,000  
visitors, including 2000  
and 1000 in the last  
month. Their total  
year were \$32, total expense  
\$12,000.EPWORTH CONVENT  
Bishop Hamilton departed  
for the W.C.T.U. on Saturday  
March 16, and will be in  
the city on Sunday. Dr. J. L. Phillips  
will speak at the day school  
Epworth Convention, the  
north tomorrow, and on Sunday  
will deliver his paper  
"Boots and Saddles."

RELIGIOUS NEWS

Rev. Dr. S. B. Howard  
Dr. L. V. Yarger, who will  
try to clear the  
church of a \$3000 debt,  
have just returned from  
a conference amounting  
Rev. Dr. Howard has  
Baptist, where he attended  
the Methodist church of the  
again taken up his  
the winter at San Fran  
N. S. of this city  
hopes as acting superintendent  
Pacific Gospel Mission, in  
second street. Miss  
assisted a certain  
up to date, and  
sited for some  
A. P. Graves will  
mission tonight.Discussing Some  
When you know as a boy  
he made a success.  
You can remember that  
amounted to much in his  
You always  
what he did it all  
so great as he  
You sometimes find it  
leaves with his good fortune  
should be no  
When you appear to be  
the other of him and talk  
you cannot help being a  
man.When he does not appear  
at all, he is not acting, they  
as he always was, that  
something to his credit.  
It is difficult to avoid speaking  
of our old father and mother  
and mother.At length, it is a hard  
his rim, as an alibi  
a performance or reflect  
constant circumstances  
and the there are  
you better. (Indiana)Now, Yes, their marri  
but it never would  
but for one reason that  
proceedings from home  
Philadelphia Press.Small  
Musical  
InstrumentsWe buy and sell more  
instruments than any  
or three firms in the  
southwest. Consequently  
can sell a good instrument  
less price than any  
can afford to make.  
complete stock of  
string instruments and  
pianos for sale.Violins  
Mandolins  
Music BoxesWe sell small musical  
instruments on our easy  
terms.Southern Calif  
Music Co., THE  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTSThe first place and  
the last place.The first place and  
the last place.

THE OIL INDUSTRY.  
THREE NEW NORTHERN  
REFINERY PROJECTS.PLANTS FOR SUNSET, COALINGA  
AND KERN RIVER.

Demand for Local Oil Increasing for the last three months. The case is not the same in the Kern River. The oil is being sold by the barrel at New J. K. Griggs, the cottage of the house. It is the boy's name between Pa and Ma. The ring and a represents a representative. —GRC.

Now refinery schemes are being worked up in the northern oil fields; Sunset, Kern River and Coalingsa will be supplied, if prospects are carried through.

C. Sheldon of the York Syndicate has turned his attention to the Kern River territory and is said to have decided to build a plant there to enable him to handle a considerable part of the present production of that field. It is also Sheldon's intention to experiment with Kern River oil, and although the tests are to be made on a small scale, the results will be awaited with interest. Supt. Barnard of the West Shore Company has been making experiments, and has been very successful in manufacturing a good grade of illuminating oil.

A Minneapolis syndicate is considering the proposition of building a refinery in the northern field. Representatives have inspected the field and reported favorably.

The third scheme is that of the California-Fresno Oil Company.

With the exception of the local oil companies, the following pointed: On 1. A. Nicholson, owner of the gas, J. D. Pa will be held W. at the time of the

SANTA

There was a guest at the home of the State Grocers' M. J. Bun

and Miss Ida

and Mrs. Angel City.

Mrs. Ruth C. Clapp, Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. the Evergreen

evening at the home of the

Mr. Morey, the

business.

The Champs

the day before

so it can be

both roads.

Miss. Nellie

was invited

to be the guest.

SANTA

SANTA is the last block of

the side of Fourth

and Mt. Vernon into the possession

company, so it

is moved, leading

the proposed

hopes to involve an ex-

pecting to insti-

tution suits to

property desirous

the property same

suits, out of c-

SAN BERN

The funeral

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R. E. Biddle

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up. The

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resident of the

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Mr. J. M.

esterday for

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CLARK REDLANDS

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etary, president

Highland, mod-

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SAN DEATH

SANTA B.

Joseph Wiles

Cottage Host-

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such men as

O'Brien. It

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as "Wiles".

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be held this

SANTA B.

Mrs. Lila

part, part, part



## CHURCH MUSIC.

Programmes to Be Rendered by Los Angeles Choir at Services This Morning and Evening.

[False programmes are plainly written with the name of the church at the top, they will not receive notice in these columns.]

WESTLAKE METHODIST CHURCH. Morning: Voluntary; selected anthem, "Sing, Oh, Daughter of Zion"; (Page) response, "Gloria Patri"; offertory, "Gethsemane"; (Barrett) Mr. Le Sage, director.

Evening: Voluntary, selected anthem, "Jesus, Look On Me" (Nevin); response, "Will He Do"; offering, "Eve's Shadow" (Goombs); Mr. Le Sage, director. At 10:30 a.m. the "Cathedral choir" will render the mass in a flat by Ed. T. T. T. The soloists are Mrs. Blanche A. Butterfield, soprano; Miss Lillian Scanlon, contralto; F. C. Heselhach, tenor, and Joseph Scott, bass. They will be assisted by Misses Horgan, Gill, Clegg, Mrs. Alice Allen, Baldy; Messrs. Hayes, Brenner, Ferguson and Groves. For offertory Mr. H. H. French, organist; Mr. C. A. Mann, from the "Stabat Mater," by Rossini. Organist and director, A. J. Stamm.

ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH, corner of Wilshire and Grand avenues. Morning: High mass at 10:30 a.m. The choir will sing Gounod's "St. Cecilia Mass," "Veni Creator" (Mendelssohn); quartet, "Kreuzlied"; (Barrett) Mr. Scott Chapman, W. G. Taylor, Richard E. Barry; offertory, "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; Miss Mary, organist. Soloists, Mr. W. R. Gubler and choir: "Postlude in E" (Bastiste); Thomas W. Wilde, organist.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Morning: Prelude, organ; anthem, "I Will Magnify Thee, O Lord, My King" (Selby); response, "Let the Words of My Mouth Be Right" (Bach); offering, "But the Lord is Mine" (Mendelssohn); Mrs. Isabel Wyatt, "Communion in A Minor" (Bastiste); organ, prelude, organ.

Evening: Prelude, organ; anthem, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Fairlamb); response, (Silcher); offertory, "Babylon" (Watson); Leon V. Shaw, organist; director, T. L. Krebs, organist and director.

THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF CHRIST. Hope street, between Seventh and Figueroa streets. Morning: (a) "Offertory" (Bastiste); (b) "First Meeting" (Grieg); (c) "Autumn Leaf" (Berg); choir, "Praise the Lord" (Lager); duet, "Jesus, Saviour of My Soul" (Clementi); Miss Sophie and Mr. Wood, organists; (d) "Still, Still" (Lord's Prayer); offertory, "Still, Still" (Bach); (e) "Methusalem" (Prokes); March (Scotton Clark); C. Modlin-Wood, director; Miss Blanche Rogers, organist.

IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN. Twenty-first and Figueroa streets. Morning: Prelude, organ; "Thy Sun Shall No More Go Down" (Buck); response (Tarrant); "The Flight of the Holy Spirit" (M. A. Tamm).

Evening: "Day of Wrath" (Dudley Buck); response (Marshall); "The Day of Wrath" (Spicer); "Still, Still" (Lord's Prayer); offertory, "Just As I Am" (Danck); B. G. Bloom; organ, "Marche Solennelle" (Gounod).

First: Organ, "Traumerei" (Schumann); "Oh, for a Closer Walk With God" (Foster); offertory, "The Vesper Prayer" (Brackett); Miss Mary C. Elbert; "Jesus, I Come Have Taken" (Brown); organ, prelude (Whiting); Mary L. O'Donnoughue, organist and director.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Twenty-first and Figueroa streets. Morning: Prelude, organ; "Thy Sun Shall No More Go Down" (Buck); response (Tarrant); "The Flight of the Holy Spirit" (M. A. Tamm).

Evening: "Day of Wrath" (Dudley Buck); response (Marshall); "The Day of Wrath" (Spicer); "Still, Still" (Lord's Prayer); offertory, "Just As I Am" (Danck); B. G. Bloom; organ, "Marche Solennelle" (Gounod).

Second: Organ, "Traumerei" (Schumann); "Oh, for a Closer Walk With God" (Foster); offertory, "The Vesper Prayer" (Brackett); Miss Mary C. Elbert; "Jesus, I Come Have Taken" (Brown); organ, prelude (Whiting); Mary L. O'Donnoughue, organist and director.

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Evening: "Day of Wrath" (Dudley Buck); response (Marshall); "The Day of Wrath" (Spicer); "Still, Still" (Lord's Prayer); offertory, "Just As I Am" (Danck); B. G. Bloom; organ, "Marche Solennelle" (Gounod).

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Morning: Organ, Prayer from "Lohengrin" (Wagner); choir, "Behold, the Works of the Lord" (C. H. Park); "Praise the Lord" (Godard); offertory, duet, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Smart).

Evening: Organ, "Andante" with variations (Lemmens); choir, "We Would See Jesus" (Ailing); organ, "Slumber Song" (Knecht); offertory, "Sing Alleluia" (Monk); response, "Jesus Shall of Mercy" (Wilkinson); W. F. Skeele, organist; Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, director.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Morning: Organ, Prayer from "Lohengrin" (Wagner); choir, "Behold, the Works of the Lord" (C. H. Park); "Praise the Lord" (Godard); offertory, duet, "The Lord is My Shepherd" (Smart).

Evening: Organ, "Andante" with variations (Lemmens); choir, "We Would See Jesus" (Ailing); organ, "Slumber Song" (Knecht); offertory, "Sing Alleluia" (Monk); response, "Jesus Shall of Mercy" (Wilkinson); W. F. Skeele, organist; Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, director.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Morning: Organ, "Amande Religiosa" (E. H. West); anthem, "Lovely Appear" (from "The Reception") (Novello); Miss Roper and chorister, "I Waited for the Lord" (Mendelssohn); Misses Higgins and Hancock, "March in B-flat Major" (C. Evans); Organ, "Andante in C" (Silas); anthem, "Spirit Immortal" (Verdi); Mr. Christopher and choir; duet, "Jesus Shall of Mercy" (Wilkinson); W. F. Skeele, organist; Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, director.

CHRIST CHURCH. Pico and Flower streets. Morning: Processional, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" (Cuthbert); "Hymn to the Cross" (Gloria Patri) (Novello); "Benedicite" (Stevenson); "My Father Looks Up to Thee" (Mason); "Gloria Patri" (Anglican); offertory, "Sing Alleluia" (Monk); response, "Jesus Shall of Mercy" (Wilkinson); W. F. Skeele, organist; Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, director.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH. Morning: Organ and Figueroa streets. 11 a.m. Organ, "Amande Religiosa" (Novello); "The Church's One Foundation" (Wesley); "Veni, Gregorian"; "Benedicite" (Stevenson); "Benedicite" (Anglican); hymn, "Jesus, Redeemer" (J. F. Pearce); postlude, "Roman, March" (Clark).

Evening: Voluntary, "Impromptu" (Schumann); anthem, "Blessed is the People" (J. P. Vance); offertory, "Largo" (Rink); anthem, "My Heart Shall Rest on Thee" (Eckerson); postlude, "Roman, March" (Clark).

CLARKE REDLANDS. Clinton and Highland, main street last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Rutledge, organists, driving home, missed the bridge, which was thrown down in the bonds, to avert a court on half forged, that adjourned him to a meeting set for March 11.

Articles of no mining and land rights filed here yesterday.

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WATCH US GROW

## The Broadway Department Store

WATCH US GROW

## Spring's Newest Millinery.

The closing days of the Lenten season and the near approach of Easter, brings millinery uppermost in the mind of the average woman. These thoughts of Easter millinery spurred us on months ago. Our millinery buyer scoured the Eastern markets for novelties in women's headgear. All his purchases have arrived, and our daylight millinery section is a perfect bower of beauty. We are showing numerous French creations as well as handsome headgear of American manufacture. But the hats that come from our own work-room we consider the nicest of all, from the fact that they combine the chic and dash of Parisian and New York millinery with Broadway Department Store economy.

## Superb Trimmed Hats \$5.98.

Here's a collection of trimmed hats that is distinctly different—in material, different in shape, different in general outline; the styles represent everything that is new and desirable, creations that will become every woman's favorite. These goods are superior in every respect to the average \$4.00 hat shown in the millinery shops; our price, each, \$5.98.

## The Gibson Shirt Waist Hat \$1.98.

Here's a decidedly new creation—a hat designed especially to be worn with the new Gibson shirt waists. Flaring saucer shapes trimmed with soft drapes and pom-poms, made from fine soft braid, in black, white, pink, blue and yellow, brims and crowns in contrasting shades. \$4.00 for a hat possessing so much style. We price them at each, \$1.98.

## Rich Silks at Sale Prices.

Colored Taffetas 5,000 yards of colored taffeta silks suitable for dresses, gowns, coats, waistbands, etc.; colors and trimmings; the colors embrace everything from the delicate evening tints to the staple street shades, lustrous finish; perfectly dyed, serviceable silks that are usually sold at 50¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.

Pean de Soie 22-inch black peau de soie for skirts and raglans. This fabric has a pure dye and is absolutely free from sizing; we recommend it for wear, guaranteed to be pure silk and has a lustrous satin face; grade that is usually sold at \$1.35; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.

Waist Silks Corded waist silks with plissé stripes in all the evening shades; these are among the leading weaves of fancy silks for spring; they are price elsewhere per yard \$1.25; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.

Silk Foulards 26 inches wide—with lustrous satin face—the double round thread twill—this particular weave is appreciated for its durability—good value at 85¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.

Liberty Foulard 24-inch printed liberty foulards, woven from select spun silk yarn; an almost endless variety of designs, ranging from the high-color combinations suitable for waists to the handsome subdued effects for full street gowns; really a \$1.00 value; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.

59c

## Extraordinary Clothing Values.

Men's Suits Of fine navy blue flannel, pure indigo dye, also fancy cassimeres and cheviots that are all wool; new spring effects; these suits are lined with heavy Italian cloth, the newest cut and most approved style; size for everybody; qualities that the clothers get \$1.50 for, our price, per suit.

Men's Suits Made of all wool fancy worsted in the new Darian checks and chalk line stripes, coats cut in the new military style with full skirt and padded shoulders; splendidly finished suits in all sizes, represent splendid values at \$15.00; our price, per suit.

Men's Suits Of the celebrated M. & S. brand, superbly tailored garments, made-to-measure clothes; these are of high grade imported cassimeres and cheviots, in fancy stripes and pinches in gray, steel, and granite effects, exclusive clothers call these suits cheap \$12.48

100c

25c

49c

19c

19c

12c

## Corsets and Underwear.

Corsets We place on sale Monday morning an odd lot of corsets in white and drab, nearly all sizes, regular 50¢ and 75¢ values; quantity is limited, so come early; you choose while they last, per pair.

Girdles Women's summer weight girdles in pink, blue and white, nicely finished, equal in style and quality to girdle corsets being sold about town for 75¢; sale price, per pair.

Child's Pants Knee length pants for children, bleached, fine ribbed, lace trimmed, spring and summer weight, worth 25¢; sale price, per pair.

Union Suits Children's light weight fleece lined union suits, fine ribbed, well finished, natural gray, good range of sizes, sizes, cheap at 25¢; sale price, per suit.

19c

12c

11c



# The Drama—Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical

## AT THE THEATERS.

### The Los Angeles.

ONE of the best minstrel shows on the stage and the most successful American play in recent years, will be at the Los Angeles Theater this week.

At G. Field's minstrel troupe will give all the old-time features brought down to date, with a number of new spectacular ones added, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and for the Wednesday matinee. This year Field has contrived several mechanical devices that give a kind of what the Fair American Exposition at Buffalo was last year. The electrical and architectural effects were the grandest yet devised for such purposes and Field has tried to reproduce them.

The noted Don Quixote heads the list. Chapman and Hyde are also billed. In addition there will be singing and black-face minstrelsy.

Los Angeles gets "Arizona," just off the stage, and as the play has made a tremendous hit in England and that after the biggest success in

The Unique is gaining a reputation as a family resort, and the character of the show is as good as its class affords. All low allusions in any act placed on the bill are cut out by the manager, so that my opinion is right, that vaudeville is here to stay, and that any change it makes will not flit with men in the audience.

J. C. Nugent. Humor.

J. C. Nugent, now at the Orpheum with his wife, Grace Fertig, believes that success is often an opportunity to the actor who is an artist.

The sketch he has been playing the past week, "An Absent-Minded Beggar," has accomplished the two things that a variety performer seldom does; it has pleased his audiences so well that the management has put him on as the headliner. The work of the legitimate theater, the vaudeville stage is always "superficial." One with a big reputation may last for a few weeks because of the sensation, which fills the audience with thoughts of the second time, but there are few who remain for their merits. They shoot over the heads of most auditors and in trying to "lure" a performance, as they call it, to create distinction the pictures fall short of the effect they wish to create with others.

Mr. Nugent's aim is different, and the effect he does create is one unusual in the theater—that of pleasing all parts of the house. He does this by disarming

shouldn't obtrude, be just enough to bring out the gentleness and the tonic qualities of the other. Hence "The Absent-Minded Beggar." I am glad you think it successful, for I have proved to myself that my opinion is right, that vaudeville is here to stay, and that any change it makes will not be backward."

Marie Brandes.

Marie Brandes, who has been at the Unique Theater for the past week,

predecessor, Blaust, she said: "I disdain to be the virtuous who parades his cleverness. I disdain to put my personal success before the work of art.

The interpreter of a work of art ought to be the true collaborator, attentive and transparent in his simplicity. He does not dream of substituting himself for the author, nor does he merely to transmit to the public the poetic creation without deforming it.

Unless Maude Adams is careful, fine players will begin to believe that success is with the last name.

The retirement of Miss Ada Rehan is a good omen for the future of the theater, and the arrival of

Miss Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Foy, and others, will be a great

addition to the Unique.

Miss Agnes, however, is very

anxious to see Miss Adams have not lost hope of doing so eventually.

It is a notable fact that Charles Froehm, who refused all offers to dispose of the Unique rights in Mr. Barr's latest play.

Miss Agnes, a special feature of the performance.

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Marie Brandes.

Marie Brandes, who has been at the Unique Theater for the past week,

able to make a play of a novel in three hours. Thus it is:

In New York dwelt a fellow named Rose.

With a keen and intelligent nose,

For novels that might,

Be transformed over night,

Introducing a new author.

The poet, it is said, is at work upon

a longer poem upon a theatrical theme.

Judging by the promise of the verses

quoted it should be an epoch maker.

Ada Rehan's Retirement.

The New York Sun, in a leading editorial, said a week ago:

The retirement of Miss Ada Rehan is a good omen for the future of the theater, and the arrival of

Miss Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Foy, and others, will be a great

addition to the Unique.

Paul Cimpermann, conceded to be the most expert juggler in the world, is booked for the Orpheum and will appear soon. His act begins Monday.

He has been a star in the circus, and

is a member of the Actor's Home Fund.

It will be the first joint appearance of these stars in years, and is already attracting

honor to her cause.

She will return to Los Angeles

on April 1.

The many friends

she will bring with her success at a

San Francisco.

The Chronicle speaks

of Peiper's work: "The

"Hamlet" (Ambrus).

The play is produced

with the view of

executing

of its various

and the audience and

call. The dust from

Brahm's "Hungarian

Violin Concerto" is

blending, called for

It is always a

success of young

shortly return home

sure of a warm welcome

as well as social circles.

Coming Events.

Miss Anna Virginia

is giving a

song recital at the

day evening.

Miss Gertrude Rose

is giving a

concert.

The first Concert

will give a concert at

Friday evening.

Miss Cook will be

and more

Stivers, soprano

and Carr, basso.

The concert

given at the Astoria

fund for furnishing the

new Y.W.C.A. Home

is the current number

Wolfschmidt is the

concert.

Well-known concert

venues.

Wednesday evening.

March 26, the

gramophone quartet

will be given by Miss M

soprano, assisted by

Miss Williams, contralto;

Miss Luis Williams,

concert is given in the

fund, with which the

purchase an organ.

newly-improved chance

## AT HOME AND

### Calves in New Home

Mme. Emma Calve

in New York

recital at

the

songs and rendered

the singer will

talk, explaining the

and the

exhaustive

and the

conversations

she has in store for

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MUSICAL NEWS

## MUSIC AND MUSIC

Best Singers' Success.  
ME. GENEVRA M.  
BISHOP has had  
musically and has  
been, if one may  
be, the high of her work in the  
and also her song recital.  
Mrs. Dale invited her to a  
home at her concert, and  
will return to Los Angeles

Los Angeles Girl Singing.  
The many friends of Miss Pieper will be interested  
in her success at a concert in San Francisco at the  
Chronicle's work: "The Mad  
Hatter" (Amelie Thomas) and the purity  
of its execution and the  
of its varying moods, the  
Audience and was well  
call. The dust from Verdi  
Brahm's Hungarian Dances  
and the Misses We  
were all noted for their  
blending, called forth bravo.  
It is always a pleasure  
the success of young La  
in running up the Miss  
shortly return home, who  
sure of a warm welcome  
as well as social circles.

## Coming Events.

Miss Anna Virginia May  
a song recital at Hotel La  
day evening. She will be  
Miss Gertrude Rose, pianist.

The First Congregational  
will give a concert at the  
Friday evening, March  
20. The program will be an  
and violin numbers. The  
be given by Miss M. L.  
soprano, assisted by Miss  
Hans, contralto; Edwin  
tum, violin; Goodman,  
Miss Luisa Williams, piano.  
A concert is given in behalf  
new Y.W.C.A. Home.

The current number of  
Herald is excellent.  
mond Wofschin is now a  
manager.

Well-known concert  
Artist, Mrs. Anna Appling,  
avenue Methodist Church  
evening, March 20, in a  
gramme of quartettes, duos  
and violin numbers. The  
be given by Miss M. L.  
soprano, assisted by Miss  
Hans, contralto; Edwin  
tum, violin; Goodman,  
Miss Luisa Williams, piano.  
A concert is given in behalf  
new Y.W.C.A. Home.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Miss Emma Calvé will  
New York, recital at the  
Curtis, in New York, on a  
series of concerts, in which  
songs and rendered under  
that the singer will do  
talk, explaining the char  
acter of the music. Curtis  
an exhaustive study of  
chanson, and those who  
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How interesting she can  
for the audience, and  
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## Padewski on Manu.

Padewski has written  
an opera in a recent  
composition of an important  
style, since Wagner  
himself for all time was  
not equal to that extent.

"I have, indeed, endeav  
a middle course between  
and the Italian, and  
the old Italian song form,  
not permitted of that

"I have given the  
the orchestra in the  
I think that the  
opera is to be found in the  
Wagner and the Italian  
"Original" composition  
not lie in the themes  
but in the way the  
them. It would be  
find in them that had  
in the past.

"This is especially true  
of operas. It is easy to  
a number of cases  
composers have used the  
purposes that earlier on

"Thus, Richard Wagner  
of 'Die Walküre'  
had composed it a  
century before. In  
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## STORIES FOR CHILDREN By Walt McDougall

## WHERIN IS RELATED HOW LITTLE ANDREW COOLEY GOT ALL HE WANTED TO EAT



"HI, THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

For Sparing the Life of Porcupecker, That Queer Bird Gave Him the Golden Mushroom That Cures Indigestion and Brought Him a Big Fortune

ANDREW COOLEY was a poor boy who lived in a country village and had to do odd jobs around among the neighbors to help support his aged and widowed mother. He rarely had a full meal except when he had a full perfect gorgie of pickles and milk. Mr. Henry Gipp was a millionaire and a man with a bad case of dyspepsia, who, while he had everything that could wish for, never enjoyed eating, for no matter what he ate it always gave him a stomach-ache. He was on general and liver pills. He was fat to take enough exercise and he never felt hungry when he sat down at his dinner table. All this came from too high living in the past, for nobody had ever eaten more things and enjoyed them more than he had once on a time. Anybody can get that way if he wants to, but it does not take exercise—that is, if he has money enough to buy all these good things.

Well, one day Mr. Gipp was starting out on a little stroll around his immense property, when he came upon Andrew eating his lunch. "I would give a million dollars," said Mr. Gipp, "if I could eat eggs and pickles and drink milk on top of everything else." Andrew was sorry for you are fortunate not to have spoiled it as I did mine. It is a terrible thing to have your stomach go back on you, do you know it?"

## Off to the Wizard

"Every year you the things you have to put into yours," said Andrew, finishing a pickle and drinking the last of his milk. "I can't get enough to eat half the time," as he licked his fingers to get the last taste of the vinegar. "But as for your played-out stomach, that's easily cured, I guess. All you have to do is to go to the Wizard Ramsey, who can fix it good as new. I'll be a red apple."

"Where can he be found?" asked the millionaire, eagerly.

"I will show you his house," answered Andrew; "as I am going over that way now."

He took Mr. Gipp to the house of Mr. Ramsey, and introduced him to the wizard, saying:

"Mr. Gipp, this is Mr. Ramsey, the wizard I told you about."

"I am not a doctor," said Mr. Ramsey, "but I am only a doctor. People say I am a wizard because I cure cases that the other doctors have given up, but I don't do it by magic at all. It's only skill and learning that do it. What's the matter with you?"

Mr. Gipp told him all about his poor stomach and spoke of Andrew's wonderful feast of eating pies and pickles and drinks. His words:

"I'd give a fortune to have that boy's stomach, I would."

"That's easily managed if Andrew will let me have it. I can exchange your stomach so that you'll have his and he yours if you'll agree to the exchange."

"What will you give me?" asked Andrew.

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Mr. Gipp.

Andrew agreed and the clever doctor took out and exchanged their stomachs right then and there. Mr. Gipp gave Andrew the money and it was understood that each was to keep the stomach he had for six months. Mr. Gipp told Andrew how to take care of his new stomach so that it would not pain him more than usual and what you take when it hurt like anything, and asked him to take good care of it while he had it. Andrew said he didn't care what Mr. Gipp did to his, for he knew it would stand a good deal of hard treatment in the way of feeding and six months would not hurt it.

Mr. Gipp hurried home as fast as he could to try Andrew's stomach and the appetite that went with it, which already was making Mr. Gipp hungry, although Andrew had his lunch only a couple of hours before, but some boys are that way, they can eat between meals. Funny, isn't it? He took the cook to cook him a nice meal of ham and wine jelly and some pickles, cauliflower.

"Sure the master bees going crazy," said Ephigenia, the cook; "for hell kill sure if he 'ain't all them meat."

But she sent them up and Mr. Gipp sat

leaves odd dishes like hot-beer-and-eggs, in French huts from cabin-caboose-and-crow. In these were paper-and-taffy, and everywhere that he traveled he found similarly strange methods of preparing food, so that for a long time he kept finding new and wonderful dishes. As soon as he had tasted everything in one country he would move on to the next, and wherever he went he never let himself get hungry. He sometimes liked the dishes, but half the time he didn't, yet eat them; just the same.

He often worked for hundreds of miles just for exercise and thus he found himself many times in out-of-the-way places where he discovered dishes that no one had ever heard of even in the very next country. He made up his mind that when he got through he would go home and start a "Restaurant of all Nations," where people could try all of these queer dishes that he had tasted, for there is nothing stranger than the different things different nations eat and the way they fix their food.

Well, by and by Andrew reached distant Tibet, a land into which only two or three white men have penetrated, but he kept on walking, and as nobody stopped him he went farther into Tibet than anybody ever had gone before. There he ate some strange and unsightly dishes, and when he had reached the end of the bill of fare he told him that he had tasted everything to eat that they had except porcupine.

"This of mine could," said Andrew.

"Well, it's against the law to kill us anyhow, and the Emperor is saving me for Christmas," continued the porcupine, dropping another shower of tears.

## A Secret for a Life

"All right; I'll take chances," replied Andrew, beginning to chop again.

"Tell you a secret, if you'll spare me," said the animal, coming down nearer.

"What is it?"

"If you'll promise to go away and not show me nor my respected family I will show you a hidden treasure that nobody knows about. Millions and millions of gold, all piled up under an old ruin, and you can have it all just by hauling it away in a cart."

"A million dollars," said Andrew, and the porcupine came all the way down.

"It made him cross his heart and promise solemnly not to ever eat porcupine.

stroy a poor old porcupine just to enjoy a moment's bliss!"

"I certainly would," replied Andrew. "I have never tasted porcupine. I want you to tell me yet."

"It is bold and tough and there is little to me but quills. I don't think you could get a good square mouthful after you had picked me," said the animal; "and I am not in season now, either. You go to any hotel and ask if that isn't true. People don't eat us out of season, because we stink."

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"Well, it's against the law to kill us anyhow, and the Emperor is saving me for Christmas," continued the porcupine, dropping another shower of tears.

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MARCH 16, 1902.

STRIKE  
IN ARIZONA.Can't Dominate  
Gloss Camp.Ultimatum" is  
Served Down.Will Run Its Own  
Way  
By Rules.

PROSPECTOR OF THE TIMES

(Ariz.) March 14.—A prospector struck at the Comstock mine on Monday, all his tools and the camp house that he has been working up out of reserve ore, this is done. The prospector has a few hundred feet of tailings to run and can't cease operations.

Served a ultimatum to the management.

The man has always expressed the formation of a union, on the same policy successfully.

Manager of the Comstock mine, Frank Burton, was

practically compelled to have

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Trouble began February

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 16, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR... \$1.50  
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS

THEY SAID SUCH SCANDAL COULD ONLY OCCUR IN THIS COUNTRY.



"Jew" Chamberlain to Rhodes: Can he stand any more bleeding?  
Rhodes: He's getting pretty weak, but still you know he's got a mighty strong constitution.

## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.

PERHAPS there is no study that the world is so deeply interested in at present as the study of the American people. What is to be its future; what the influence it is to exert upon the life and history of other nations, and in the marvelous growth of the past hundred years of its history to continue, are some of the questions about which other nationalities are deeply concerned.

As thoughtful Americans study their own history and see the marvelous changes which have transpired in our national life, the almost miraculous development which has taken place all along the lines of progress, they, too, feel that there exists for us some great purpose for the future, and that this nation has a destiny far beyond that of which the past dreamed in the beginnings of our national life.

One fact which is most gratifying to the religious element of the country is that which is brought out by the Religious Department of the United States Census, and which is proved by the religious statistics compiled for the year 1901, which show that the number of Christians in the United States is growing faster than the total population of the country. "Figuring on a total of 77,000,000 there was a gain of 2.18 per cent. in the population of the country during the past year, while the gain in the church membership of the country was 2.67."

This certainly is an encouraging growth and may well give us larger hopes for the religious future of the land we love. With Christianity at the helm we may anticipate the ultimate wiping out of many of the evils now existing among us. As some one has said, "The proper cure for the wounds from which society suffers is the training of men and women in mercy and compassion." This Christianity will do, and will not a people thus trained exert an untold influence for good in the world of human affairs, and under such conditions may not America yet become the great peace-making power among the nations?

We are, as we count the age of nations, a young people. The cradle of our infancy is yet fresh and green, yet still we are a power that the Old World fears to offend, and to the grandeur of whose achievements it does not withhold its reverence. We are an example to other nations, a teacher of freedom and of the blessings of religious liberty. We are great in the field of invention and in the application of our scientific knowledge; we have spanned the continent with wires that carry our speech from sea to sea; we have with the iron horse almost annihilated space as we travel; we have planted the printing press, the schoolhouse and church in almost every town and hamlet of the land; our flag has been carried to the farthest seas; we have uncounted stores of wealth, and uncounted millions yet hidden in our soil, and if with all this we are yet strong in righteousness, and make justice and mercy our watchword for the future, we have but made the beginning of our growth and greatness; have but entered upon its dawn. The glories that the noon will reveal will be far brighter, and will shine with a radiance not yet perceived.

We were planted here in the wilderness, far from the Old World's tyrannies and strife, that we might exemplify the great principles of human freedom and the beauty of that Christianity which is the basis of our Constitution and the energizing life of American freedom.

Shall we be true to these high purposes until America becomes the glory of the world?

## NATIONAL INDIVIDUALITY.

THE stranger who closely observes our American cities must find them intellectually eager with a thirst for knowledge along many lines. Yet when one listens to a concourse of representative students it becomes a question of interest to know whether the various States of the Union are making the most of their opportunity in the uses of intellectual power. While the study of classical music and symbolism in art and medievalism in the drama is all a part of the vogue, it becomes a question whether this tendency to receptivity is producing national individuality. There is not a village throughout the land which has not considered many exhaustive views of Ruskin, Dante, Bacon and Buddha.

One can but regret that Maurice Grau, in the entertainment of Prince Henry, should have been forced to select from the operas of Europe. There should have been representative dramas of the history and spirit of our land. Pocahontas in place of "La Traviata," pages from the landings at Plymouth, the French settlement of the Gulf Coast, and glimpses from the records of the padres of El Dorado.

The lives of the people of California are passed in scenes of beauty, and its literature, music and art should more and more testify to the nobility of environment. Saadi, a Persian poet, who wrote beautiful lyrics of roses, asserted that the nearness of a rose bush affected the quality of his soul.

While cultured education demands a proper reverence for the traditions and stepping-stones of an older age, it is time that America should take a prouder initiative, and prove that every latitude of the Union possesses its own artistic obligation to individuality. This duty is heaven-taught. The smallest seed produces that life whose name God wrote deep in its secret heart. Each song bird of the wilderness sings its own typical music. For every human soul there are special messages, flashed over invisible wires, and however small the summons, it may benefit the world in a law-guided illumination. A wasp building her paper nest is said to have taught the art of paper manufacture.

There is too little attention to the culture of the common way. The young eyes taught to know the names of the roadside pebbles, the shells on the shore, the leaves on the tree, the secret of the wren's nest, or the mole's wonderful underground chamber may open new channels of discovery, by that personal element which has not failed to get real wisdom by the influence of borrowed opinion.

Many a lad whose heart fails him over the classic record of ancient wars, out among the coast ranges would bring all the spirit of modernity to the life of the miocene age, and cast off the burden of antiquity. In that story of aquatic life told in the wonder pages of fossil forms, new insight might be given and new enthusiasms wakened for many a clue that lies deep in the brown and yellow sandstone, the hard shale or the granite drift, which seems prosaic in the vision of ordinary sight. Creation is no mere experiment of an uncertain master. There is too much of the disposition to undervalue the individual message to each human heart, "Come up higher!"

The mountains call as when the Master went there to pray. The sea entreats in floods of music. The star of night flashes its message across the long deeps of space. The blossoms on the hills speak to each child of earth with helping voices.

The United States has in many ways asserted its right of thought, and freedom of action. The recent past has been made memorable by its discoveries in science, invention, locomotion, and communication. By its commerce and industry it is showing forth the power of its commercial supremacy. The whole country is a theater of diversified action. But the best of its national life is still largely unexpressed. The young republic has been too content to echo the opinions of older continents, but a new era has thrown off many narrow ideas. It has hung the Edison lamp in the temples of Confucius and aims to waken the Sphinx with a telephone. It acknowledges the utility of Marconi's silent meditations when he went apart and listened to the inspirations of the possible wireless communication, and today, in its Lenten mood, it does reverence to those influences which flow across the centuries from the heart of Christ for the betterment of each individual life.

The purpose of making this a golden era of expression should stimulate artistic and ethical thought that the New World may be known by the royalty of its aspirations. From the snow lands of the North to the lotus lands of the South, from the silence of the desert to the songs of the valleys, the epic of American labor will be written in words to thrill the hearts of the old lands of monarchy. That life is surrounded by agents of an intangible mould—we trust of the nature of Him who created us—should lead the listening heart to a deeper reverence for the humblest work which bears the stamp of patriotism and earnest individuality.

L. F. H.

## BIRCH AND PINE.

There is a curious growth of trees at Tilden's Point, Me. Three yellow birch trees are growing on a pine stump. The tree, which was about two and a half feet in diameter, is thought to have been cut down some fifty years ago, leaving a stump three and a half feet high. The seeds of the birch must have lodged on this stump, and as they grew they sent their roots down its sides to reach the ground. The three trees are, respectively, five, six and seven inches in diameter.—[New York Tribune.]

## THE DAY.

O day, great shining, golden day, how bright is the gold of thy sunbeam! How rich without measure is the wealth How wondrous the vision ye unroll to us.

The heaven-reaching mountains grow high The sound of thy footsteps through the air, And baptized with the glory of color In kingliest majesty saluting the sky.

In their emerald dress from the shadow The great valleys creep out to rejoice in The numberless orchards, their leafy boughs Stand forth in the splendor of thy sunbeams.

And the flowers lift up their sweet faces They have sprung from the kiss of thy beams Thy beautiful offspring. Oh, fair day, how thy clear sapphires skies in their splendor.

God is Light and is Love, and we see His glory Though He veileth His face, yet still we see His Feel Him part of thy glory, thy infinite Like a garment His presence about it is.

And we think of the life where the shadow Shall be lost in that day, eternal, sublime, Where God shineth forth in His glory of "And undarkened by suns" He's unveiled to us.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A Russian has invented a monorail which he believes will transport passengers at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Don't!—[Boston Globe.]

To a photographer belongs the distinction of being the only man in America who succeeded in Prince look unpleasant.—[Milwaukee Journal.]

Gen. Funston doesn't remove a vast amount when he says there is no more war in the world than there is in Kentucky. We consider considerable ammunition to both planes.

While the commerce of the United States is many amounts in value to nearly \$300,000,000, why should not the people of this country have a friendly spirit toward those of the fatherland leader.

America is doing much worse than England. It is actually supplying the English. If, according to some theories, they eat in a few generations Great Britain will be thoroughly Americanized.—[Baltimore Sun.]

An iconoclastic college professor says verities will not be worth their salt until they give less attention to football. There is an instructor who is so old-fashioned that he believes that the football youth is not the higher education?—[Denver Republic.]

When any politician or anyone else in the American press being "manipulated" is mentioned he is talking rank nonsense. It is not to manipulate a few newspapers, but the interest on earth big enough to dictate to American press.—[Kansas City Journal.]

While the production of grain is not rapidly as population, the manufacturing interests of the west are increasing more than those of the whole country, making showing a ratio of 70 per cent. increase in States as against 112 per cent. for the least remarkable feature about this development of industry over natural ones without coal, iron or water power turning products that are shipped to the ends of the world.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## A MINOR TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

It is well known that the original inhabitants of the country mined copper in the Lake Superior Isle Royale, where the copper-bearing strata are horizontal, the shallow excavations of the mound builders who preceded them being evident. From many of the graves of the native instruments and ornaments have been found. A few articles have been found which show a high degree of skill in the makers, and a question whether some of them came to the country by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and acquired by the Indians in exchange or as presents.

The question has been settled by the Lake copper contains a little silver and but no arsenic, but no lead or antimony. It frequently contains lead and almost invariably antimony. So unvarying is the composition that the chemist is able to say decisively, "This metal came from the lake region and this stone." Nearly all the implements found in Indian builders' graves are lake copper, and it is known that the men who worked it had attained a high degree of skill, though their tools were nothing but hammers. A few of the more artistic articles are not lake copper, and were in all probability from the Spaniards. Science discriminates between the sources of the metal, even going to point out the exact original locality.

Times.

CZARINA CLIMBED A WALL.

The Czarina is said to be of a retiring disposition, and regards the public, and not at all fond of huge crowds. One day when, at Kiel, she paid a visit to an art studio, the people have and collected in great numbers in the street, "What is so noisy out at the back?" asked the Czarina. "A fence, Your Majesty," was the answer. "Then," said the Czarina; and, one being wife of the Czar climbed the fence and ran away.—[London Telegraph.]

## Russia in the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## BUSINESS EXPANSION.

THE CZAR IS DOING IN MANCHURIA, TURKESTAN AND NORTH CHINA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LET to tell you what the Russians are doing out in the Pacific. They are the principal actors on stage of western invasion. Germany, England and the United States are making a great noise about development, but Russia is keeping her mouth closed. Her policy is to work quietly, but she makes no backward footsteps. She has gone out in every direction, and is quietly gathering the continent. She has already a million square miles more than one-third of all Asia, and the prospect of the whole northern half of this continent will only be hers.

Have you ever figured up the enormous property that the Czar owns outside of Europe? His possessions in Asia are more than twice as much land as the United States proper. They are about as large as the South America and almost twice as much as the Russian possessions in Central Asia alone, the regions now being opened up by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, are half as large as the whole of our possessions, and the Czar is now claiming the right to all the territories in Chinese-Turkestan, a territory twice as

tities, and in Trans-Caucasia tea plantations are being established. That region is now one of the great silk cocoon-raising places of the world, and it exports hundreds of millions of pounds of cocoons annually. The wheat lands are also increasing, and Russia seems, in fact, to be reaching out toward a monopoly of productions of every variety for all the world.

## Russian Versus American Wheat.

The Russians are already our chief competitors in the wheat markets of Europe, and they will be more so as time goes on. Russia is the granary of Europe—Siberia promises to be the granary of the world. A few years ago I traveled over the Black Plain south of Moscow. It has some of the richest soil known to man, and it produces abundantly with the rudest cultivation. The people are now introducing our machinery, and their crops will be increased thereby. The wheat lands of Siberia are said to be as rich as those of the Red River Valley, and the climate is about the same.

## Colonizing Siberia.

Russia is rapidly colonizing Siberia. The soil is being broken. Irrigation works on a large scale have been started, and development is going on upon the choice tracts along the new railroads.

Since 1887 more than a million peasants have emigrated to Siberia, and vast numbers are now being sent by sea from Odessa to Vladivostok. The Czar has built

Russian troops and for Russian warehouses. It was in Aigun, that the Chinese fought the Russians. The town was destroyed and the villages near it. Gen. Gribsky has warned the Chinese that if one of them dares to shoot at or injure a Russian, he will have his village or town burned to the ground. He closes his proclamation with the following:

"The Russian Czar loves those who obey him. Turn a deaf eye to the evil counsellors who urge you to fight us! They are your enemies and will bring you to ruin and death! Woe be unto you if you do otherwise than as we command you!"

The Chinese know by bitter experience that the Russians will do what they say. They will treat the people well if they obey them, but if they do not, they will not hesitate to annihilate them. Some of the towns along the Amur River were utterly destroyed during the late war. An Ohio man who crossed it saw thirteen Chinese villages in flames at one time, and described the river as black with bodies for three days after the Russians took one of the Chinese cities upon its banks.

## Russia's Manchurian Railroad.

The Czar is rapidly pushing his railroad to the northward to connect with the Trans-Siberian system. Short passages by rail to Europe are already advertised at the leading ports, and we shall soon be able to go from Port Arthur to Paris. The railroad is nominally under the control of the Eastern Chinese Railroad Company, but this is another name for the Russian government. The company itself has a capital of \$2,500,000, but its bonds are guaranteed by the government and are supposed to be held by it.

The provisions of the concession forbid China to collect a tariff on goods in transit upon it, and the Russian officials, and Russian mails are to be carried free. Russia is to have charge of the postal system along the line, and with it goes the privilege of opening up and developing the mineral resources of Manchuria. Russian engineers and surveyors are now traveling over the country prospecting it. They have already found coal and iron and some rich mines of gold. There are large coal fields near Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, which will be tapped by the railroad. The coal there is said to be better than the Japanese and equal to the Cardiff and Pocahontas coals. It will have a good market at Port Arthur and Talienshan, and the mines will pay well. At present the most of the mining is done by the natives. The coal is gotten out by hand and carried to the markets in Chinese carts. It is both anthracite and bituminous.

## The Czar's Metropolis on the Yellow Sea.

The Czar has already chosen the site for his metropolis in this part of the world. It is to be at the terminus of the Manchurian Railroad system, within a few miles of Port Arthur. This place will surpass Vladivostok, as it will have an open harbor the year around, and will be more easily accessible. The Russians are building it much as Peter the Great built St. Petersburg. They are laying out the city on a grand scale, expecting to bring in the people after it is completed. They are building immense breakwaters out from the shore and are so dredging the harbor that it will admit the largest of the ocean steamers. They have already built warehouses and piers and are putting up other buildings suitable to the great city of the future.

The name of this town is to be Talienshan and the present intention is to make it a free port. It will have wide streets crossing one another at right angles. It will have large public gardens and parks. I understand that they are already laying the sewers and building bazaars, and that before any lots are sold. The city is to be a business one. The military fortifications will be at Port Arthur, which is also being improved.

## Newchwang and Mukden.

It is a question as to what rights foreigners will have in Talienshan, or, indeed, in any of the Manchurian cities. The Russians believe in controlling things for their own people, and limitations will probably be placed on foreign settlements and foreign business, although at present the Russians say otherwise. There has already been some trouble as to the rights of Americans in Manchuria, and that especially in Newchwang. This is a town situated on the Liao River, thirteen miles from its mouth. It has been an open port for some years, but the Russians have instituted a military station there and they claim to control the town. They have had charge of the customs and act as though the whole country belonged to them. They furnish a military band, which gives Sunday concerts.

Newchwang has until now been the chief port for Manchuria, and it has English, German and American houses. The Russians have built a branch railroad to it, the Russo-Chinese Bank has opened a house there and the foreigners fear that their trade will be gobbled by Russians.

Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, will be the chief interior city along the line. It is a walled town of about two hundred thousand people, and as the seat of the Chinese Governor, it has been the center of everything Manchurian. The town is said to be like Peking and to have fine Chinese houses.

## Will Russia Grab Korea?

The question as to whether the Russians will take possession of Korea is one of the future. They will certainly not concede it to Japan. The Japanese are very jealous of Russia and resent their acquiring territory on the Korean Peninsula. They threatened war in the spring of 1900, when the officers of the Czar took possession of the harbor of Masampo, on the south coast. Some land about this harbor was granted to a Russian steamship company, but a private Japanese individual had bought the land of the Korean owners and for this



the empire of Germany. Siberia is twenty-five times as big as Germany or France. It is a million times bigger than Europe, and bigger than the United States and Central America and Mexico combined. This is other India, which is now practically annexed to Siberia, and it is quite as large as any country in Europe outside Russia, and it is quite as large as the United States.

## Russian Work.

In this vast territory the Czar is pushing his expansion. He is preparing to settle the several countries to Russianize them. His Trans-Caspian road has thousands of his peasants into Central Turkestan, and a branch line extends down into India. Other roads, of which I write later, are being opened to connect with these.

He is not only opening up the country, but he is developing it. He is setting out cotton plantations and introducing American plants. His product of cotton is enormous, and half his crop is now of the same as our own. It loads down the railroad cars, and you may see shiploads of it going to be transferred to the factories and all kinds. Tobacco is also grown in large quantities.

a fleet of emigrant steamers which run regularly from the Black Sea to the mouth of the Amur. I see them often in these waters. They carry peasants free from Russia to Siberia and the government gives each family from 200 to 300 acres of land free of charge. It also loans them money to start farming and furnishes agricultural implements at reduced rates. Within seven years almost 20,000,000 acres of state lands have been turned over to immigrants and from now on the settled country will be rapidly increased. I have no figures as to the numbers which are coming in by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, but they must be enormous, for the government has reduced the emigrant fares to a minimum and it is aiding emigration in every possible way.

## The Czar in Manchuria.

The Czar has already begun to colonize Manchuria. The soldiers who guard the railroads have in many cases brought their families with them, and they are settling along the line as they build it. The Russians make no bones of saying they own Manchuria. Gen. Gribsky, who has charge of the territory, recently sent off a proclamation that the Chinese would not be allowed to settle in certain sections, as the lands were to be used for Russian colonization. He forbade them to build in the town of Aigun, as it was needed for quartering the

Reason the Russians were not able to get it. They did get, however, other lands at the same place, and they are now said to be planning a naval and coal station there. This will give them command of the Korean Strait, and they will not be far away from Japan and from the Shimoseki Strait, where there are great Japanese fortifications.

#### The Czar and the Korean Emperor.

The Japanese are jealous of the friendship which the Emperor of Korea has for the Russians. It will be remembered that during the troubles which followed the Chinese-Japanese war, His Majesty left his palace and fled to the Russian legation for protection. He sneaked out in a closed Sedan chair with a woman walking on each side of it, just like a common nobleman's wife, in order to escape the Korean nobles who had him in keeping. The Russian Minister took him in and for a long time the Russian legation was the seat of the government of Korea. From it the Emperor sent forth a decree that his Cabinet should be arrested. He ordered that the members have their heads chopped off and that the said heads be brought to him at the legation, which you will agree was—

"A dainty dish to set before the King."

At this same time Russian officers were chosen to drill the army, and it looked for a while as though Korea was to be at once Russified. Shortly after this, however, the Russians concluded to take Manchuria first, and they signed a treaty with the Japanese that neither government should interfere in the politics or trade of the Korean Peninsula.

In the meantime the Japanese are buying up the railroads of Korea as fast as they can, and they are now building one from Pusan, one of the ports on the south coast, to the capital, Seoul. The French, which is probably another name for the Russians, have obtained a concession for a railroad from Seoul to the northern boundary of the country, and this will probably eventually be connected with the Manchurian Railroad and enable the Czar to put his soldiers into the Korean capital at will.

#### Russian Schemes in China.

It is difficult to say where the Czar's schemes as to China begin and end. During the war the Russians seized the Tien-Tsin-Shantung, Railroad, and they will eventually want to control the line as an extension of the Trans-Siberian system to Peking. If they cannot buy the road outright, there will be little trouble in paralleling it, as most of the country is level, and as it possesses but few engineering difficulties. The road was largely built with English money, but it is owned by Chinese.

The line from Peking to Hankow is said to practically belong to the Russians. A concession for it was given to the Belgians and the French. They capitalized it at \$25,000,000, and building is now going on from both ends. The money is said to be furnished by the Russo-Chinese Bank, and this is really the Russian government. The bank has its branch houses at all the ports of China, including those of Manchuria. It is backed by the government and acts as the financial agent of Russia in Siberia. This bank has other concessions from the Chinese, and it is more or less connected with all the railroad movements of this part of the world. All sorts of lines are being projected. Some are to open up the Shansi coal fields, one is a railroad over the old caravan route through the Nankow Pass from Peking into Mongolia and thence to Siberia, and a third, a most important projection, is an extension of the Trans-Caspian road from Central Asia through Chinese Turkestan and Southern Mongolia to the headwaters of the Yellow River and thence south to Hankow on the Yangtze Kiang. If this road is completed Mongolia and Northern China will shortly be Russified. A part of the system is a line from Hankow to Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan.

#### Russia's Trade Methods.

The Czar now proclaims free trade for Manchuria, but after the country has been Russified the best things of its commerce will likely be given to his own people. Until recently only Russians could mine gold in Siberia. There are restrictions on trade there, and this is so in every Russian country. The Russian arm is long and its hand is so large that it hopes eventually to hold the world financially, as well as territorially. See what it did in Persia! The English were supplying the country with most of its cotton cloths, when the Russian government gave Russian merchants and manufacturers a bounty of 3 cents per pound on all the manufactured cottons sold in Persia. This paid their freight and left them 2 cents a pound profit even when they sold the goods as cost. With such advantages, the English manufacturer could not compete, and the result was the Russians got the business.

Shortly before the late war, in China the Russo-Chinese Bank had an agreement with the Chinese officials that all Russian goods coming through Manchuria were to pay one-third less import duties than were paid by foreign goods landing at the seaports, and it was then the idea to reduce export duties one-third in favor of Russia. Whether such a treaty could have been carried out is questionable. Russia is, however, one of China's best customers. She takes about half the tea crop that goes abroad and about one-tenth of all the Chinese exports outside of tea. These new railroads will materially increase the trade, and it is safe to predict that in the far future the Russians will have more commerce with the Chinese than any other nation.

Nagasaki, Japan.

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The denial from Berlin of the story that Emperor William regarded Miss Roosevelt's message as "too familiar" can be accepted without reservation. The Emperor would be a poor sort of a gallant if he would pick flaws in the congratulations of the daughter of President Roosevelt, and it is certain that in this case there were none to pick.—[Kansas City Star.]

## NEXT EUROPEAN WAR. A DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE OUTLOOK.

Contributed by Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

IT IS very sad for peaceful Europeans to have to consider the possibility of a great war breaking out in their old world. Yet it is but time that they should realize the danger that lies ahead of their way. Few, up to last year, had noticed it. People get pretty quickly accustomed to what suits them and makes them feel comfortable. As soon as it became probable about 1879 that Germany had made up her mind, either willingly or under British and Russian pressure, to let France recover quietly from the severe shock of 1870, and had given up her scheme for another attack on her western neighbors, Europeans ceased to see any reason why the present state of things should not last. Very likely, colonial quarrels would drop in every now and then, as an unavoidable result of a policy tending toward the extension of trade in distant lands. That such quarrels should lead to a great war between European powers seemed highly improbable. Facts at first confirmed these views. The English had to fight the Mahdi in South Egypt and the French achieved a series of successful military operations in Tunis, Tongnun, Dahomey and Madagascar. In the meantime, Russia was progressing in Asia, and Germany taking root in the Holy Land and South Africa, while Italy was making costly experiments on the Red Sea coast. Although some sort of friction resulted often from such undertakings, no serious contest issued. The Japanese and Greek wars passed over, almost without troubling Europe's rest, and so did the Spanish-American War. After all, the Cuban problem might have long before led to an armed conflict between Spain and the United States, and it did not follow that the Old and the New World should look permanently upon one another in an unfriendly way.

The Fashoda affair darkened the sky altogether. The idea of an Anglo-French war began to creep into the minds most unpleasantly. As there is no more possibility for an English invasion in France than for a French one in England, everybody knew it could be but a naval war, and upon continental people such a certainty proves ever highly quieting. Yet confidence in the maintenance of European peace began to shake at the very moment when The Hague Conference was endeavoring to make it stronger. Since two great neighbors had been drawn upon the very edge of war, one failed to see why two others would not, the next day, follow just the same path and reach the same point.

Precisely it soon became obvious that Central Europe was in a dangerous state of unfinished. A work of national unity, like Bismarck's German work, can hardly be considered completed so long as pure representatives of the race remain outside of the nation. And even if they show no hurry to join the rest of the flock and rejoice in their present lot, a day must come when the race feeling will prove stronger than the strongest of dynastic ties and command tradition as well as interest. Nine millions of Germans are ruled by the Emperor of Austria, out of which no more than a few hundreds were willing, thirty years ago, to pass under the rule of the German Emperor, while it is generally admitted that one-third today are anxious for such a change; another third seem irresolute and the rest would object. All who know Austria agree that Francis Joseph's death will greatly reduce the number of the latter. His successor is by no means popular enough to rely upon the prestige of his name alone, and will therefore be bound to seek popularity either among his German or his Slav subjects. The Germans and the Slavs of Austria hate one another more and more daily. The Germans being fewer, can predominate only under a despotic régime and such a régime would lead rapidly to a civil war. On the other hand, if the Slavs are privileged, loyalty will entirely disappear among the Germans, who will look forward with more eagerness than before toward joining the German flock.

No peaceful settlement of the Austrian problem is therefore to be contemplated unless the Emperor of Austria should give up freely his claims to the German lands that belong to his empire, and surely this sounds highly improbable. But should even such an ever unheard-of solution prove possible, the great European powers would not allow it. The annexation of the German-speaking parts of Austria to Germany would not only make it much larger than it is today, but would advance its southern border so far that the annexation of Triest would follow immediately. Now Triest, on the Adriatic Sea, is the door that gives way to the East where commercial competitions are so active already. Its possession would strengthen and enrich Germany more than any victories. Russia, France and Italy are sure to oppose the annexation of Triest and therefore the foundation of greater Germany, and thus their first step must be the preservation of the present Austrian equilibrium. The question then remains how to preserve such an uncertain and shaking equilibrium and whether it is possible to force 9,000,000 unwilling Germans under the yoke of 15,000 Slavs, when, near at hand, stands a great German State of over 40,000,000 people, with a powerful army and plenty of wealth.

It must be war. Would it be war then with Germany on one side and the three great continental powers on the other? The Balkan States are divided. Suppose Turkey, Roumania and Greece should decide in favor of Germany, Serbia and Bulgaria follow the Russian flag. Spain and Sweden being lookers-on, England would become the fact-maker of Europe. In such case, interest is sure to have its way. If one carefully inquires where lies British interest, no hesitation is allowed. The much spoken-of commercial rivalry between England and Germany is of little moment, compared with the result of a Franco-Russian victory. It must be admitted that British trade would suffer from such a victory more than from any other change in the present European equilibrium and therefore no British cabinet should el-

low this great struggle to pass without interference. It may be fair to say that England, because her troops would be able to land and to weaken Russian influence, the risk of continental war, the belligerents, the English would make the larger profit with the

While public opinion catches the bloody future, the European governments are watching and preliminary preparations are made. France and Italy, whose friends shoot hands again at Toulon; Austria, who acts as the most determined in visiting the Emperor of Russia; the new era of good feeling between Russia and the Kings of Greece and Roumania; elements of an unknown character in the person of William II, notwithstanding the enemies of his people, has shown with the most extraordinary skill through mere Anglophilism. The truth is that the triple alliance has any strength; that Austria and Italy have their own interests toward the Balkans, and thus Germany, remaining alone, the terrible problem of Central Europe to create Greater Germany, relies.

The people of the United States, they are free to remain quietly in their struggle.

Paris, France, February 26.

#### PARLIAMENTARY

##### FREE BATHS IN DENMARK AND DENTISTS IN SWEDEN

[Pearson's Weekly:] The members of the Danish Parliament have the right of entering the kingdom and enjoying nothing. This privilege is enjoyed by members of certain other parliaments. Honduras is a republic and its members are elected for six years, the first being called a member and the other an alternative. They attend the sittings of the native assembly in his place and votes, and is compensated by being allowed a fee of £2 a day for railroads.

San Salvador adopts almost the same methods as are employed in Honduras. The members are employed in the legislative assembly.

Madagascar is a French protectorate allowed to do pretty well without a king, which are fashioned by the State, and then read out in absent, which, of course, is always a legislative body is called together, sovereign, and expenses incurred are at the exchequer, save those for shading the cost for which is borne by the members of the Council call on the capital.

No matter where an Italian member wants to go, even to remote parts of the world, his countrymen's steamers will carry him while on board for nothing. He has a gold medal which he hangs on his neck, a symbol that he is a member of the Danes. Danes steamship companies, with the members of the House, joint ticket to fold in two for the side of which bears his likeness in the other the pass. In addition to the while the House is sitting, the members nothing—he has the run of the House rooms, being permitted to eat and drink what he chooses from the menu. And to in special attendance at the House by the members.

Generous as this state of things even a better arrangement in Sweden. The members of the Diet are paid from a term of years. The House of Peasants, nobles, clergy, peasants and former classes are in a position to their monetary perquisite, the same rotation, and given to the poor.

Those members hailing from Norway services of both doctors and dentists, their families, and the state will be singular to say, this privilege is a Swedish member.

Our own British members of Parliament are glad if the state were to only allow the States allows its Senators; we are £1000 which is the perquisite of the members forming Congress. But it is a "penalty amount," as it is called, or allowed the services of a clerk, who follow his master wherever the latter his letters for him.

Everybody knows how Japan is becoming an empire in manners and customs. Parliament, which is modeled on our parliaments. But the Emperor goes that. He allows all the members for four years, and only requires months in the year. In addition to whether in or out of office, are given offices under government in preference not served in Parliament.

Germany makes a distinction between the members of the Prussian Diet and the members of the German Reich. The former are granted a first-class free pass over generally speaking, have free admission in Berlin, and other places.

The Dutch Parliament is a model of attention which is paid in an office. For four years they are paid a sum of money, expenses are paid, and these members or houses in the capital and in Parliament, put up wherever cases and under certain conditions defrayed by a grateful country.

16, 1902.]

## ALL WANT TO FLY. SHIP INVENTORS PREPARING FOR THE AEROSTATIC CONGRESS.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Airship inventors the world over are whetting their wits or the world's best Aerostatic Congress, to be held in St. Louis in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. \$100,000 offered to the most successful operator. Aerial craft is a premium not to be winked at. Fortune and the additional purse of \$50,000, to be offered to aerostat racers of various nationalities, is sufficient bait to attract flying-machine geniuses from all enlightened parts of the earth. And this lucre will be but a small part of the spoils of victory. The laurels of international fame are guaranteed.

Maxim agrees to expend \$100,000 in prepa-

would properly demand an individual heat for itself. Fire the starting gun. "They're off!" And what a motley mix-up. 'Tis the strenuous life asky. The denizens of the whole creation would profit well to gather 'round the aerial course.

### The Pathetic Side.

But there is the pathetic side. An alienist would find a fertile field in the Patent Office's "aerodynamics" file. It used to be the perpetual-motion crank who filled the freak list of the office. Today it is the aérodromaniac.

A Frenchman some time ago obtained from the government a patent for a system of propelling aérodromes by means of birds harnessed to a horizontal wheel to be turned by a pilot, according to the desired direction of flight. Then several Darius Greens have been given the sole right to manufacture and sell within the limits of the United States attachable wings wherewith to dart through space. An inventor who for several years remained a familiar habitué of the Patent Office received the sole rights for an elongate, pencil-shaped airship of aluminum which, if poised upon end, would have had the dimensions of the Washington monument. Claims were granted this man for interior cabins as

constructed that it can be readily converted from a balloon into an aeroplane or vice versa. It is propelled by "screws of considerable length, having continuous spiral webs or blades."

An airship propelled by the explosion of cartridges at the stern was the inspiration which gave a patent to an Oakland, Cal., genius the other week. "The gases resulting from the explosion of the cartridge in escaping through the orifice exert their full force in propelling the ship forward," explains the inventor.

The third most recent patent in aérostats goes to another Californian. "A suitable body or house," says he, "is constructed, the upper portion of which forms a gas-containing chamber." An Albuquerque man comes next with a balloon in the shape of a huge ring in whose center is a powerful and enormous propeller wheel revolving in a horizontal plane and thus screwing the entire device toward the zenith. Below puff powerful engines about which hover the terrified crew.

A giant bumble-bee, or an airship which looks exactly like one, was lately patented by a genius of the Quaker City. Although the outlines of the vehicle are like the insect named, the inventor specifies that "its principle of locomotion shall resemble that of a bird—that is, it shall have the lightness and strength, with the wings or propelling devices located at the most desirable point to effect the moving of the machine and having a simple means under the direct control of the operator for shifting the gravity point, directing motion up or down." The operator perches himself upon a small leather saddle and waves the wings of the device by vigorously revolving a pair of bicycle pedals." And these are but a few of the latest. And who knows but that some of them may be entered for the St. Louis cup, or that one of them will carry off the \$100,000 prize.

Whether the new aérodrome which Mr. Langley is constructing for the army will have been completed in time for the St. Louis contest is a matter of doubt. While Europeans have made the most notable strides as masters of aérostats of the dirigible balloon type, Mr. Langley has unquestionably won the laurels of the contest in the broad field of aerodynamics. His aérodrome, weighing more than the air which it displaces, is sustained and propelled exclusively by forces which its engine produces. No buoyant gas aids its flight or direction, whereas the aérostats of Santos Dumont, of Count Zeppelin, of the French army and all of those in fact which have traveled a mile have been no more than elongated balloons with propellers and rudders.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

### RIGHTS.

Life came to me a gift from God;  
And, with it right to choose  
In things material, or pertaining  
To a future state. And if I fall  
To exercise that right divine  
I sin 'gainst God and self.  
Hence I hold, and ever make it daily work  
To do, that which conscience  
And my better judgment tells me  
Is of duty part. No matter  
What the world may say,  
If monitor within proclaims  
A thing as right—that I do,  
No question aught of any man.  
Necessity alone my master is;  
To its mandates first I bow—  
And then push on to highest goal.  
I love my fellow-man and strive  
With strongest might to help him  
Up the steep of life, but never can  
Pervert my right to action or to thought.  
The world needs men of iron Will! Men  
Who cater not; but who with purpose true  
Perceive the Right and follow on,  
Believing in the final triumph of the Good.

G. W. HENDRICKS.

### RUSSIA'S POPULATION.

The census return of the Russian Empire has now been issued, and shows a large increase on the last. The empire now contains 129,000,000 people, of whom 107,000,000 dwell in Europe, the other 22,000,000 being accounted for by Siberia and Turkestan.

Three towns in the empire have more than 500,000 inhabitants—viz., St. Petersburg, 1,260,700; Moscow, 988,600; and Warsaw, 614,800 inhabitants.

In 120 large towns the male population is in excess of the female.—[London Express.]

MR. LANGLEY'S AERODROME

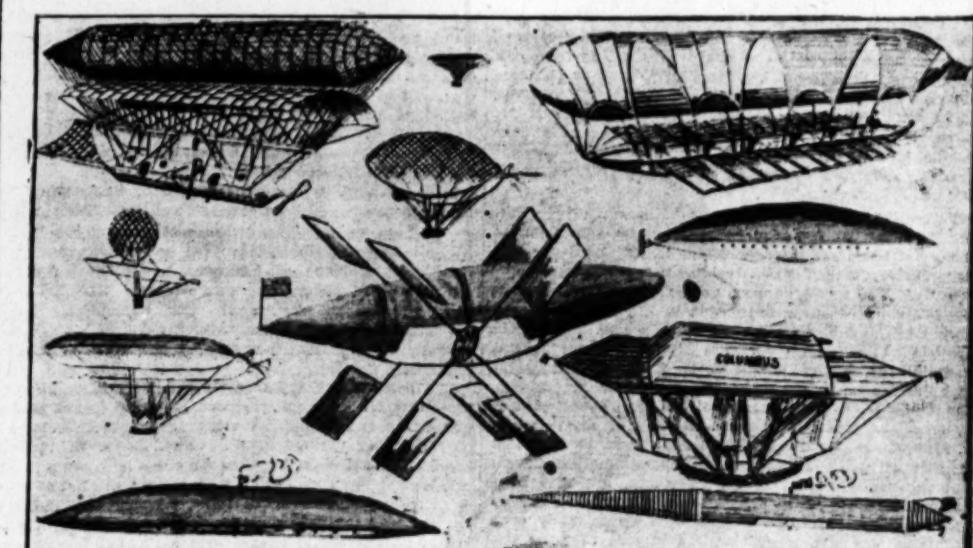
capacious as those of ocean steamships and steam engines of ponderous weight.

Then, too, there are geniuses among these airship patentees. The great Count Zeppelin has received letters patent protecting in this country not only his far-famed airship but a whole train of cigar-shaped balloons coupled, vestibuled and drawn by an aerial locomotive. But Mr. Langley, to whom the fruits of commercialism have never appealed, has applied for no patents. Santos Dumont's aérostat is not patented in this country; neither are the experimental airships of Maxim.

Today patents are not granted for airships not provided in their specifications with balloon attachments. Formerly, patents were granted for airships without any question as to their operativeness, none being thought operative. Now those without buoyant gas compartments are objected to because they are not believed to be operative. A statute now demands that all patented inventions be "useful."

### Most Recent Ideas.

The most recent ideas in this line of invention may be obtained from a glance at patents issued within the past few months. The latest, granted to a Washingtonian, is for "a combined balloon and aéroplane so



GROUP OF AÉROSTATS, RECENTLY INVENTED. FROM PATENT OFFICE FILES.







## THE LUSCIOUS BANANA. ITS ORIGIN, ITS HISTORY, MODE OF CULTURE AND QUALITIES.

By a Special Contributor.

WE ARE familiar with the banana. Its great green leaf is one of the links that connect Los Angeles with the tropics and, wilting by the first touch of frost into the semblance of a tattered flag, reminds us that our climate is that happy meadow of the sub-tropical. The fruit is very popular and its "matter in the wrong place," is a common sight on the sidewalk. The origin and nature of the fruit may merit a brief consideration. But why not with the plantain?

It is true, once described two species of the *Musa sapientum*, or banana, and the *Musa paradisiaca*, or plantain; but the distinction has now dropped, and science recognizes only the first and its numerous varieties. And a mere variety may claim to a long Latin name. The practical botanist, however, draws a line between the smaller kinds, the sweet, soft, and easily digested bananas, and the longer and heavier, the plantains, a vegetable. For, though the man of science gives the name of "fruit" to every matured seed without considering whether it is palatable to man or not, that of a bird or wild animal, your cook, is tested by the human palate, restricts the "fruit" to such as are good to eat without cooking. Thus to the vegetable class any botanical "fruit" requires boiling or other culinary treatment, before it is fit for the table. This classification, if not original, is an excellent one from the gastronomic point of view.

**Plantain as Food.**

The plantain is of immense importance as a food stuff. Easily cultivated and very nutritious, it is one of the chief supports of the millions of people who live between the tropics. The tribes of darkest Africa defend their plantain huts rather than their homes, for the huts are easily taken or raided by enemies, may entail starvation. Plantain is a common dish in tropical America, and is cooked in a variety of ways. Of these, frying, perhaps, the most usual; and the split plantain, with a rich yellow color, is served on the table of the River steamer as regularly as the baked at a California restaurant. From the uncooked plantain, peeled, sliced thin, dried in the sun, and reduced to powder, a meal is obtained, the analysis of which shows about 75 per cent. of starch and 2 per cent. of nitrogenous matter. This places it, as an article of diet, above such purely starch foods as rice, and the cereals, which are superior to it in nitrogen content. In this respect it ranks slightly higher than the potato. But in productivity the plantain leaves the potato far behind, for by Humboldt's calculation it is forty times as prolific as that tuber.

**Plantain as a Fruit.**

The dainty banana with the "spud" of which would be disparaging. Viewed in relation with the olive, it will be found to have, like the grape, a percentage of nitrogenous matter than the other fruit. Its mass is, nevertheless, chiefly made up of starch. But the peculiar quality of the banana is that it belongs to the small class of complete fruits. For it consists of nothing but pulp and protective skin; within the the necessary for ever there is neither core nor seeds, and no fiber. Inside it is all good to eat and, "very bun, " very filling at the price." Such a fruit is not often reached even after many years of cultivation. The olive has been improved during the centuries, but there is no variety of olive without a considerable size. The navel orange, to be sure, is small; yet it retains its uneatable divisions of the fruit. But in the banana these divisions are meant for the attachment of seeds, and are pulp; and they are not to be distinguished by the palate, though traces of them are plainly visible in the lines which radiate outward from the fruit slice. These indicate the walls of the compartments in which the wild banana kept its seeds, the primeval tropical gardener took it in and stored its energies from seeding to producing fruit.

**The Varieties of the banana.**

The varieties of this delicious fruit differ from one another except in point of size and shape. There is a small, sweet kind, with a ruddy skin, popularly known in the markets of Trinidad as a "fig."

**How the banana got its name.**

When inquiring how that name was acquired, for it has nothing in common with the fig but its taste. It was precisely this quality, it would seem, that impressed the Genoese seamen who, on their voyages in the fifteenth century, were the first Europeans to taste the banana. Finding the fruit unctuous, they christened the novel sweet, after the most sugary of their native fruits, the *figo*. They followed the natural impulse which every discoverer to name a strange object as familiar thing to which it bears a slight resemblance, or with which it shares some obvious similarity. It has come about in this way that some leading masquerade as robins, merely on account of their breasts. One hundred years after the famous Drake called at Ternate in the Moluccas, from the King, among other presents, a fruit called "figo"—so the chronicler spells it, perhaps under this name, translated into fig, which was originally known in England. It is

not a little strange to find such a misnomer persisting down to the present day, yet experience shows that nothing sticks like a name that has once become ingrained in popular usage; and it is likely that, in spite of the schoolmaster, the West Indians will continue to call the fruit indifferently fig, or banana.

The plantain is seedless, like the banana. If the differences already pointed out are borne in mind, what remains to be said of the one may be applied to the other. One might use a hyphenated form, as is done by families of distinction, and write of the banana-plantains; but it will save space to let the name of the fruit stand for both. The banana, then, as might be anticipated from the perfect state at which it has arrived, is a fruit of great antiquity and, like many other useful products of nature, had its origin in the eastern tropics. It was named in Sanskrit, a tongue that has long been dead, and mentioned in early Indian records. The tradition that the Greek soldiers of Alexander the Great found in India this wonderfully fruitful tree "under whose branches the sages of the East reposed" is quoted by De Candolle, the great botanist, in explanation of its name, *Musa sapientum*. The second, or specific, title refers, of course, to this association of the plant with the oriental pundits. The rare wild banana, moreover, has not been discovered anywhere except in the farther East. Dr. King of Calcutta reported having found specimens with seeds in the Andaman Islands, Bay of Bengal. It is generally believed by botanists that the ancestors of this useful tree grow in that part of the eastern tropics called Malaysia and thence spread far and wide over tropical Asia.

### Advent in the West.

Contrasted with the hoary antiquity of eastern horticulture, the tillage of the varieties of *Musa sapientum* in tropical America seems a thing of yesterday. Carried westward with the course of Spanish empire, the plant was introduced into the West Indies early in the sixteenth century. Humboldt upheld the Aztec tradition that Peru received it from the Far East by way of the Pacific; but since his time botanists have come to the conclusion that it reached that country from the Atlantic coast of South America. However that may be, the banana was planted and propagated in the new world by cuttings derived from an Asiatic source.

Within the last decade its cultivation in Central America has been greatly stimulated by an increasing demand from the United States. The improvements in ocean freighting have made it possible to speedily bring the produce of the Gulf Coast to the markets of this great fruit-consuming country. The bananas imported into the United States during the eight months ending with February, 1901, were valued in round numbers at \$3,500,000. As the importations from Hawaii are no longer shown in the customs' return, these figures only represent the value of what is received, in nearly equal proportions, from Central America and Jamaica.

In that island and in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the planting of bananas for the New York market has been mainly fostered by American capital. American syndicates own extensive plantations in the fertile, deep-silted lowlands of Costa Rica. There the banana suckers are planted in holes about twelve feet apart. They grow with amazing rapidity under the combined influence of humid air and high temperature. Our farmers who have to wait patiently for the coy, delayed bearing of olive, or orange, may well envy the tropical planter whose trees shoot up from suckers and ripen their crops in one short year. No longer time is required to mature this noble plant, with its crown of giant leaves and its drooping, burdened fruit stalk. The mode of growth, the "habit" of the banana, is designed to aid the grower; for the great "bunch," weighing with its clusters of fruit from thirty to sixty pounds, curves over and hangs down, as if to offer its precious load to the grasp of the harvester. Anyone who has paid for the picking of fruit for the market can appreciate the saving in expense implied in the statement that the whole crop of one tree is reaped by two blows of a cutlass. With the production of the annual bunch the useful life of the plant ends; it is then cut down and chopped up for manure. Rapid in growth and quick in maturing, the life history of the banana plant, which is continued by the springing of suckers from the stump, is almost as brief as that of the grass of the field. Storms of wind play havoc with its weak, herbaceous, feebly-rooted stem, and a whole plantation falls down before a tempest, like pins before a skillful bowler; but from the diseases to which so many fruit trees are liable the banana is singularly immune.

### Its Self-multiplication.

Yet, according to theory, this should not be the case. For plants that have been artificially propagated during a long period seems to lose the power of resisting disease. Layering, or suckering, does not tend to build up such a healthy constitution as Nature's old-fashioned plan of crossing the pollen of one plant with the seed of another, of raising up a new individual by germination. It is notorious that the vine, which for ages has been an object of artificial culture, nearly suffered extermination from the attacks of disease. But the banana, which was seedless before history began, has been reproduced by suckering for a much longer period than the vine. The whole process, as Grant Allen pointed out, is only self-multiplication. Each sucker is merely a "chip of the old block," inheriting its peculiar strength and special weakness without any crossing. According to this view, all the banana plants that have been raised, since the tree once lost the power of seedling, are merely parts produced from one individual by repeated growth and division. To calculate the number of fractions that go to make up this colossal integer might easily "stagger humanity"—to quote the late President Kruger. The banana, however, in spite of theory and long-continued artificial propagation, is one of the healthiest plants known.

The labor employed on the plantations in Costa Rica and Nicaragua is largely recruited from Jamaica. In Central America, wherever intelligent labor is in demand, the negro from that island plays the part of gen-

eral utilityman; he took an active share in digging the great ditch at Colon that was to have become the Panama Canal. More ambitious and physically stronger than the native Indian "peon" of the mainland, the Jamaican is not only a better working hand but a more efficient overseer. Whether "boss" or subordinate, he is an important factor in banana culture.

### Its Critics.

Moreover, the Central American native, whether of pure or mixed blood, is often averse to following a regular employment. Some have thought the banana partly responsible for this unwillingness, for the food it produces so abundantly relieves the native from any pressing necessity to hire himself out. Those moralists who, with Lucretius, find a subtle pleasure in looking on, while other people are hard at work, blame "all bountiful Nature for being too ready to be lessen the labors of tropical man and so hinder the proper development of his energy." It would hardly be fair, perhaps, to class with these Walker, the famous filibuster; yet there exists a tradition that, during his brief dictatorship, he planned to extirpate the corrupting plant, root and branch, from the soil of Nicaragua. With the removal of his easily-won subsistence, the native "peon" would be compelled to lead a more strenuous life. This scheme for lightening the white man's burden was, of course, never carried out.

The banana met with criticism of another kind from the celebrated naturalist, A. R. Wallace. He had nothing to say against the plant or its fruit, but he found fault with the uses to which it had been put in art. The giant leaf of the banana is commonly associated with the palm in the set piece that represents tropical scenery. Its outlandish size has always made it a favorite with artists as a background to the rhinoceros and the elephant, especially in the cuts which illustrate popular works on Natural History. To this Wallace objected that the proper setting for those huge animals is the confused, matted jungle in which striking leaf forms are not conspicuous; and he condemned such representation for foresting what he called the tropical fallacy," the mistaken notion that in the tropics Nature is all gorgeous color and bizarre form.

Yet, from another point of view, the gigantic leaf may be taken for a true symbol of the wonderful exuberance of those climes. The curled-up bud, swelling with rich sap, may almost be seen to uncurl and spread its thin green blade to the sun, so rapid is the course of tropical life. In a picture of the surroundings of a native home it must always find a place. The plantain, arching its crown of lucid green behind the shelter of the leaf-thatched hut, the circle of waving palms, the brown, naked children sprawling in the sun, the long, blue roller curving into foam upon the coral beach—these make up a true portrait of native life in a tropical island.

### In Hawaii.

Amid such scenes the banana is now grown upon American soil, under the American flag, in the Territory of Hawaii. It is from these plantations that the fruit market of the Pacific Coast is chiefly supplied. Plantains, introduced from the Malay peninsula, have been grown in the South Sea archipelagos from remote ages; but of late years the cultivation of the banana has been much extended—in Hawaii, at any rate—to meet the demands of Western America. Hillebrand found the plant growing apparently wild, under the native name of Maia, in the mountains of the Hawaiian isles. But for purposes of cultivation the native variety has been almost entirely supplanted by a dwarfish kind of banana, introduced from China. The Celestials, it is well known, are skilled in subduing nature, they can compress a pine tree within the compass of a fruit box; and they have succeeded in propagating a variety of banana that roots deep and does not grow high.

Let us glance, in conclusion, at some of the family connections of the plantain-bananas. The Ravenna, or traveler's tree of Madagascar, which grows in Honolulu, is their first cousin. It is planted in most botanical gardens for the sake of its strange appearance. Its long, plantain-like leaves radiate from a short stem, forming a colossal green fan; and the overlapping leaf stalks grow together at their bases into cups in which rain water collects. Musa textiles of the Philippines, another American by adoption, is commercially the most important member of the group; for from it is derived the world-famous Manila hemp. Lastly, there is the Strelitzia, a pot plant with a flower scheme in violet and orange and leaves like those of the banana in miniature. It is grown here in Los Angeles. This brings us home again after circling the world in quest of the origin, nature and development of one of the most ancient and useful and domesticated plants.

F. W. REID.

### THE NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Word comes from London by way of the newspapers of a new cure for consumption—the use of high-tension electric currents, 80,000 volts or so. The matter is exploited in the usual fashion. To encourage the reader's imagination, he is treated to graphic comparisons of the "awe-inspiring force" of 80,000 volts. It takes but 500 to run an electric locomotive or a trolley car. Only 1500 volts are used in the electrocutions. The inference is that the force of 80,000 must be dreadful. It is not. One of Tesla's really solid contributions to scientific progress in this field was to produce currents of enormous tension and great frequency of alteration, and to show that these are harmless as they pass through the body. A man may allow Tesla currents, as they are called by all the world over, amounting to hundreds of thousands and even millions of volts, to flow through him and hardly be aware of the fact. Indeed, where a shock from a thousand volts may be fatal if the quantity be sufficient, of a million one may be unconscious. Above a moderate "tension" the current becomes less and less painful and dangerous, the higher the voltage, until with the electro-magnetic currents of incredible frequency, which we call light, they may act upon even so sensitive a surface as the eye without harm.—[Harper's Weekly.]

## THE DANISH ISLES.

### IS THERE DANGER LURKING IN THE NATIVE NEGROES?

By a Special Contributor.

THE obliging planter who shows the visitor through the town of Christiansted, in Santa Cruz, the largest of the Danish Islands, will willingly call attention to the ruins of many buildings, and inform him with great volubility how many people were killed in each one, with many other details of the damage done by the cyclone of 1898. But every now and then one will come across a ruin quite different from the others, whose blackened stones tell plainly that fire, and not the hurricane, was the cause of its destruction. If asked the cause of this destruction the guide at once becomes evasive and noncommittal. Without actually saying so, he will try to give the impression that it was the work of the storm; if, however, like the writer, one had seen these same dismantled warehouses thirteen years before, the guide, under persistent questioning, will murmur something about an insurrection many years ago and at once change the subject—his whole bearing that of a man forced on the witness stand to reveal the family skeleton.

And, indeed, these sharp points of smoke-stained walls that persist in towering above the wealth of glossy green which kindly Nature has striven to throw over them are, after all, the unsightly ribs of disgrace your planter-friend would fain forget.

#### Lurking Danger.

To the cheerful sound of lusty hammers and clinking trowels the storm-razed buildings are being restored to their former state again. But on these fire-crumbled stones a curse seems to have fallen. Like the mummy at the banquet, perpetually they bear witness to the terrible possibilities of evil that lurk in the dull brains of these same negro laborers who, care free, constantly pass by with coarse jest and idle laughter.

As the same negroes who wrought this ruin, with their descendants, form today nine-tenths of the population of our new Danish possessions, some account of this riot and its causes may be of value to us in studying what is, after all, the real problem concerning these islands, namely: What political rights are to be granted to their inhabitants?

Accurate information on the subject is very difficult to obtain. The books published about the West Indies barely mention the insurrection, or ignore it entirely. The semi-official West Indian Almanac, published at St. Thomas, skips deftly over it with a brief sentence. The annexationists are afraid to mention it, lest it injure their cause, and it was only after much trouble that the writer found one who had lived through that exciting time and was willing to talk about it.

Amid the wreck of what once had been a fine dwelling, seated on crumbling steps that led up to nothing more substantial than the blue, tropic sky, his voice quivered with emotion as he talked.

#### Cause of Insurrection.

The foundation of the trouble was really laid by a fatal error of the government, in 1848, a mistake which has never been forgotten by the negro, and may yet be bitterly regretted by our government. At that time it was announced that slavery would soon be abolished. As was the case in all the other islands, the news proved too much for the negro's mental equilibrium. As the appointed date drew near, he refused to work, and, taking first to drinking, quite naturally wound up the celebration by a bit of rioting. Had the disturbance been put down with a strong hand, no permanent harm would have been done. But, instead, against the protest of the cooler heads, the government, in a panic of unreasoning fear, proclaimed the liberation of the slaves at once, ahead of time.

The rioting immediately ceased, but the negroes had tasted the sweets of power. Though they had been but yesterday a mass of whip-driven slaves, now they could rule their former masters with the awful scourge of the mob. Although they waited thirty long years, they had not forgotten.

Slavery had been succeeded by the "Labor Law," under which every negro laborer was compelled to sign a contract with some planter on the first of October, binding himself to work through the ensuing year for ten cents in cash, and ten cents in food a day. Any found after the second of October who had not signed such a contract were punished.

#### Law Repealed.

Even this unsatisfactory arrangement was so much better than previous conditions that at first there were no complaints. Each October, however, dissatisfaction grew stronger until, in 1877, the mutterings of a gathering storm began to get so intense that the government announced a repeal of the law, to take effect three years from date.

Again they had triumphed. The leaders of the uprising of 1848 recalled the easy victory of the past. Three years was a long time to wait, but still they hesitated. As the first of October, 1878, drew near, however, it was noticed that a new spirit of insolence had appeared among the laborers. As they assembled in the towns where the contracts were to be renewed, there was much disorder. On the morning of the first, the planters were surprised to find a well-organized opposition to the renewal of the contracts. Arguments, threats, promises, all proved unavailing. Every hour fresh bands of negroes, armed with keen machetes, marched into town, chanting fragments of wild African melodies. Toward dusk the merchants, fearing trouble, put up their heavy shutters, and the townsfolk retired to their homes. A swift sloop—there was no cable then—set sail for St. Thomas, bear-

ing urgent appeals for help from the tiny Danish garrison there.

#### Flames and Smoke Again.

At first the mob was contented with marching up and down the deserted streets, howling the rallying cry: "No more 10 cents a day." Shouting was a thirst-producing exercise; a rum-shop door might, perhaps, be broken in. Yes, it was quite easy, there was refreshment for all at no expense. The flambeaus of resinous wood began to wave unsteadily in the hands of their bearers. How easy it would be merely to lay one of the torches against the huge wooden doors of the sugar warehouses! Yes, dry with age, it caught fire quickly. Like children terrified at their own wickedness, they paused a moment; the red fire leaped through the building; in a twinkling the soft blue-black of the midnight tropic sky was hidden by a lurid veil of crimson smoke, shot through and through with dazzling streaks; with the strong rum seething in their veins, they danced the wild jungle dances of their forefathers to its light. With brains awhirl, they staggered from one building to another. The red glare crept in through the closed blinds behind which the frightened townsfolk crouched, shuddering with terror. Woe to those traders whose dealings had been harsh or unfair! Only at the imminent peril of their lives, might they steal from their burning homes to safety. Brighter grew the glare; back on the hillsides an answering glare appeared. Long tongues of flame crept up the hills from the burning fields of cane. The sites of the planters' homes were marked by brighter, higher flames. Wilder and madder grew the chanting, merely hoarse howls of savage joy, now, all semblance of articulate words lost.

#### Murder in the Street.

The black forms dancing around the burning buildings stood silhouetted like fiends around the mouth of hell. The whole island was wrapped in flames. Still, strange as it seems, no lives were lost. The morning came unseen save for the lighting up of the dense blue smoke that filled the streets. A planter rode bravely into town, forgetting that these former slaves had tasted freedom and power. Maddened at the ruin of his estate, he rode straight into the mob, lashing right and left with his heavy riding whip. For an instant the crowd fell back, the old instinct still strong. For an instant it seemed that daring would succeed. Then a huge negro, his face bleeding from a cut of the lash, and working with brute passion, leaped forward and seized a stirrup. In a instant it was all over. A swirl of half-naked black forms, the piercing neigh of a dying horse, the awful cry, half-scream, half-curse of a human being in the throes of a fearful death, and it was done. Seized by a strange panic, the mob turned and fled. A bundle of red-stained, muddied clothes lay in a sickening heap, very quiet on the cobblestones.

Of the deeds done that dreadful day there remains no record. Gaunt chimneys, towering like seared, ungainly monuments above the smouldering ashes of the factories around them, mile after mile of black, unsightly fields veiled in a sickening, deep blue smoke—these alone could tell the tale. Strangely enough, that red stain, slowly thickening on the cobblestones, marked the only human victim of the mob. Satisfied with their wild orgy, there was a lull and then—the prayed-for troops arrived. Only 200 of them! What could they do against 6000 savages? Yesterday they had been torn to pieces in an instant, but now reaction had set in. Frightened at their own daring, the negroes fled before the soldiers. Swiftly, relentlessly, the rioters were hunted down. There is no record of the number that satisfied the thirst for vengeance with their lives, but tales are told of black forms lying huddled on burned cane heaps that were buried with scant ceremony and, presently, under the sanction of the law, 600 figures writhed helplessly in the air, suspended from rude gibbets, outlined against the splendor of the sunset sky.

Such was the story told me by the old man sitting on the fire-scarred stairway that led upward, most absurdly, to nothing but the blue sky.

#### Mistake Repeated.

Yet, even in its hour of triumph, the government repeated its mistake. The labor law was declared abolished again ahead of time. Can one wonder that the negro still feels that the triumph was his, after all?

"There is no danger of riots now," the annexationists will tell you, "for this happened twenty years ago." Yet one remembers that here were thirty years between '48 and '78 and the conditions and surroundings of plantation life are practically the same.

The negro child from 6 to 13 years of age is compelled, theoretically, to attend the public school; practically, he escapes much of it, as every year the family moves into a new district in search of work, and it must all be begun over again. During this time he learns, what? To stumble through the first reader, the most elementary geography, arithmetic only as far as fractions, and a few words of Danish, learned by rote, and almost instantly forgotten. After that he must take up his machete and begin the dreary hunt for work. There is practically no place open to him save the cane fields, and in these dark days with the slender profits of the sugar crop dropping, fraction by fraction, it is none too easy a matter to find work even there. Hundreds have left in the past few years, and the other islands have sent notices, conspicuously posted, on the customhouse doors, stating that further emigration is useless, as they are no better off themselves. In this competition for work, wages have naturally dropped, and 20 cents a day is not an uncommon rate anywhere.

#### Not in Love With Work.

The planters complain bitterly that the negro will work only when he pleases. About five days a week is his average. A little thought will show that this is not surprising. As a slave, he worked only when he had to; as a freedman, he works only long enough to satisfy his cheaply-supplied wants. It is not a pleasant task, this laboring in the cane fields. White men have tried it, and died miserably, quickly in the effort. In planting time the fierce sun beats remorselessly on his bended

back. Ice-cold showers sweep down from the mountains and drench through. At harvest, he must take the line and swing the heavy machete, cutting the thick stalks. With the long line of black figures, naked over the vast fields, the overseers, with watchful eyes to detect a straggler, gnawing their way through a

soon a deep, mellow voice begins in air; quickly it is taken up by the others into a weird chant, it sweeps down the steel rising and falling in unison with baric rhythm. The dry dust rises and settles in their nostrils; no dense cane growth; it is hot with the sun; sometimes swells the death roll in air. With the perspiration streaming from them they move on, on, all through the sun five days a week of this would satisfy

#### Starting a Home.

When our negro, fresh from the sun such as this, he straightway settles himself a wife, with or without her, as may seem most convenient. A palms and cane is built—well named and his life work has begun. Small workshop, where the strong native liquor, delightful forgetfulness at 2 cents per tained, attracts him in his leisure hours. wonder that the little knowledge he has terly from his brain.

As for his religion, well, the church the "obeah" man very near, indeed. If the Lutheran minister, they are by all suspected and even, on occasion, headed their neat houses, near the churches. A man, with his white hair and awful eyes, two huts away, and is to be very great. A close friend of that terrible devil you about in the churches, he can make you and your flesh rot, with a few mutters even, if occasion required, and yes, money, give you certain curious herbs mixed with a rival's food, will end all in quarter.

So his life runs, work, drink and eat "obeah" man, while curious tourists from all over the world write down notes, placing him a little beasts.

#### Whose fault is this?

What we may do for this negro of ours skilled in such matters answer. This is a moment of facts pointing a plain moral. Sixty years ago, so is this negro today. Does peacefulness mean no danger in the weeks ago, when the false news was a sale of the islands had been abandoned? ship was dispatched post haste to the islands where the insurrection was feared. The existing property qualification, bars the negro. There are but 200 legal voters among the inhabitants of Santa Cruz. This law, at least, must be left alone, and what is to be done for future peace and progress, no one should be made.

LOUIS M. HARRIS

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#### TURQUOISES AND THE BUST.

Turquoises are the favorite stones of all races, and are generally worn in their ornaments except by the Chinese women, who have them and wear them mixed with pearls and Tibetan men and women ornament them with turquoise, the men wearing them at the angle bold earrings, which are worn in the The women of Ladakh carry their heads, in the shape of a broad strip of turquoise, with huge turquoise, which, starting from the head, is carried over the head, and hangs at the waist. These peraks, as they are called, as much as \$20. By the Ladakhis they preferred that have little black spots to show their genuineness, for even in Asia the spotless blue composition emerald is offered for sale, the bazaar is flooded with it. The Bhutia women in the districts wear quaint brass ornaments of turquoise, which is cheap, but the Meng embossed silver plates which form the headgear studded with really fine turquoise the owners have to give valuable furs.

The Rani of Sikkim, who comes from the city of Lhassa, wears a wonderful crown when en grande toilet, which stands above her brow. It is composed of rough rubies and other stones threaded which rise tier upon tier to a point in the it is topped by a little pinnacle of large quite a little woman, this erection looks very well, forming a pretty frame to her face.—[Cornhill Magazine.]

#### NEW YORK'S FALSE FRIENDS.

"One of the things that I object to in G. A. Humphreys at the Waldorf last night so many of your buildings have been building after building going up by ordinary brick or other cheap material, the same buildings when finished present the "bluff" of paint or a glazed facing, love of show rather than a real love of buildings. Other cities have cheap doubt, but most of them show on the less they are, which is the better way. And have thought I detected in the dress and Yorkers the—but won't you have a sign Tribune.

## SUSIE.

A STORY OF A HOMELY TRAGEDY  
IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.

By a Special Contributor.

Susie was very tired. Her hat was awry, her bundle becoming untied and her breath came with a wheezy noise, as she climbed the steep mountain. Reaching the top, she dropped her pack with relief and sat herself down in a soft snow drift in a barn the night before, and her had not been so comfortable as she had hoped. There was not much hay in the barn, and not enough to shelter her from the wind which whistled in the cracks.

Having finished her cake, now seated herself by the window and took up some sewing. The young man soon seated himself by her side, and in a bantering tone began to make comments upon the basque of pearl-colored silk on which she was at work. Susie watched them curiously, and turning to Mrs. Barlow, said: "Is she going to marry him?"

"Yes, they are going to be married next week."

Susie laughed softly to herself, and sat looking into the fire for a few minutes; then starting up, she went over to where the young couple were sitting, and asked to look at the waist. Sarah allowed her to examine it, and she felt the soft texture, looked at the trimming and smoothed it admiringly. She said it was pretty, and went back to her seat by the fire. A change had come over her face; the smile had faded, and there was a troubled look in her eyes as if she were trying to recall some long-forgotten dream. She wore a little ring with a red stone in it, and she looked at it and fingered it nervously.

"Did you ever get married?" asked Martha.

"No, I believe not; I've forgotten," replied Susie; and the troubled look grew deeper.

"Did you ever have a beau?" asked Sarah.

Susie looked at her ring, and a tender far-away look came into her eyes, as she said, "Oh, yes, a long time ago."

"What was his name?"

"I can't remember, it was so long ago."

"Did he give you the ring?" But Susie was now whispering and shaking her head, and the faint gleam of reason and remembrance awakened by the devotion of the two lovers had gone from her face.

Just then a tall, dark woman, with a hook nose and stooping shoulders, came from another part of the house. She had a tape measure hanging around her neck, and a pair of scissors swinging by a ribbon from her belt.

"Oh, Miss Clark, we've got a visitor," said one of the girls.

"Well, of all things, if here ain't Susie! How do you do, Susie?" said the newcomer, as she shook hands with her.

"Oh, do you know her, Miss Clark?"

"Know her? Yes, these many years, poor creature! Where are you goin' this cold mornin', Susie?" Miss Clark also spoke in a loud tone.

"I thought I should keep right along," said Susie.

"Goin' to spend Sunday with 'Siah?"

Susie laughed; then she rose to go, and the girls said, "Good-by," and "Come again."

There now, that poor soul is on her way down to 'Siah Farnham's. She always goes this way when she goes to see him. It's a wonder she didn't freeze to death, last night. She seems to have a dreadful cold.

"Who is she, Miss Clark? Tell us about her. We've had lots of fun with her. You ought to have seen her mend her petticoat. The stitches were an inch long."

"If you knew her story, you wouldn't make fun of her. I knew Susie Manter when she was the handsomest girl in the town of Denham, and had more beaux than any dozen girls that I know of in these days. But I can't stop to tell you about her now. I want you to come upstairs, Sarah, and let me drape that skirt, so I can get the binding on before dinner. I'll tell you about Susie this evening, mebbe."

That evening, as the family were seated at their various occupations in the pleasant sitting-room, the girls reminded the dressmaker of her promise to tell them about Susie.

"It seems queer that there should be anybody in this town that don't know Susie. She's traveled these roads, summer and winter, for many years, poor soul."

"Why don't they put her in the poorhouse, or somewhere, and not let her expose herself in such weather as this?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"Oh, she has shut her up a good many times, but she won't stay. She always gets away, and they've given it up. She never makes any trouble. All she wants is to warm or rest herself a little while."

"And you knew her when she was young, you say. What makes her crazy?"

"Yes, I knew her. She lived in Denham, down to the lower Falls, about three miles from our part of the town. The first time I ever saw her was at the time of the revival at the Falls. I was a little girl then, and father and mother and I used to drive down, Sabbath afternoons, to the five o'clock meetin'. The revival began at the protracted meetin' in the Freehill Baptist meetin'-house at the upper corner, and then it seemed to come to a head at the Falls. Such a stirrin' time was never seen before nor since, in these parts."

"Susie was about sixteen years old then, and as pretty as a picture, with the most beautiful pink and white skin, great blue eyes and light-brown curls—great masses of 'em. The girls used to count 'em, and they said she had a hundred."

"Her father, old Joel Manter, was a hard, close-fisted old critter as ever lived, though he was a church member in good and regular standin', and very straight-laced in his religion."

"The boys were all bewitched with Susie, but she didn't seem to care for any of them till she met 'Siah Farnham; when she was about eighteen years old. 'Siah was a nice fellow as ever was, and good-lookin',

too. He was a harness maker by trade and lived over to Lowdon Center. Susie met him at a picnic over there in the grove of oaks that used to be there, and it was love at first sight with both of 'em."

"When 'Siah began to go courtin' over to Susie's, the old man grumbled and growled and finally forbid him the house. He took a dislike to 'Siah, for no earthly reason that anybody knew of unless it was because he hadn't much of any property. But Susie had no notion of giving him up, and they used to meet up to her Aunt Susan Warren's for a while. Then Joel found it out, and a fine row they had. Mis' Manter was a timid little thing, and didn't dare to take Susie's part, so she and her father had it out alone. He told her he would shut her up in her bedroom and keep her on bread and water if he caught her with 'Siah Farnham again; and she told him she wouldn't give up 'Siah if he starved her to death and cut her up into inch pieces. Susie had enough of her father in her to make her hard to manage, if she wasn't managed properly; but with her mother, she was as sweet and pliable as a kitten; and she was always singin' and laughin' and smilin' at everybody."

"Well, she left off settin' up with 'Siah at her Aunt Susan's, and took to climbin' out of her bedroom window at night, to meet him. She and her little sister, Dorcas, slept in the north bedroom off the parlor; and after the family had all gone to bed, she'd climb out of the window and meet 'Siah."

"This went on for quite a while, but Joel got wind of it somehow, and I 'spose a madder man never lived. Some say he give Susie a dreadful trouncin', and if he hadn't done anything else, it might not have been so bad. But he kept his word, and shut her up in the back chamber, and wouldn't let her have anything to eat but bread and water, for three or four weeks.

"'Siah was no coward, and he came around and demanded to know where Susie was. They told him she'd gone away, and the poor fellow tried his best to find out where she'd gone. He found out all of a sudden, one cold morning in October.

"Every mornin' Joel would go up to the chamber and ask Susie if she was ready to mind him; but she wouldn't make him an answer, and he would come down lookin' harder and more sot than ever, and poor Mis' Manter not darin' to say a word. But the end came, and if old Joel Manter didn't repent in sack cloth and ashes, I'll miss my guess. Poor Susie's troubles upset her brain at last. She got out of her chamber window early one mornin', jumped to the ground without breakin' a bone, and ran all the way to Lowdon Center, where 'Siah lived. Then she stood right in front of Briggs' tavern and began to take off her clo'ees. Strange how they always want to get their clo'ees off, the first thing, when they go crazy. I 'spose it's the fever inside of 'em, poor things."

"Well, when they saw Susie undressin' right there in the road, they tried to get her into the house; but she got away and ran like a deer, with a crowd of men and boys after her, straight to 'Siah's harness shop. 'Siah wasn't there, but the door was open and she darted right in and rolled herself up in a great piece of leather. They hunted up 'Siah, and he came and coaxed her out of her leather and took her home. She never had her reason again, from that day to this."

"I don't know what 'Siah said to the old man, but whatever it was, he took it meekly and never held up his head again."

"Susie stayed at home, fastened up in the parlor, for a few days, then she got away and went, nobody knows where, and wasn't seen in these parts again for twenty years. When she came back, ten years ago, she was just what you see her now, a poor wreck of the prettiest and sweetest girl that ever lived in the town of Denham."

"Did she go home when she came back?"

"Yes, she went to the old home, but Joel and his wife were both dead. They never either of 'em got over the shock of Susie's trouble. She died first, of a broken heart, and he soon followed. Dorcas had married and lived on the home place, but she didn't like to have Susie around, on account of the children. And then Susie wouldn't stay anywhere long. She went straight to 'Siah's old shop, but he'd sold out and bought a farm down Stonham way, and his sister Mary kept house for him. Susie wandered around till she found him, and he took her in and cared for her as much as she would let him. It's a queer thing, Susie goes to see him regular, just about so often, and he's all the one that can do anything with her, and yet she don't seem to know him from a side o' sole leather. That's the only place where she will ever stay all night; but she sometimes stays there for days at a time, especially when there is a storm. Mary don't much like to have her in the house, and 'taint any wonder; but 'Siah will have it so. It's the pretty, blue-eyed girl that used to climb out of the window to meet him that he sees, and not the poor old crazy woman. He made her a little room off the kitchen, and that is her home whenever she wants it."

"He has bought her clo'ees, and tried to have her fixed up decent; but lor! if there is one thing on earth that Susie has a mighty scorn and contempt for, it is clo'ees—at least decent clo'ees. She'll go away from 'Siah's with a respectable dress and bunniit on, and come back in a petticoat like the one she had on today, and like as not no dress at all. It's two lives that Joel Manter ruined. I'm glad I don't have to be his judge."

"I shouldn't wonder if she got her death o' cold last night. She'll crawl down to 'Siah's and die sometime, poor soul, and the sooner the better for her."

"But it's bed time, girls. Now don't let poor Susie's story keep you awake, or make you have bad dreams. We've got to make our fingers fly tomorrow, to be ready for that weddin' when it comes off."

"Oh, poor Susie! I'm sorry we made fun of her," said Sarah. "I hope she'll come back this way."

But Susie never came back. Her long and weary pilgrimage was over. With the unerring instinct of love she chose her resting place, and the poor troubled brain and weary feet were still at last. She was laid to rest under the pines, by the faithful lover who saw in her quiet form only the fair young girl who had sacrificed so much for him.

EUGENIA L. HOBBS.



## Stories of the Firing Line \* Animal Stories.

### Custer's Deserter.

"IT WAS in 1876, several months before the battle of Little Big Horn, and Custer was out with his cavalry chasing the Indians over the plains. They were seeing a hard life, and the Indians, as you will remember, were in constant rebellion about that time. Custer and his men were hot on the trail of a band of savages, when one night a man was found to be missing. For a while all were puzzled to account for his disappearance. The scouts, however, found his tracks and followed far enough to assure them that the soldier had left voluntarily and with the purpose of deserting. Custer and his brother Tom were furious at this desertion at the moment when they were hoping to catch up with and punish the enemy.

"On the morning following the discovery they followed the deserter's tracks a little farther; then they turned back and resumed the pursuit of the Indians. It was late that afternoon when scout discerned the figure of a solitary horseman riding toward the little troop. Soon Custer and several other officers had their glasses leveled on this man. He turned his horse a bit to one side as though to ride around the soldiers. Suddenly one of the watchers saw a cloud of dust beyond the rider and soon they knew they had come up with a party of Indians, and that the savages were in pursuit of the man on horseback. The soldiers made signals and shouted to the pursued man and he, seeming to despair of escaping the Indians without aid, turned and rode toward the troop.

"As he came nearer, the Indians still in pursuit, the officers holding glasses exchanged inquiring looks. The man wore the blue uniform of their country and rode like a trooper. The Indians were plainly following now out of their pure dare-devil spirit. The man rode more slowly. Custer and his brother Tom rode out together ahead of the troop to meet him. Suddenly they put their field glasses down and looked each other in the eyes and nodded and spurred forward. They drew up together when close upon the man. The general's voice rang out so that all his troop heard:

"It's that d—d deserter," he cried. Then both Custers raised their revolvers and shot the man dead.

"That was the Custer temper. It brought the general trouble enough, for such a summary method of dealing with a deserter made a scandal that spread all over the country. Custer was severely censured. He came East and tried to regain his position of favor. Sheridan was a stanch friend of his and worked for him, but the President—Grant—was so affected by the story of the shooting that he refused to see Custer when the latter presented himself at the White House.

"It was not long before Custer's opportunity came to him. The battle of the Little Big Horn was a desperate venture, and cost many lives. He died fighting. When one considers that at that time Gen. Custer was burning under the sting of his disgrace and knew he must do something big to regain the favor of Grant, and, in fact, of the entire army, it may throw a light on his reason in choosing to risk that last throw."—[Washington Post.]

### Custer's Greyhound.

TALKING about Indians reminds me of a paragraph in this column recently concerning some greyhounds which are said to be the descendants of an animal owned by Gen. George A. Custer. I had it from an old Post-office Inspector who knew Custer well, and was in the Northwest on postal business, that at the time of the massacre of Custer and his command in the Big Horn fight by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors, Custer had with him the very greyhound which was probably the progenitor of these latter-day beasts. The Inspector told me that he was in Bismarck, Dakota, at the time, and that over a week after the battle the hound found its way into the town, having traversed all the distance, some 400 or 500 miles, and found the starting place by some remarkable dog instinct. It was one of the few survivors of the terrible fight in which its heroic master had perished.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

### Story of a Statue.

NOT long ago a tourist in New Orleans went to see the statue of Andrew Jackson in that city, on the pedestal of which is inscribed, "United We Stand; Divided We Fall." Seeing an old colored man standing by, he asked, "Uncle, did that inscription stay there all during the Civil War?"

"No, sah," responded the old uncle, "hit didn't stay dar enduring' de wah. In de fust place, dem letters was standin' out laik dey was plastered on. Den de wah bust loose, and de Confed'rate gin'r'l down yere, he tuk a chisel and cut dem letters off smooth. Den ol' Gin'r'l Butler, he come erlong wid his Union sojers, an' he tuk a chisel an' cut dem in deep, laik dey is now. An', Lordy, how de folks down yere did sw'ar when ol' Gin'r'l Butler brush de dus' off'n his clothes an' git up frum his wu'k an' say, 'I'se a-gwine to hang de fus' Johnnie Reb what cuts dem letters off ag'in.'"—[New York Tribune.]

### Too Many Generals at Front.

COL. SIR HOWARD VINCENT gave an amusing illustration at the Royal United Service Institution of the perplexities of a column commander in his relations with the forty odd generals now in South Africa. "What general are you under, colonel?" was the question.

"My dear fellow, I have not the slightest idea. When I am still I am under Gen. A; when I begin to move I

come under Gen. B; and I march into the domain of Gen. C; while Gen. D comes to inspect me.

"But I have kept straight with all the seventeen generals as the column has come under in two months by writing reports in triplicate and sending one to each, besides which I am sometimes stimulated by a cipher message from Pretoria to the effect, 'Chief wants to know what you are doing and what captures. He has not heard for last few days. Requires greatest energy and activity. So you see I am thoroughly well looked after.'—[London Mail.]

### A Boomerang.

A YOUNG midshipman reported to the commanding officer of a battleship for duty. Capt. X—, a gruff old sailor who had worked his way aft in the "forties," sized up the youngster with anything but a friendly air, and said:

"Well, sir, I suppose that as usual they've sent the fool of the family to sea!"

The midshipman quickly responded:

"Oh, no, they've changed all that since your time, sir!"—[Our Naval Apprentice.]

### Where Had He Been?

SHE was a pudgy little woman, covered with a cheap gown and a white apron tied around where the waist ought to have been. Her face was like that of an overgrown baby, and her eyes were of the friendliest blue.

Beside her in the interurban car sat a youth with hollow eyes, that had in them a haunted look that extended over a pallid face—a face of the grayish white blue that only confinement within prison walls brings.

"They didn't have these kind of cars, Jim," said the little woman, "when you went away. These things are not easy riding for an old woman like me, and they don't do my rheumatiz much good, either. But I've got you, Jim, and that pays it all," and a wrinkled old hand crept into the hand of the man lying listlessly in his lap. "You are glad to get home, Jimmy?"

"Yes, mother," and the man's voice choked a little.

"And you ain't never goin' away no more?"

"No, mother."

"Jimmy's been in the army and was down in Cuby," said the old woman proudly to a man across the aisle who was looking sharply at the youth. He had seen him not many weeks before and they recognized each other.

"Yes, Jimmy was a soldier, and when the war was over he stayed in Cuby, but every night I prayed to the Lord to send him back to me, and the Lord He heard me, and He sent Jimmy back, and now he is never going away again. You will always stay with me, Jimmy, won't you?"

"Yes, mother."

"And when he wrote me he was coming up from Louisville I went clear to Indianapolis to meet him, and when Jimmy saw his old mammy waiting for him he was just wild with joy. Wasn't you, Jimmy?"

"Indeed, I was mother," and the thin, clam-like hand closed on the fat and wrinkled one.

The man across the aisle got up and went to the smoking-room. A touch on his arm caused him to look around. The grayish white face was close to his and a voice in his ear said:

"If you break that old woman's heart I'll have your life if I swing for it."

"She will never know," and the man sent a cloud of smoke toward the roof of the car.—[Indianapolis News.]

### ANIMAL STORIES.

#### A Wise Old Rat.

MAN from Baring came into Calais this week and unfolded a rat story that has, by unanimous consent, been placed first in the local book of fact and fiction. Daniel Pike, who told the story, declared that it was true to the last word, and offered to go before a justice of the peace and make oath to that effect.

Mr. Pike had been bothered by rats in his barn, and after inspecting all the ancient and modern devices for the capture of rats, selected one of the wire-cage variety. The first morning after the trap had been set, he went to the barn and found it nearly full of half-grown rats, but not an old rat in the collection.

On the following morning he went out again and found the same result. Thinking that the presence of the captives would attract others, he decided not to empty the trap for an hour or two and went away.

When he came back the trap was empty. Pike was astonished and asked the hired man about it, but the man declared that no one had been in the barn except himself and that he had not touched the trap.

The next day and the next a like strange filling and emptying of the trap occurred, and Pike determined to keep watch to see how the thing was done. When the next batch of young rats had been caught he concealed himself in the barn loft and waited.

When he had been on watch about half an hour he saw a hoary old rat approach the trap, and, apparently, begin a sort of cross-examination of the prisoners. Then, after satisfying himself as to the exact condition of things, the cute old rat, to the amazement of Pike, deliberately poked his paw between the wires of the cage and tilted up the weight that kept in place the little trap door through which his young friends and relatives had fallen.

This opened the trap door sufficiently to let all the

prisoners out, and away they went, bringing up in the rear, and all the time Farmer Pike sat for a minute speechless. Then he said, simply but with a smile:

"Well, I'll be hanged!" and climbed down. Now he has bought one of the old breaking traps, and hopes to clear out the squatters, young and old.—[Bangor Daily New York Sun.]

#### Cat in the Organ.

A SEEMINGLY uncanny mystery of which has puzzled the organist and Protestant Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, for more than a week, was solved. The solution of it was cats, a mother cat and her family.

On Sunday morning a week ago the church procession had just ended when the organist, in the interior of the organ a mournful wail of silence for a moment, the members of the church looking wonderingly into each other's faces. The hush which had fallen upon choir and organist was repeated, its sorrowfulness notes more weird.

"Me-ow-wow-wow-me-ow-e-e!" Clearly it rang through the silent church, away, ended in what sounded like a low organist, sitting motionless on his stool, with amazement the keys. Then, received with astonishment, choir and congregation, something had got twisted inside the organ, the wailing sounds, they concluded.

Nothing further was thought of the behavior until the services on Ash Wednesday. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Stuart Crockett, when again the weird wail came from within, It was not repeated, and the rector concluded.

The thing had now become a deep mystery to the church people. It remained a mystery all morning last. Then, just after the service, there came a short, plaintive "Me-ow!" and a big Maltese cat, looking frightened, walked out, to the great astonishment of the church and the intense enjoyment of the boys. The mystery of the mournful wails was solved.

Investigation showed that the old cat had used the organ as a home for a litter of kittens. When the organ had been played the mother cat, who, fearful for the young, had lifted up her not very taut tress.—[New York Times.]

#### One Dog Calls on Another.

"I HAVE had one of the doubts of my life moved by a story which I heard a few years ago from an uptown man. "Forty-five years ago I read a story in my school reader, which had a line that I was skeptical, not only about dogs but about things."

"The yarn related how a crippled tramp was helped by a good-hearted doctor, who treated him and cured him. That part of the story was continued as follows: A few weeks later the tramp had been made whole and returned in company with the doctor, who was broken down, and the two men walked on the doctor's steps until he came out and took the dog. Then the teacher explained to us that the dog was always rewarded.

"There is a dog in my part of the town, the apartment occupied by his mistress, who goes out alone. When she bought the apartment months ago she took him from the kennel two miles away.

"A few days ago the woman and her dog were in the neighborhood of the dog's birthplace when they met another dog. The meeting between the two dogs was a friendly one, and the woman that they had each other. She returned home later in the day.

"The next morning her dog awoke and showed by his manners that something was amiss. He directed her by his actions to the door of her apartment.

"Opening the door she found her dog at the door. He had come to pay his playmate a visit, having traveled two miles for this purpose.

"She admitted the caller, and he spent the day with his puppyhood friend. In the afternoon turned him out and told him to go home.

"The dog gave an exhibition of the woman's kindness by barking and barking. When turned out he trotted in the direction of his home and has not been seen since. The woman learned that he arrived home though somewhat fatigued.

"She honestly believes that her dog has come to call. But how her dog explained where the other found his way, these we puzzle her."

"Knowing the woman to have unusually good sense and not to be given to fads or superstitions, I am now convinced that the story is true."—[New York Sun.]

Miss Columbia blushingly acknowledged the attentions of Germany, Russia, England and France, softly murmuring, "I'll be a sister to you all over the world."



## ABANDONED MINES.

### STORY OF DISAPPOINTMENTS TOLD BY DEATH VALLEY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE history of Death Valley is a peculiar tale, different perhaps from that of any other equal area upon the face of the earth. It is the grievous rehearsal of a tragedy to which the actors, Omnipotence, and huge vultures were the only witnesses. Unlike the rest of the world, its history is not an array of deeds men have done in it and for it, but rather the retelling of what it has made men do, for within its bounds man is at the mercy of the elements—and the Piutes. It is a place of unreconcilable paradoxes, where two negatives cannot be depended upon to make an affirmative, yet a place which, for all of its barrenness and all of its hidden dangers, draws men with a resistless power into its fatal embrace. But in spite of all its drawbacks, Nature has scattered benefits throughout this desert pit with a lavish hand. Much mineral wealth is there and for more than half the year (though rightly named "Death Valley") it is, perhaps, the healthiest spot on earth. Its age is unknown. Probably when our ancestors were running wild in the great forests of continental Europe, the swarthy Piutes were fighting for their tribal hot springs on the shores of what was then a fathomless chasm.

But Time, the equalizer of all things, has rounded off the corners and filled in the crevices, until now all we know of Death Valley dates from the fateful year of 1850. The first permanent settler in the valley is said to have been a "southern gentleman," and his name was "Bel-lerin" Teek. Whether he ever had any other given name, does not appear, this one having devolved upon him on account of the healthy condition of his voice. In 1870 or 1872 he "squatted" on a little patch of land in Furnace Creek Cañon. This land he shortly afterward traded to a Mormon named Jackson, who rejoiced in the possession of nine wives. (I am not certain, however, that this was the only reason for his coming to Death Valley.) Within a fortnight Teek ran this latter-day saint out of the valley at the muzzle of a shotgun, and shortly afterward left himself, presumably for more lucrative fields of operation.

Since about 1840 Piutes and Desert Arabs had been bringing into Los Angeles crude silver in varying quantities and, when in their cups, had told strange tales of fabulously-rich ledges lying in the mountain rim of Death Valley and from which these nuggets had been taken. Such dare-devil spirits as followed these Ishmaelites back to their desert homes, never returned. The skeleton of one such was found by a party of soldiers over half a century ago. The bones were still intact and showed that he had been left lying flat on his back with arms outstretched above his head and his body lashed down to stakes at the hands and feet. Here he had evidently died a lingering and awful death from thirst. A canteen still lay about a foot from his face, where it had probably been left full of water to add a touch of irony to his death. From bits of a dry parchment-like substance found under a near-by pile of rocks, the scout, himself an Apache, surmised that the poor fellow had been partly, if not quite, skinned alive.

But all prospectors were not so treated, and several whites, who partook, probably hereditarily, more or less of the Indian nature, were welcomed by the stolid Piutes and made leaders among them. The old Gainsight ledge was refound in this manner and is worked in a desultory manner to this day. It has been the experience of all who have ever prospected the mountains of Death Valley that the ore, though very plentiful, runs low in precious metals, consequently the whole future of this country, mineralogically speaking, depends upon the crossing of a railroad running to some mining center. For this reason there are several ten-stamp mills idle throughout this desert for every one which is running. About these mills and mines grew up settlements of varying size, of which only ruined houses now remain.

#### Tacopah Camp.

Not the least interesting of these camps is that at Tacopah, on the eastern edge of Death Valley, and but a few miles from the Nevada line. This camp was founded more than half a century ago, when silver was more valuable than it is today, and had a boom seldom equaled by places so far from any railroad. Even now, since the building up of towns and new lines of transportation, the stations nearest Tacopah, are Johannesburg, 120 miles; Daggett, 115 miles, and Manvel, about 105 miles; the last-named a little station over in Nevada. Manse, the nearest stage terminus and postoffice, is thirty miles away over as lonely a strip of road as can be found in the whole American desert.

The ruins of Tacopah show that it once had a population of close on a thousand souls, while the offices of the mining company which operated the works there must have accommodated twenty or thirty office men. In approaching for the first time one of these abandoned camps, the traveler's impressions are hard to describe. I imagine he, who, for the first time, gazes on the awful silence of the Dead Sea or wanders alone in the echoless halls of Pompeii, must feel almost the same spell upon him, as did we who drove into Tacopah one quiet Sunday afternoon. The air here is so wonderfully clear, and so transparent, that every lone yucca for miles around stands out as plainly as if carved from the very mountain top; the sky is like some old Delft plate inverted above a world rimmed in with Titanic crags of varied hues. Every brick in the adobe houses lies the same as it did fifty years ago, and, notwithstanding the awful stillness which pervades the single street, we half expect to see the miner hurrying to and from his work and that, withal, a thriving community still inhabits the well-kept houses. Only one man lives here at this time, however, and he is hired at a salary of \$75 a month to look after the smelter which stands in a little hollow below the settlement. Some of my readers may think

such a job a sinecure, but a few weeks in Death Valley will convince them that \$50 in Los Angeles is better than \$100 in the desert. As Tennison says:

"Better fifty years of Europe,  
Than a cycle of Cathay."

Mr. Evans, the keeper of this silent city, does not seem to have become embittered by his solitary life, but is, on the contrary, very talkative when in a reminiscent mood. Nor does he lack for knowledge of the outside world. The Sunday Times makes regular visits to his table, even though he does have to ride thirty miles to get it each Tuesday. I saw late copies of the *Century*, *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines there also.

In one of the buildings, formerly used as a saloon, there were still cards and poker chips scattered over the floor, while I dug several bullets from the 'dobe wall, where their owner's aim had been poor, though a man whose arm was unsteady or his nerve weak had little business in Tacopah fifty years ago. Down at the smelter, where the last "run" of slag still lies, the richness of the ore which prompted the camp, is shown.

Great beads of silver stand out all over the unrefined slag—but it is silver, and though a new firm has taken hold of the property, I do not think there is much chance of Tacopah's ever becoming the camp it once was. Mr. Evans lives in the building formerly used as an office by the company which founded Tacopah. A fine Scotch collie is his only companion, but, as he says, the dog is more trustworthy than many of the desert dwellers thereabouts and equally intelligent.

#### Lost Confidence Mine.

Then there is the old "Lost Confidence" mine in Death Valley. There are as many weird tales told of this mine as of the famous Peg-leg in Arizona. It is worth while going a little into the history of it. In 1860—or about the time of the famous "Mormon war"—one of the leaders of the Saints had a dream wherein he was told to go westward until he came to a heart gravé on the mountain side above a spring. There he should settle with his brother Mormons and found a colony. It was further demonstrated to his satisfaction that the angels of the Lord would guide him to his destination. He started, saw the Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains, and founded the town which today bears that name. He allayed the inquiries of his conscience as to the difference between an arrowhead and a heart by the statement, which an old Indian chief made to him, that this had formerly been a heart, but that the Great Spirit, in anger at some misdeed of His red children, had changed it to an arrowhead. Evidently the god of Mormon and the titular deity of the Digger Indian were not of the same mind. But be that as it may, a later party of Mormon emigrants discovered the Confidence mine. It has the peculiar distinction of being the only mine in the world whose entrance is below sea level. It is also eight miles from water and fuel is not abundant. For these last two reasons, the mine has never been profitably worked, though the ore runs well up in the hundreds of dollars per ton in silver, with about \$10 in gold. Since its abandonment by the Mormons—who used it, not so much as a mine, but as a place for the manufacture of bullets and a sort of retreat during the war mentioned above—it has been held by a band of half-breeds and nomad whites, at whose hands every white man who has gone into the valley after this mine during the last decade, has met a violent death. There is little more to tell concerning this mine, save that there are thousands of acres of rich nitre hills near-by which are infinitely more valuable than all the silver mines of the valley.

Probably one of the most complete monuments to the famous mining craze of the early sixties is to be found at the old Ibex mine, between Saratoga Springs and the China ranch. Here is a ten-stamp mill, together with buildings, chairs, tables, dishes, a big range and bunk houses for a hundred men. Not a stroke of work was ever done here beyond the putting up and furnishing of the buildings. In the office there is a magnificent billiard table, balls and cues, which have never been used, not to mention a large safe and a set of books in which not an entry has ever been made. And, "there are others;" a ten-stamp mill at Resting Springs, and a whole village, over at Marietta, Nev., which has but a single inhabitant, monarch, like Evans at Tacopah, of all he surveys. In Surprise Cañon, in the Panamints, is another dead camp, which once held four or five hundred people. Resting Springs, on the Amargosa River, has a ten-stamp mill, long since idle. Moreover, the worst part of this story is that all these camps are likely to remain desolate and tenantless forever unless a railroad comes through this region, bringing fuel, water and transportation facilities.

HARRY H. DUNN.

## PYGMIES OF TODAY.

### THEIR EXISTENCE SUGGESTS THE ORIGIN OF MANY LEGENDS OF ELVES AND KOBOLDS.

[London Standard:] Writing on "The Pygmies and Ape-like Men of the Uganda Borderland," Sir Harry Johnston gives indirect support to an idea which lately has been occasionally mooted among the students of folk-lore. Have the stories, often so curiously circumstantial, and told in so many languages, about gnomes and kobolds, goblins, elves and brownies, any substantial foundation? May not these beings—sometimes man's help, sometimes his plague—be the legendary survivals of an almost exterminated old-world race? There is some significance in the frequent association of such tales with the wilder and less accessible regions—with the mountain district of Wales and the Highlands; with rock moorlands, like Cornwall and Brittany; with insulated lands such as Ireland; or with forest-clad hills, like many parts of Central Germany. Little is known of the earliest inhabitants of Europe—the oldest race of the second influx. But though the first of the people who used weapons of smoothed stone were certainly rather small in stature, they would be giants compared with the gnome or the brownie. They were not the first comers, however, and they may have had predecessors of a still more effish

race. Many a rock shelter has proved to be primeval men, who, as Aesop tells us, were tiny ants in sunless nooks of caves. Stronger invaders would at first show no

There is "no good Injin but a dead Injin" of wide application, but things may settle down, and a sort of toleration may open in certain parts of Europe—so long as party behaved itself fairly well. These people like men, whom Sir Harry Johnston has the opportunity of studying, exhibit some characteristics curiously recall the creatures of fairy legend. The Congo forest region is naturally fitted for the remnants of an ancient race—those who sheltered in wastes of rocks, lives in its almost impenetrable recesses, like the apes and the Okapi. Sir Harry Johnston's pygmies represent the first type of the negro dwarf race of which can be traced to other and one of its offshoots, perhaps the lighter—may even have, overspread Europe in a former time. The lowest type of the Congo pygmies have eyes, overhanging brows, prognathous jaws, chins. The body is covered—and this is a feature among the pygmies—with a fine down, hair on a baby's head. Other types are less aspect. They build rude huts with branches bows and arrows. When by themselves are stark naked, and have apparently borrowed rudimentary covering, as they have adopted language, from the neighboring native tribes; elements of civilization as they possess are indigenous.

They are singularly elf-like in their behavior to being seen, distrustful, and as concealing themselves as many wild animals. They may be on all sides of the traveler, but choose to show themselves, not a glimpse of be obtained. When he gets to know them more than one type among them; but all differing and quaint dances. Whether they main neighbors to the ordinary black people are told, entirely on how they are treated. The groves and plots of maize or tobacco temp apple orchard does the schoolboy; but if they are condoned, and, still more, if small gifts exposed near their haunts, they will leave their nightly visitations gifts from their hosts as meat, skins or ivory. The native tribes of occasionally stealing children to bring themselves, and of leaving their own species exchange. Some mixture of the two race seems to have occasionally occurred, and women sometimes marry full-sized husbands; these ancient tribes offer many points of to the more homely class of elves of fairy must not forget that the industrious brown naked.

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN MEXICO.

The progress that the English language in Mexico in the last few years is really remarkable. It has not been long since French was easily the language of the country, but today it is superseded by English. The Mexican people are more apt at acquiring languages than the average Saxon, and the ease and correctness with which Mexicans who have never been out of the country who have had little opportunity for practice English is a frequent subject of comment. Twenty years ago only the larger establishments, catering particularly to foreign trade, had English-speaking clerks. today it is possible for a to make his wants known in his own language of any importance. The demand for English papers, magazines and books among the business throughout the country has increased to a great extent. So much of the important business in Mexico today have an international character, so many English-speaking foreigners are in business concerns of the country, that people find the language almost a necessity in order to share their share of a very profitable part of the commerce. The notable recognition of the importance of English has just been made in the City of Mexico, where a great Preparatory School has replaced the old school by English. It is to be taught in a thorough course, and will be obligatory for those in professional courses. English is not only taught in the public institutions here, but many families have private tutors for all members of the family, and some of the largest Catholic families have replaced French with English as the conversational language of the schools.—[Modern Times.]

## THE CACTUS IN AUSTRALIA.

There is no more delicious and refreshing fruit in a hot, dry and thirsty land, than the pear. Realizing this, and wishing to do his good turn, Charles Warren, a native of Wales, settled in California, sent from the government of the former, a consignment of fruit and some cuttings.

The government accepted the gift with pleasure, and the cuttings were planted, and soon the Australian climate was found to be suited to the hot, dry Australian climate, and the cactus that produces the "pear" was found to multiply with extraordinary rapidity, largely, thereto by the colonists themselves, each of whom was anxious to possess a specimen.

This was thirty years ago. The other Australian commonwealth issued an order for the destruction of the cacti, which has multiplied so rapidly, overrunning and render valueless vast tracts of fairly fertile country. It will be a good idea to start a colony if someone comes forward and offers to pay for vast sums have been expended in fighting during the past ten or twelve years, and will have different results.—[Pearson's Weekly.]

March 16, 1902.]

## CORAL GROWTH.

### SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A FEW WELL-KNOWN SPECIES.

By a Special Contributor.

THE ocean world is a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which the old Norse god, Thor, strove in vain to drain. To the landlubber who feels no interest in the boundless expanse there is nothing so desirably monotonous as the sea, but to the inquisitive or eager tourist the ocean sights are a pleasure. To such nothing is more marvelous and beautiful than the tiny coral polyp and the feats it accomplishes. Slowly through the ages the madrepores have lived and died, until the army of coral workers conquered the ocean forces and raised an island crown above the waves. On the land also, they speak the past presence of the



BEAUTIFUL VASE-CORAL AND RED CORAL.

great restless ocean. Petrified coral beds exist in the districts of Northern Berkshire and Wilts, England. They are interstratified with volitic limestone and show the coral in the same position as it existed at the bottom of the sea. The coral masses average all the way from a few feet to 190 in thickness. They appear again in Arkansas with the same features. These beds in England are the largest of the kind found.

It is indeed one of nature's wonderful features that the corals should have had their humbler beginning in the work of a single kind of creature, fighting out its existence on the barren rocks of a mountainous island, whose shelter was hidden many feet below the tossing waves. So we form our ideas of a coral island, or reef, the animals that rear it should hold our attention. They are small creatures, living in colonies made by a continuous process of budding. Viewed in a general way the polyps appear like a living sheet of animal life, fed by numerous mouths and as many stomachs. Though each feeds for itself, the members of the company are organically connected and cannot live an independent life. It is really astounding and almost past belief that the Zoantharix are such consumers of food. Woe betide the small fish, or crustacean that passes within the fixed area occupied by the coral polyp. Their appetite needs no saying, and in comparison with the coral's size is nothing prodigious.



PECULIAR BRAIN CORAL.

Earth must be the foster-mother of life in the coral world, for the living have the dead with them always. One kind of coral has the young deposited within the body of the animal, in this resembling the sea anemone; another of another sort is secreted by the outer surface of the original polyp, usually at the foot. The calcareous precipitation begins when the zoophyte is still a tiny polyp, and forms the skeleton left by the dead parent. Upon taking the living coral from the water we find that the living part decomposes and disappears, leaving some species running like watery slime.

Among the many kinds included under the general name "coral" are the beautiful species of the Madrepores, which are the chief island builders and present a variety of forms. The leaf-shaped ones rival the cup and vase forms in beauty; while the slender and delicately branching ones resemble a twig of some shrub, the largest being on the tip of the branch expanding like a pretty

peacock's tail. The peculiarities of the various species have given them common names, such as "star-coral," "brain-coral," "red coral" and "mushroom coral." Especially well known is the star-coral, living on the coast of New England. He who visited Long Island Sound has found

it there, and probably has noticed what a voracious little eater of mollusks it was. It is often called Dana's Astrangia, and is one of the easiest gathered from the rocks to be kept alive in an aquarium. The rounded or hemispherical masses, when alive, are covered with flower-like polyps, varying from a quarter to an inch across. The dome-shaped masses of the star-coral have been found fifteen feet in diameter, their polyps colored as brightly and beautifully as the flowers in field or garden.

Nothing farther in form from the above and more closely resembling the human brain can be seen than the so-called brain coral. Nature has many whims, but certainly no stranger conceit than this coral, whose polyps are arranged in trenches similar to the convolutions of the brain. The piece that came into my hands was white in color and came from one of the Florida reefs, where it is commonly found. When deprived of its animal matter, it floats on the water's surface and is known as floating coral.

You have observed the mushrooms and toadstools which now are springing from the earth during the rainy season, and know their appearance. Imagine the stem broken off and you can easily picture the fungus coral. Broad and low, these polyps are found varying in size from the diameter of a teacup to that of a large plate. Corals of this sort are not attached firmly to the rocks, but rest loosely on the sand, rocks, and reefs. The mushroom coral has been found in the greater depths of the sea; sometimes three miles deep. They are inhabitants of the Red Sea, the Indian and the Pacific oceans.

No collection is without its bit of red coral and none is so world-famous in its ornamental uses. Your piece perhaps has been brought from the Mediterranean Sea, where the great "coral fisheries" take place. Early in the morning the Italian fisherman takes his craft upon the waters where, from long practice, he knows the coral beds to be. The apparatus he uses, though strange in appearance, is simple, consisting of two wooden cross bars strongly bolted or lashed together. Attached to this are sacks made of meshes of rope loosely knotted. Every one of the tools carries from twenty to thirty of these swabs, and they are intended to entangle the branching coral. The motion of the boat spreads the sacks in all directions. At the captain's command the apparatus is cast over the vessel's side. After time has expired it is raised and the crew put to work to disentangle the results. Again the apparatus is lowered and the work repeated. Often the protecting saints are not kind, and little coral with many rocks are brought to the surface.



SEA FENNEL.

So the swab is lowered upon the rocks again, while the padrone in angry terms incites the hard-worked crew to greater effort. There are those aboard the bark who care not for this, but watch only their sails. Oblivious of the bustle about him, the sailor invokes the aid of the protecting saints in a slow, monotonous, singing tone.

The shrub-like branching red coral can be highly polished. It is usually found as thick as the little finger, and grows to a foot in height, with flowerets or polyps having a soft, reticulated crust, and permeated with a white juice. When the crust of white flowerets is removed, the brilliant, so-called red coral is disclosed. This is the same species the ancients used for ornaments to deck themselves with on festive occasions.

Many of the different kinds of coral flourish together under the same conditions of temperature. Far below in the tranquil waters these coral groves make an enchanted land of the bottom of the sea, rivaling our richest landscapes in beauty and life. All the rare and beautiful forms of sea life sport amid the interlacing coral branches. There the purple mullet and goldfish play the game of hide-and-seek. Spreading its bright shining tentacles, the blue sea anemone clings to the rocks, while lightly and silently the fan-coral sweeps past.

Above the waters, in the warm seas, nature presents a more remarkable spectacle of her strange handiwork. Formed by the silent and incessant labor of the tiny creatures are the reefs and coral islands. Fragile beings they are, possessed of a half-latent life, yet producing a living pile that ascends—

"The mausoleum of its architects,  
Still dying upward as their labor closed;  
Slime the material, but the slime was turned  
To adornment by their petrifying touch."

Once the opinion was held that the polyps began their labor at the bottom of the sea, but scientists have proved that the foundations of the coral islands must be on rocks that do not reach the surface. In many cases volcanic islands form the basis of these structures. It has often been found that extinct volcanoes exist in the neighborhood of the reefs. Coral islands can be found only in the warm seas, for it is necessary to the development of the madrepores to have a warm temperature. As you near the tropics, the madrepores become more

finely developed and more abundant. The warm parts of the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic are their home.

Distinct peculiarities mark the different coral formations. Those known as atolls appear as a great circular chain, inclosing a deep basin, communicating directly with the exterior sea through one or several deep breaches. In some cases a skirting or fringing wall is seen, closely surrounding an island, and is designated as a fringing reef. Again the coral band extends around the entire island, but a distance from it, girdling the island as a barrier. This is known as a barrier reef. The author of the "Origin of Species" proposed the theory that the latter reef is formed from a reef of the fringing kind.

Gradually the rocky basis subsided and thus caused the fringes of coral to sink, while those parts most exposed to the battling waves showed the most active polyps, producing the largest masses of coral. In general, they look like the atolls, and, similar to these, they seem to be situated on the edge of a precipice. Soundings have been taken near some of these, and have failed to reach the bottom. Some of these reefs are many miles long; that extending along the eastern coast of Australia reaching, without interruption, for a thousand miles. It lies from twenty to sixty miles from the shore.

Differing from the barrier reefs, the fringing reefs are not separated from the land by a lagoon. They communicate directly with the sloping land as it reaches out under the sea. The great barrier of these coral rocks fringing the island of Mauritius are seldom uncovered at low water. The dangerous breakers in their frenzy have worn the surface of these rugged and abrupt rocks to a polish. Those off the coast of Africa and Brazil resemble these very much.

Just how rapidly these reefs and islands are constructed depends upon the species and circumstances. It has been said that a channel cut in a reef, allowing the passage of a schooner, has been choked up with coral after ten years have passed. The mean increase of a reef, according to Dana, cannot exceed an eighth of an inch annually, but of course there are favorable circumstances to cause a more rapid growth. The polyps cannot live above the surface of the water, and where the waves show the greatest fury, they reach the most development. It is on the outer edge of the reef that the finest kinds of the *Astera*, *Porites* and *Millepora* are found.

JOSEPHINE HAAS.

## THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,  
Were cuddled up by the fire,  
And two little children were sleeping aloft,  
As cozy as heart could desire;  
Dreaming of something ever so nice,  
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,  
"I'm sleepy, I must confess,  
And as kittens and babies are safe in bed,  
I'll go to bed, too, I guess."  
She went upstairs, just a story higher,  
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said  
"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid  
A poor little kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!  
The nice little nest I made!"  
"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!  
I wonder what can the matter be?"

The mistress paused on an upper stair,  
For what did she see below?  
But three little kittens with frightened air,  
Standing in a row!  
With six little paws on the step above,  
And no mother cat to caress or love!

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke!  
The mistress, in great alarm,  
To a sense of danger straightway awoke;  
Her babies might come to harm.  
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,  
Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,  
And promised meow a mouse;  
While their names were put upon honor's list,  
For hadn't they saved a house?  
And two little children were gathered tight  
To a mother's heart ere she slept that night.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## HUNTING WITH TRAINED WOLVES.

Bert Decker, a young sportsman of Tuscola, Ill., has succeeded in taming two wolves, and they are very valuable as hunters. He captured them when young, raised them as "kittens," and now, though as large as sheep-dogs, they are quite tame and playful. Decker says the wolves can outrun dogs on the hunt, and are very long-winded. Their favorite way of catching a rabbit is to run alongside of him, put their nose underneath Mr. Cottontail and throw him ten or twelve feet in the air, catching him in their mouth, as he falls. The wolves always return to their master when called. Decker's success has caused other sportsmen to undertake the training of wolves to supplant dogs in hunting, and it is probable that wolves will find a place in future kennels.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

## NEW YORK TO TAX POSTERS.

It is proposed to tax posters in New York, and legislation is now being sought for this purpose. The idea is to regulate the business and to make it less flaring and obtrusive to the detriment of the landscape. The measure is not prohibitive in its provisions, but it is so framed that posters and bills may be displayed on the condition that a tax be paid on them at the rate of 1 cent for each two square feet of surface. One-third of this revenue is to go to the State, and two-thirds to the county where the poster is displayed. This is no new thing. Posters are taxed in every country in Europe, and those countries are benefited in more ways than one. The tax has been found to have a restraining influence in various directions, and the posters do not cover all outdoors.—[Boston Herald.]

## CHARLESTON'S FAIR.

### SPLENDID RESULTS OF THE ENTERPRISE OF THE CITIZENS.

By a Special Contributor.

**I**F ONE'S admiration were requested in behalf of a piece of exquisite carving, the response might consist of many handsome compliments without indicating that the work were in any degree extraordinary. But if one were told: "This delicate design was so beautifully done by a clever fellow with no tool but an old jack-knife," considerable wonder might be mingled with added interest.

This illustration will serve to furnish some idea of the real status of the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, running at Charleston at the present time. Deduct all elements of local interest, place on a basis of general criticism, and you have merely one more exposition to add to the list of carefully-conceived and brilliantly-executed "world's fairs" of a decade almost completed. For, the construction and operation of expositions has developed into a science so nearly exact that any community may have one, if it will pay the price. It is only needful (gastronomically speaking) to furnish the ingredients, and a sufficient sum to employ adepts in the art of dishing up world's fairs. The science has brought out its own methods and demonstrators. Their experience, boiled down, might be concentrated into a general recipe something like this:

To one large cupful of Local Pride, add heaping tablespoons of Government and State Appropriation; add Local Capital in ratio to number of portions to be served; stir vigorously over slow fire from one to three years; flavor to taste, and serve hot.

The stranger within the gates is sure to institute

comparisons between the exposition he is seeing and all the others he may have seen, from the Centennial down to date. He may greatly admire the result of each succeeding mixture, but he is likely to reflect that the flavor is about the same, after all.

And what has all this to do with Charleston? Much. For Charleston is serving to the world a queenly dish which she prepared all herself. She has created something really beautiful with next to nothing in the way of tools.

All strangers who visit the exposition do not realize this. Those who do find an added interest and an inclination to bestow more than a passing glance.

And it is really worth while. Indeed, something beyond a casual survey will discover a number of features not heretofore duplicated.

#### Obstacles Were Many.

And if there were not, it would still be incomprehensible how such an exposition was built for the amount of money involved. The total was a little more than \$500,000, so the directors say. The number, size, and appearance of the buildings makes this very hard to believe, were it not so convincingly declared. From the viewpoint of results, the amount looks insignificant. But from the other side, the resources of a city with a population of 65,000, only one-third of which is white, the figures loom up with equal contrast. The fact of the matter is simply that Charleston people didn't know when they were beaten. At the outset, they had unlimited faith in their project, and they asked for a government appropriation of substantial proportions with the same confident air that the small boy wears when he puts on his first pair of skates. The plan slipped up most unexpectedly. The projectors were not even let down easy. It was intimated that the Charleston proposition would not exceed the dimensions of a county fair, and that Uncle Sam did not care to participate. Other people, familiar with the strenuous task of conducting an exposition would have accepted defeat as inevitable. The people of Charleston did not.

The same spirit that won victories of importance in revolutionary days came to the rescue. These people didn't know any more about expositions than the backwoodsman did about military tactics. But they planned with horse sense. They employed one of the experts in America to design. And they got money which, by unparalleled economy, was sufficient to execute the work. Someone asked Wagener, president of the exposition, "Are you afraid of dropping a lot of money?" "Did it at Buffalo!"

"We can't," was the emphatic reply. "We got it to drop."

#### Buildings Prettily Grouped.

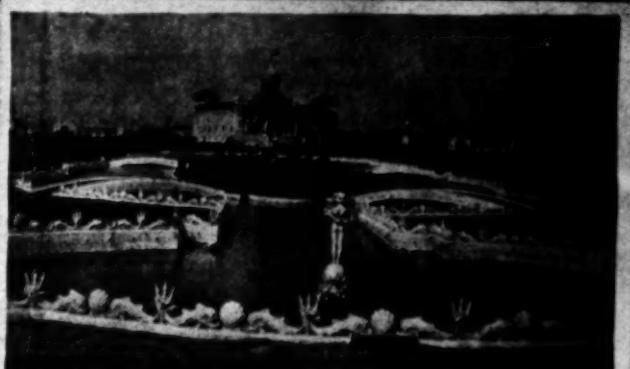
The main buildings of the exposition are in the shape of a horseshoe. The toe is the Cotton Palace, lying on the south side of the right (and therefore the west) side of the shoe, as one, faces the Cotton Palace. The opposite (or east) side is Commerce, the curved side is the Auditorium, diversified by broad walks, lined with trees. Down its center, running due north from the Cotton Palace are the Sunken Garden in their profusion of violets, roses and other floral designs are placed in sharp contrast to the lines of watery expanse which complete them. The canals are bordered by myriads in white staff. The three large buildings mentioned are connected by curving lines of colonnade. These lines are broken at an occasional watch tower gave to a line in olden time. One may get some idea of the horseshoe when it is stated that the distance from the north entrance to the Auditorium and their connecting colonnades to the south the horseshoe is a good, strong mile.



The Battery and Old Fort Sumter guns



The Auditorium



Sunken Garden looking toward Auditorium



Court of Palaces at night



Front of Cotton Palace



Philippine Exhibit



## AT THE PARIS PENSION.

### SOME OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE FRENCH BOARDING-HOUSE.

By a Special Contributor.

OUR brilliant Dr. Holmes rolled off his realms of table-talk from the everyday people of a New England boarding-house. What a theme for his genius lay uncovered in the touch-and-go life of a French pension! The characters are marked; their purposes distinct. Cranks and oddities, not usual types, here gather for the frugal fare.

Behold the student of old French! He is grinding for his Ph.D., and daily do we devour the Knights of the Round Table. He burrows in the National Library, and brings home a new thought for each meal. He has just found a flaw in Lord Tennyson's armor and is highly elated. Tennyson had a wrong conception of the Green Knight, and so made a bad blunder. The world must no longer think along those crooked lines. The student, like Hamlet, is "born to set it right," but he does not share Hamlet's despondency. Not he. Hard lines on the poet. Down with Tennyson, up with the student.

#### The Princess.

We soon dubbed her the Princess; that beautiful woman in somber weeds who refers, in every alternate sentence, to "my dear husband," "my darling husband," till the cynic remarked that it was doubtless a case where Xantippe drove her husband to the grave. We were speaking of the little Dormic morgue, when the Princess shouted, "Oh, how well I recall my visit to the morgue." "Was anybody there?" inquired the innocent newcomer. "My blessed husband," shrieked the Princess. The newcomer opened his mouth to ask how it happened, but closed it again, under the impression that the blessed husband had been spectator, not resident at the morgue.

The Princess has a weakness for great names. One day she told us how her dear friend, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, was in Paris, seeking her among the lost. Anon she mentioned the time when "Cousin Ben Harrison was lecturing through the country," and again we heard of "My cousin, Mr. Breckenridge, United States Minister to the court of St. Petersburg!"

"From Kentucky?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes."

"Then you are a cousin of the silver-tongued orator Breckinridge, formerly United States Senator?"

A reluctant "Yes" fell from her lips, and we were spared further accounts of her distinguished relatives.

She has toured the round world, and that she is a much-traveled woman, is her second little foible. "What do you think of caste in foreign nations? You seem to have traveled some," placidly said the newcomer. The mildness nettled the Princess.

"I have been in every country of the world, sir," she answered, with asperity, and we did not remind her of small corners like Greenland, Alaska, Australia or South America, where her foot has never trod.

She has gained novel notions from globe-trotting. She electrified us with the statement, "The Italians are the most energetic people in the world." We had not thought it. In her wild efforts at French she speaks of His Holiness as "the Pop," until an unguarded snicker escapes the polite mademoiselle, who is wrestling with internal convulsions. "The Turks are one of the noblest races on earth," the Princess says. She is always spoiling for a row. She has just learned that the quiet little lady in the tailor gown wears bloomers on the bicycle. "You horrible creature. You are a disgrace to your sex," she shrieks. "I shall never, never speak to you, in bloomers." "That will not trouble me any. I shall still have my beloved wheel," says the little lady, and the Princess turns her battery upon the impressionist school of painting, about which she knows little and says much.

Her musical criticisms are aimed at Prof. Grab, and she dilates on the festival at Bayreuth, saying, "The orchestra played so completely as a unit, that one couldn't hear the soloists."

"I am surprised at that; I thought everything was perfectly artistic at Bayreuth."

"The highest art in the world, sir."

"It is anything but artistic, that the orchestra should drown the singers. It is but an accompaniment. It should always be secondary."

The Princess veers, and tacks, and tries to rearrange her phrases, but sticks to her first idea, and Prof. Grab kindly suggests that perhaps she has not said just what she meant, on the statement seems incredible. This nettles her. She meant exactly that, and the professor adds, "As a student of Wagner, and as a lover of Wagner, I challenge the remark, as it is the very worst criticism you could possibly make."

The Princess is furious. She loses her temper, closes her ground, and takes refuge in a silly, childish dig. "I am sorry that I cannot make myself understood, but you have been so long in Paris, you are so used to French, you probably cannot follow me, as I must speak in English." She is still raging, and the household are all laughing, as the professor tells her that her English is very fair, he catches her meaning perfectly, but he thinks she is mistaken. The polite French people see that a battle is on, and wonder if so much fire will end in powder. They rather expect the enraged Amazon to demand a duel.

On matters musical, Prof. Grab may speak with authority. He is at home in his own profession. He left America, quickly and quietly, he does not say why, except that he "must have a bigger nut to crack," which sounds a trifle windy. He is a hypnotist, and irresistible, the cynic says, but we do not all agree. Nerve goes a long way, and there are still Americans who love to be humbugged, and will throw their money out of the window. Some have followed him across land and sea to take lessons in damp and foggy Paris of this American teacher, who dares charge more than the renowned Marcellini. He is "placing" their voices. It is slow work,

and they believe that he is the only being on the footstool who can do it. The voices are always at just that point, either so good or so bad, that they must have a daily lesson, and at \$6 a half hour the job is lucrative. He stood at the tomb of Napoleon and spied a former pupil who was passing through the city. Presto! Her plans were bouleverséed, and she remains in Paris to pick up her music where she dropped it with Prof. Grab, some years ago. No wonder that Prof. and Mrs. Grab like Paris! They swear their allegiance to it, and vow their intention to live forever in gay Paris. But after a two-years' residence, they speak almost no word of French. Mrs. Grab fears indigence, and says her stomach is too weak to hear or talk French at table. The bicycle lady has suggested that she take her stomach to a pharmacist, and have it strengthened, but they have established an English-speaking colony at one end, and so drown out the household French, which it should be our privilege to hear.

#### The Prestidigitateur.

The prestidigitateur is a character, or a whole bundle of characters, escaped from the sunny land of Andalusia, some years ago. He has lived in sublime disregard of French until within a few weeks. He is suddenly seized with a desire to follow consular duties at home, and with a consequent mania for the needful French. For practice games the entire family are his victims. His pronunciation is alarming, his accent equally terrifying, his grammar wildly imaginative, and his vocabulary blossoms with native flora. When he struggles through a long harangue on horsemanship, and settles the topic with the sage remark, "J'um buccup chivul," we understand that he "is very fond of the horse." He has talent enough to supply a dozen Consuls, and not rob himself. He is polite and harmless, and we half suspect that fierce mustache and Paderewski mop have figured in a dime museum, for he looks not in side shows and gallery plays.

But today he is an artist, assiduously painting. With his backbone toward the world at large, he streaks the panels with a procession of storks and flamingoes. Strange tints develop, and rainbow birds appear, with hideously long legs, long necks, long bills. It is a very long affair, but he is satisfied, and we admire, wondering where such variegated creatures habitate. When not employed with ornithology, our artist friend inclines to Venuses and naked women.

Photography runs parallel with his painting, and the camera is constantly in use. At present he is developing himself, with great delight. He has produced a whole studio of himself, disguised as somber Moor, highway brigand, comic actor, gay coquette, and austere monk. Mustache and mop have been sacrificed, and white locks and wrinkles have replaced them. A real priest, with flowing robe, and shaven head, jumps about in his wake, as assistant photographer in the dark room, and the growing collection of heads human and inhuman is a matter of international interest. Once also, our hero appears in midair head down, hanging from the branch of a tree,

Our Spaniard is versatile, but his universal genius is in all its incipiency. He is most heroic, as he plays "Up Jenkins." When Orpheus moved the stones and trees, he little dreamed of the effect to be produced in modern times, by the simple phrase "hup shinkus," as dropped by Spanish lips. His English songs are most heartrending. His plea to "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," would blast a mine to powder. Naturally, "The Spanish cavalier plays on his guitar;" but at the piano he finds his limitations. Here he does no credit to the Paderewski mop. His repertoire begins and ends with the minuet from "Don Juan." As he touches off its bewitching strains, he assumes the bearing of a lordly maestro, and from the nebulous wreaths of his rich Havana, casts languishing glances at the graceful Americana who follows the airy figures. Then with hammer and tongs he pounds out a tremolo, and the piano's strength is tested. He talks like a brave soldier, though some have basely hinted a coincidence between his leaving home, and his country's call to arms. But we are daily witnesses of his colossal courage. His gun is ever ready for attack. It decorates a corner of the salon, and his dog is at his heels. He is not forced to meet platoons of men who are his equals in the art of war, but he aims at the fragile songster on the wing.

At sleight-of-hand we like him best. As news-chewer he is in his element. An armful of journals disappears, and we see only the contortion of throat and stomach. A yard stick reappears in their place. A coin is lost to sight and is found again, on the gown or the hair of a dame in the opposite corner. A bit of paper is torn into fragments, and we find it again, whole and entire. He runs a pin through his forehead; it penetrates the skull, traverses the brain, and lodges in his back hair. By a tap of a wand, flowers grow and blossom on our garments. By another tap, we ourselves disappear; and if this latter came within his ken, we should never reappear. Yet, for weeks we have drunk his smooth wines from sunny Andalusia, and have eaten his delicious confections, in smiling content.

He has saved the pension many a dessert. Only once have we seen him cross: Ash Wednesday. Then a cyclone burst. He was keeping Lent with rigid piety, and it pinched. When, at night, he wanted bread and potatoes, and no one knew just how or what, we learned "how Lenten famine might develop into fury, and we prayed heaven that he would not stay so starved till Easter. Six weeks of "Murphies" and spinach are scanty pabulum for this man of many minds, but wines and "tabac" are a consolation, and he improves the time with anecdotes of mangled French. He told us how the trichinae live in rats, and the rats feed the pigs, and when we indulge in sausage and ham, we mingle the rats, trichinae and swine. What a menagerie, we must be! We bore up under his discourse on natural history, but when he introduced the theme of lost noses, and noseless people, he strained our gastronomic courage to its very limit.

Generous, impulsive, kindly, thoughtless, light-hearted, irresponsible Spaniard! Musician, artist, linguist, juggling, trickster, and future minister plenipotentiary, with unknown realms to conquer! You handle this round world as if it were a toy. But when life's complex design is finished, when the great Magician strikes the note

which sounds the close of your career, be the verdict on your little play that universal genius is futile for the Dame d'Honneur.

"Not pretty, but massive." The boy chromo, but that sounds a bit ungracious of the Second Empire, they called her at Eugénie's court. Though times have regal raised, to give distinguished place her once, as a relic of left-over past grandeur and courtly dignity, and wonderfully made, crowned by a nose was once clear gray. The yellow scalp has art, and glinting from beneath the freckles, silvery rays, so pretty, that we wish been interrupted in her beauteous work, the towering chignon is a crowning glory, a velvety piece of architecture, a cross between and the leaning tower of Pisa. It is naturalist and defy the builder. It has its own, quite beyond classification. It suggests Twain's "monument of Jackass's skull, Cologne cathedral," which he promised to Milady, like Bernhardt, has erected during life.

And the gloves! Are they, too, a sign of? Evidently they were worn at the Tuilleries, for they have seen better days, and black is now a dingy gray. But they bring of the table, and before the little Yvette scends to dinner, she debates whether to cycle gauntlets or in a f.2 pair from Eugénie's dance is devoted to her gloves, seen without them, and in animated chases hauls them on and off with a speed and denote much practice. She agrees with who summed up his heart's devotion in the lugubrious.

They may have had queer customs at Milady spreads her napkin tenderly across, and squeezes it affectionately beneath. She balances ungracefully upon two legs, and she makes decidedly more noise in the etiquette of a modern table person. Eugénie allowed more eccentricities to her lady can keep the ball a-rolling. Color flags when she is present, and she is also and distinguished French lesson. She tries to one and all, as she keeps up a tante, but in comfortable good humor. French Consul in those glorious days before he lost the post at home, he was assigned. Hence Milady speaks the smooth Italian fluency that she rattles French and English.

She is writing up her father's memoirs, and personal, but "so much has been the whole, so well said," anent the Second we are tempted to ask the question. "What book, Samanthe, when it is wrote?" What year within its covers? Linnette did Eugénie at the Tuilleries, but we cause lady's life without Linnette, the ugly, much-indulged cur which waddles at her feet and chokes and wheezes. Linnette is the best of us. She is cloaked in Milady's escape all draughts, and she snaps when beautiful Mira, sweet and amiable, appears. Lovely Mira is promptly her abominable little cur, of no tribe or nation, and a hybrid, everybody's detestation, and glory. Thus does tardy justice go earth.

Milady and Linnette might regulate the capital chronometer. At 10, precisely, chimes, they descend to take their places to hear the patter of Linnette's small paws on the stairway, and the clatter of Milady's sepulchral whisper, "Chut, chut, Linnette, chut, ma mignon," resounds through far more noise than Linnette's paw-howl is Milady's one injustice to her pet.

No wonder Linnette is fat and whey, which fall to her at table, would comfort of poverty. She is, like her mistress, an epicure. She could nibble sweetmeats eternally. Her gorgeous red necktie brought fortune in the canine world, and we know dog heaven will be as happy as on earth to abet Milady's whims, and viciously presented a kodak and Milady declared but with courtly grace. "Jamais, jamais the kodak triumphed over prejudice. Both artistic, the two had occupied a sanctum and embrace a chimney. But when la grippe overtook them they found that a river did not heat a bedroom in midwinter, and a realm of coal dust.

A Queer Triangle.

One day the door of my sanctum opened on Grandfather Smallweed. He was a visitor of innocence abroad. I thought that he suddenly wafted down. I had not known till he was so suddenly projected within gazed spellbound—in mutual admiration, wore a pair of holy moccasins checked. The long frill of his under coat fell like a top-coat. A thick white muffer ran a snake around his neck, and coiled itself disappeared between the coats. A long gray set off his wizened visage, and a nose protruded from the little round bone, olive branch, which capped the curious spasm of wonder, and I rescued enough "What in the world do you want here? you would better be going?"

"Bah," he snarled, as he slammed the



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## A Schoolgirl's Room in Blue.

P. REDLANDS, CAL., writes: "I am a schoolgirl and am furnishing my first room. I got along very nicely until I came to the curtains, window seat and screen. I know you can help me. My room is 14x14, walls tinted blue (rough plaster), woodwork painted blue and yellow (very little yellow). The chandeliers are black, imitation wrought-iron, globes white, window shades yellow, chairs and dressing table bird's-eye maple, on the floor a very pretty blue and white art square. I don't know what to use at the windows because I don't like the short curtains and I want a window seat below the only two windows in the room which are together and face east. Would you have the window seat upholstered in blue denim, or would you have it simply white pine varnished and plenty of pillows? How high are window seats generally made? What for pillows? What for curtains? Please suggest something new in the way of a screen to put in front of door. There is an ugly shelf in the room which I cannot have taken down. It has ugly black brackets under it and is quite high up on the wall. What can I do to hide it or for what can I use it? I have a beautiful fish net; would you use it over the corner of the room which I use for a study corner? Do you think any other furniture is needed to help the looks of the room?"

I think that ruffled curtains of white-dotted muslin would look fresh and pretty at your windows, and would advise you to upholster your seat with blue denim, us-

the room a mahogany center table, two cobbler-seated rocking chairs, one cherry and one oak, a handsome upright piano and pictures. Please tell me what colored carpet to get for the room and what style lace curtains and how to hang them; also what sort of a couch (color and style,) and what other pieces of furniture—not too expensive—that you think will look well with what I have. Opening off the parlor is an archway 5x8 into a hall 7x8. Shall I have grill work in the archway, or just finished plain? In the hall is an oblong window. I have as draperies Persian patterns and shades but don't think I would like them in that archway. How would rope portières do? What furniture shall I get for the hall, and shall I carpet the parlor and hall alike? The dining-room opens off the hall. All I will ask concerning the room is about the curtains for the bay window (it having but two windows.) I have curtains of dotted swiss; are they suitable? The door leading from the dining-room to a side porch is to be like the outside front door with plate-glass panes. I want to put net panels with Battenberg centers. Is it necessary to have the Battenberg patterns for both front and dining-room doors alike?"

You will obtain a more spacious effect in both hall and parlor by carpeting them alike. I wish you could afford to wash the walls with robin's-egg blue or some soft color which will bring your carpet into harmony with the rooms. A carpet in small figures with tapestry blue ground wears well in point of color and gives a refined tone to a room; one is not apt, either, to tire of it readily. Lace curtains which have a net center and figured border are pretty and look best when cut just to the sill. The lower border then comes against the glass and is very effective. Two pieces of plain wicker with cushions of silk velours in dull blue would look well with the other chairs you have in your parlor. If you can use a pretty latticed grill in your doorway, I would advise one. The fancy-turned grills I do not

china closet, what color for curtains, wrought-iron lamp, with yellow silk shade. Please do not suggest something else to accentuate. Am trying to find black and white drapes for floors are oiled. Further advise with me. The hall, which is small and opens into the dining-room, has folding doors. Shall use hall table and mirror upon table will place lamp with green silk shade. Denim curtains at folding door, also green at front glass door, muslin curtain at windows. Scarf curtain, under which window I will seat draped in serape of purple and black in purple and green. Do you consider it good to display photographs in a reception-hall? There, as guests will view them oftener, than put them in my boudoir."

I am afraid you will lose the artistic effect you desire to obtain if you do not wash your walls either yellow or green. As this could be done at not exceeding \$10 and possibly for \$5, you will have a good investment. A screen of green fabric to black frame with quaint old-brass nail heads complete your room prettily. A leather valance border at the top in the hammered gold and the illuminated colors, of conventional design, would go most beautifully with your coloring. The other suggestion. There is but one chair which would suggest in your scheme in the dining-room, your cheese-cloth curtains in the center of the room and on the same rod run the green as curtains, letting them outline the windows. All should be to the sill. I like your idea of using photographs of friends in your boudoir. Your scheme for the room seems to be most effective and tasteful.

## A Girl's Room in a Farmhouse.

B. A. Hynes, Cal., writes: "I have a bedroom which I wish to remodel and would like your advice. The dimensions are 12x15 feet and eight feet high, with one small window facing south. At present it is whitewashed cheese cloth; had thought of painting over this. What would you advise? The floor is poor, allowing dust to sift through to under the floor; thought of linoleum. Is there any other that would answer the purpose and be suitable for a bedroom? Have dresser and washstand of red oak; what would be nice for a bed to go with it? Have no closet; could you advise what to make it? Also, as to rugs and curtains? Your scheme, I would like blue and cream in predominance, blue and white. Could I have this? This is a room in a farmhouse and do not want to spend a great deal."

You could make your room pretty with cream paper in a delicate pattern of blue and white flowers on a cream ground. Your ceiling over the bed should be plain paper (not ingrain) in light blue. This would look well. Drape your window with a valance of hair-lined white dimity, and use something in a rather heavier quality for valances on a white-iron bed. Ruffle your window curtains and tie them back. A dressing table made of shelves covered with pale-blue cambric or lace, a mirror flat against the wall and all hung with ruffles of the dimity would make a more attractive effect than your oak bureau. If you could find this piece of furniture for a chiffonier and in connection with the low white dressing table you would be charming. A chair of just the proportion should be placed in front of this dresser, as it is not in using it. A wide shelf against the wall, the height of a wardrobe, can have curtains of blue hung on three sides of it, and with hooks on the side wall of room and others on under side of shelf hanging dresses, makes an acceptable window. You will carefully lay several thicknesses of matting over your floor and have a fine white matting over it, you will find it as impervious to water as more expensive and less attractive linoleum.

## Suggestions for Woodwork and Walls.

E. A. G., South Pasadena, writes: "I have four rooms of my little country home which I want to finish and furnish as artistically as possible. The rooms are to be painted and papered. I do not want to paint the woodwork black. In furnishings I have a writing desk, small table, carved hall mirror and a case with a carved top; these are in gold. I have a black walnut inlaid table suitable for a hall rug six by eight feet of brown and tan burlap. I intend carving a hall seat and armchair but hope a sideboard. I have some casts and a number of pretty little articles of decorative value. I can do venetian iron work, pyrography, etc. Please tell me how to use them to the best advantage. I notice you sometimes use fabrics for wall hangings. My rooms will be lined and papered; perhaps this would be as economical as the lining and paper. I have never seen the place. I name no limit as to cost. I want an economical scheme of artistic value. I may not be able to compass now. I have some pictures—water colors, photographs of California oil paintings, etc."

The most acceptable fabric for walls is the *fabrikona*. It is sized and colored and makes some wall finish, but it is quite expensive. A less expensive scheme is to use the burlap. Have it painted on the walls, or have it dyed the color and then put on. All first-class paper hangs well. How to put these stuffs on. With walls of white woodwork looks well. With *ivory-white* woodwork looks well. With *ivory-white* you will find the effect good if you paint the woodwork a deeper tone of yellow. With blue and white in a bedroom the woodwork could be a cold color. Dark green is also good. Your venetian iron work can be utilized delightfully in a grille work for the top of your windows with a shelf for plants and a die of sash."

## A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR.

ing cushions of blue and white. This treatment looks cosier in a bedroom than the uncovered seat. You have merely to make carefully, a long pad to fit your seat and put a box-pleated or gathered flounce to the floor. If you cover the bottom of the pad next to the wood with several layers of excelsior and use a stuffing of cotton wool on top of this you will find it inexpensive and comfortable. Your seat should be about sixteen inches high from the floor. If your fish net could be prettily draped against the wall with one end falling from the shelf you mention, the effect would be good to place a picturesquely-looking fish basket of some kind on the shelf. I utilize these little black shelves on simple iron brackets for my Indian baskets and do not think them ugly. A pot with long fern vine dropping from it looks well sometimes on such a shelf. I like things that pleasantly or picturesquely break the wall spaces of a room, but I think its restfulness and beauty are often destroyed by the use of quantities of small photographs or valueless objects that worry the effect. Cushion on your rocking chair (if you have one) with blue silk or denim, carefully keeping to the same tone used in your window seat, and have the frame for a two-leaved screen made by a carpenter. You can paint this frame black, or to correspond with the woodwork of your room. If you decide on blue, then use a piece of French cretonne having very beautiful blue flowers on a white ground, to cover it with, tacking it on smoothly with small brass tacks. If you have the frame black you can cover with blue denim like the seat.

## A Five-room Cottage.

H. A. S., Los Angeles, writes: "Will you kindly advise me in regard to some furnishing for a five-room cottage? The walls are all white, woodwork yellow pine. The parlor is 12x15, with one large window and two smaller ones, one each side of the larger one; have for

like and always advise against rope portières. The Persian patterns you speak of would probably look well with a blue carpet. I often advise Flemish oak in table, or bench with a back, and two chairs for hall furniture. If this is supplemented by a taborette (also of Flemish oak,) holding a small palm in a Japanese jar, the effect is prettier. Your sash curtains of dotted swiss will be quite suitable for the dining-room. It will not be necessary to have Battenberg panels exactly alike.

## A Dutch Dining-room in Colorado.

Mrs. L. E. A., Rocky Ford, Colo., writes: "Wish to mature a typical Dutch dining-room. Our country home is furnished in a simple manner throughout; therefore we desire to put little expense in the Dutch dining-room. These are my intentions—you will please note in way of drapery your own clever thoughts. The room is done in that abominable white plaster, and I feel that at present I can do nothing with it. The woodwork is of yellow pine. I am having a beautifully typical Dutch table made by a carpenter; also six straight Dutch chairs. These will be painted one shade darker than the green of a Chinese lily (la House Beautiful;) at two windows unbleached cotton dyed the green of Chinese lily with overcurtains of fine cheese cloth; green-denim curtains at folding doors; low shelf between windows with a half dozen potted plants in bright-red pots and saucers. A broad shelf five feet from floor extends along one side of the room and half way on other side; how shall I have this stained? Upon this I wish to display antique blue and white chinaware, odd candlesticks, etc. Upon a small, square table with drapery of green denim will set Dutch water bottle. I am obliged to have a stove in the dining-room, therefore wish screen (what color?) and to have this painted some Dutch scene or study. I have a half dozen pictures framed in black and natural wood for the walls. Have



# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## FICTION.

### A Colonial Tale.

THE serial "Audrey" has for months past been one of the fictional attractions of the Atlantic Monthly. The publishers have recently issued the story, in book form, with illustrations by F. C. Yohn. The great demand for the book previous to its publication attests popular sentiment concerning the work of the author of "Prisoners of Hope," and "To Have and to Hold." The story of Audrey opens in the mountain region of Virginia. Marmaduke Howard, who had just come into a fortune and an English estate, journeyed with a party of friends through that region. In one of the opening chapters this young man followed on the track of an Indian massacre. There he rescued little Audrey. He adopted her as his ward, and left her in the care of a family in America, making ample provision for her welfare, with a supposedly reliable guardian.

Some of the characters are evolved from the colonial history of Virginia; among the number, Evelyn Byrd, the daughter of William Byrd of Westover, engrossed the fancy of Howard. Eleven years went by, in which Audrey led a Cinderella existence in the home of her adoption. The child had few companions. She kept her tender love for the early associations, her memory of the young knight who had come to her rescue, and idealized him with all the sentiment of her innocent heart. When Howard, who had seen the world, and been a part of it, returned, he found her one day in the woods alone, where she had learned the charm of nature and made use of the books of the clergyman's library. He was won by the personality of his rustic ward, and, in a mood of exaltation, he determined to be her brother and friend. "Keen in his perceptions he was able to recognize that here was a pure imaginative spirit, strongly yearning after ideal strength, beauty and goodness."

Audrey for a long time after Howard's return thought only of him as the benefactor who had saved her life. Suddenly the world changed for her. She realized in a deep sense that all that made life so beautiful to her came from the presence or the thought of him. After varied episodes, in which Howard defended her from an Indian admirer, and he had learned to know her winsome spirit, Howard became her declared lover. All this time Evelyn Byrd had been true to her trust that the future would bring her the whole affection of the man of her ideals.

Each type of womanhood is well delineated in its contrasting environment, Evelyn, the high-born lady, Audrey, the child of nature. Audrey, however, wins the heart, for when there came a doubt of her right to the love of Howard and that he had not been all he seemed, the child-woman, who had confided her heart to him among the June roses of the old garden, as innocently told of the disillusion, which had come as the result of slander, and her sense of duty to Evelyn Byrd. Audrey was convinced that Howard had killed his better nature. "I told my dreams to the one who would have understood me, whom you are not, for you are a stranger to me."

The story wins its chief charm from the heroine, and the reader becomes too much engrossed with her presence to wish to be diverted with too much of the presence of Evelyn Byrd. Probably John Huron furnishes a fair type of some of the racial problems which confront the new civilization. While some of the minor characters linger too long for one who wishes other glimpses of the chief figures, the book is unquestionably a notable production. The characters are well drawn, and the analysis shows the hand of an artist of exceptional gifts.

[Audrey. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles. Price, \$1.50.]

### An Honest Policeman.

Elliot Flower, in "Policeman Flynn," has created an Irish-American character who will entertain the public. This honest policeman, who insisted after his promotion that as sergeant he could not sleep nights for thinking of drawing his pay without working for it, had many adventures in quelling riots, stopping automobiles, trying to run them, and reaching a varied round of amusing climaxes, concerning which he discourses to the entertainment of the reader. The book is cleverly illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele.

[Policeman Flynn. By Elliot Flower. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

### Another View.

This story is one of English social life. It introduces an American millionaire whose exploits on the turf involve odd complications.

[A Fool's Year. A Novel. By E. H. Cooper. D. Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents.]

### An Ethical Story.

"The Christian Athlete" was written by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. The various chapters illustrate special biblical texts, and the author-elderlyman has been in the habit of reading these stories from his pulpit. Yielding to the request of friends who have appreciated their value, he now presents the work to a larger public. The plot of the book first unfolds in Cleveland, and tells of the failure of a savings bank, which brought misfortune to many poor people, and involved the president in a position of unmerited suspicion. Their father, having made an assignment of all his possessions to help to counterbalance the calamity, his children were forced to make their way in ways that developed great fortitude. Everett, the son, becomes prominent in the story, and the power of woman as an evangel is presented in the heroine. The scene shifts to

California. There the son receives word that the honor of his father has been vindicated. The story has a golden thread of romance, and some interesting accounts of work among the poor and ignorant. The sentiment of the book is of noble quality and teaches the beneficent power of right living.

[The Christian Athlete. By Aquilla Webb. Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

### A Humble Romance.

The characters of this story are familiar to the stage life of the recent past, and the author of the drama has again presented the Fogg family, the maid "Chip," and the episodes of the old ferryboat, in an illustrated volume of varied episodes.

[Fogg's Ferry. By C. E. Callahan. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price, 75 cents.]

## PSYCHOLOGICAL.

### Studies of Personality.

Dr. Norman Bridge of Pasadena has written a series of sketches concerning "Some Tangents of the Ego." The subjects are divided into the following chapters: "The Etiology of Lying," "Man as an Air-eating Animal," "The Rewards of Taste," "The Physical Basis of Expertness," etc. The book teaches that man's mental state is responsible for many of his sensations. An emotion can make him happy or unhappy. The author enumerates the varied guide posts that have held the promise of happiness, either in this world or one to come, and thinks all these influences have power for good, according to respective idiosyncrasies. "Many per-



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sons have worn down their cerebral strength by anger, envy and jealousy and need a new pasture of good fellowship and peace with the world. All such ought to be taken away from their sensations by some powerful influence that can completely engage the mind in hope and attention and give them rest. . . . Tell a man that his fret at being awake keeps him from sleeping, and you have hardly helped him at all. But show him an honest desire to keep awake all night will put the mind into a mood of such tranquillity that the spirit of sleep will come without obstacle, and you have destroyed his insomnia, and transfigured his soul."

"The Etiology of Lying" affords some enlightening studies on the use of words of the superlative degree. The directions in the care of "discordant children" afford some wise and improving suggestions. The educational views and the automatism shown in mental acts are parts of the illustrative studies. "The Penalties of Taste and Other Essays" is also on the list of Dr. Bridge's works. The reader will find in this book some original analysis and a sympathetic interpretation of the needs of human nature.

[The Rewards of Taste, and Other Essays. By Norman Bridge, M.D. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## HISTORY.

### The Boer War.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle has been aroused to the defense of the British in South Africa. He considers that the British have been slow to state their case, and wishes that some one more competent than he had undertaken the task. He admits that there never was a war in history in which the right was absolutely on one side, or in which no incidents of the campaign were open to criticism. He states that all his quotations can be substantiated. The author gives the history of the Boer people and the causes of the quarrel. Dr. Doyle states that in his opinion the Uitlanders were victims of great wrongs. There is an emphatic denial that Mr. Chamberlain forced on the war because he was in the power of Cecil Rhodes. Dr. Doyle denies that it was a capitalist's war, engineered by company promoters and Jews;

that Britain wanted the gold mines, and that she refused to arbitrate. The farm-burning is in the plan that some of the houses sheltered other plausible reasons are given as demanded by the necessities of war. The concentration camps are explained by the fact that it became impossible to send the women and children into the indefinite Boer lines, they could not and therefore the third plan was to bring them and care for them as best they could. The chapters deal with many of the horrors of the war. Doyle certainly proves his loyalty to the British.

[The War in South Africa. Its Cause and Course. A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## MISSIONS.

### Oriental Reform.

Occidental progress in China is evidently growth. The conservative element, the great officials, the thousands of years of tradition, consolidated sentiment of millions of ancestors, a number of literati contribute to the Chinese measurable boundaries. Yet there is a growing sense that this incorrigible land will fall into the ways of modern civilization.

The interesting lectures by Dr. Gibson which this book, were delivered by appointment in the Church colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool. The work deals with Chinese literature and Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, and is especially of the missions of China.

The history of a country where the Emperor is the whole constitution and body of government, source of all law by virtue of his exalted status as son of heaven, is a study of peculiar interest to the Occidental mind. Some facts which have been brought before the public by Mr. Holcombe before the Lowell Institute, show some of the features of the work which are parts of the struggle of Dr. Gibson. In these lectures, Mr. Holcombe education of Chinese students:

"The entire labor of each day consists of writing and memorizing verbatim passages from books. Each boy in the school shouts aloud of his voice, and line by line, the portions of him, and continues the process until the impression is upon his memory. A noisy pupil is a pupil, while one who is silent is a candidate for bamboo rod. During the latter portion of each course much time and stress are given to memory and versification. The utmost care and attention to logic and style. There are perhaps nowhere in the world to be found such examples of masterly use of diction, elegance of style and clearness of expression as in the writings of Chinese scholars."

Concerning the Chinese faith, one learns in son's work on mission problems some interesting curiosities. Shang-ti—Supreme God—is represented only a single tablet, before which the Emperor He is above all the deities of popular worship. Reverence for ancestors is asserted to have been held than that of idols. Confucianism, while to the moral sense, is presented in an analysis.

The extent and influence of the mission work are considered and the results of the labors of the mission are presented in a carefully-elaborated

[Mission Problems and Mission Methods in China. By J. Campbell Gibson, M.A., D.D., China. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Bits of Wisdom.

The author of this little volume has set forth of observations of social problems which will divert public taste. Among the typical examples following:

"Gratitude is the rosemary of the heart."

"Between a babbling friend and a silent small choice."

"Fewer broken idols would be kept over would cease putting men on pedestals."

"Experience is a good teacher, but she must sacrifice."

These clever epigrams abound with whimsy and come in attractive form from the book.

[Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions. By Thomas Antrim (Titian). Henry Altemus, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.]

### Language of the Stars.

In this book the method of casting horoscopes is presented in a systematic and easy course. The chapters are embellished with numerous maps and charts. The work is carefully written and contains over a hundred illustrations and is especially designed for the explanation of the sun and the author is reputed to stand high in this special field.

[Practical Astrology. By Count C. de Sola. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price, \$1.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

The March number of the Critic contains a comprehensive biographical and anecdotal paper on Ibsen. The illustrations are furnished by the artist, and the facsimile reproductions of manuscripts, with original drawings, are included. "Reviews of the World," a paper by Edward Stedman, and verse by Sir Rennell Rodd, who, in England as a poet-diplomat, are portions of the table of contents.

The International Monthly for March contains

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and admirable collection of contributions. Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N., has written an able article on "The Military Rule of Obedience." Richard Garnett has portrayed the fine ethical influence of the lyric art of Gioseue Carducci in its relation to Italian literature. "Contemporary French Philosophy," by Alfred Fouillée; "Native American Culture," by A. H. Keane, and other themes are presented by leading writers.

Everybody's Magazine for March contains a particularly interesting illustrated sketch by C. Bryson Taylor, "How Captivity Affects the Life of the Jungle." Herbert K. Job presents an important contribution by pen and camera, of "The Submerged Tenth: Grebes and Loons," which is an informing vista of aquatic life. A story is given entitled "Danny," by the author of "Bob, Son of Neptune." Eugene P. Lyle discloses a recent French improvement in "The Loud-Talking Telephone."

The National Magazine for March deals largely with questions of irrigation. Arthur Powell Davis, one of the government's experts, tells what irrigation has done for irrigation. Frank C. Gandy describes the miracles irrigation has wrought in the San Luis Valley of Colorado. Once H. Tower tells the story and gives two full-page photographs of Pasadena's recent Rose Tournament. James Beck Ellis of Atlanta gives a vivid account of the South's new crusade for the technical education of the poor white children of that section. Frank Putnam reviews the new biographical studies of Lowell and

John Lane, New York, announces the International for March to be one of fine color plates, mezzotints, etchings and photogravures. A water-color sea scene, by J. McNeill Whistler, is the frontispiece. Frank Hart's expositor is Frederick Wedmore, perhaps the leading critic on water-color and kindred subjects today. George Marx follows with a survey of the latest evolution of medal work in France, profusely illustrated in

The World's Work for March appears with a new and striking cover. Inside the covers, however, the magazine presents its usual clear-cut, vivid interpretation of the news. The leading editorials this month deal with the international position of the United States—the attitude of European nations to the republic. The visit of Prince Henry furnishes occasion in part for interest to an article about the Kaiser and the German Emperor as He Is—by Wolf Von Scherffenberg, and a short editorial article entitled "Anglophobia in Germany." The leading illustrated features of the month are Prof. Robert T. Hill's description of the American desert, and an article by Arthur Goodwin on the typically American sculpture of Solon Borglum, the cowboy sculptor—a story tracing the development of the man and his art. Articles by William A. Ross, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, on a new Indian candidate for the Senate, and Dr. F. C. Branson, president of the Atlanta Normal School, on "The Real Southern Problem," are especially valuable as testimony of authorities on the most interesting questions.

Garrison's Weekly announces that the coronation of the Bizard will be represented by Richard Harding Davis; "The Sunny South," by Frederic Palmer; that F. G. Crawford will write of Louis XIII, and other prominent writers will treat of popular themes, which will be fully illustrated in forthcoming numbers.

The Era for March presents a variety of illustrations, with its full table of contents. "The Mecca Road to India," by John Langdon Heaton; the new serial by Charles Harris; a story by Gilbert Parker; an application of "A Hedgehog Minstrel," by Dora Read; Henry F. Keenan's contribution to "Old World and New"; "The Strand Magazine for March contains Beckles Willoughby's "The Romance of Britannia," which gives some interesting studies in medals. Max Pemberton, Conan Doyle and Richard Marsh are among the fiction writers. "The Museum" is contributed by Harry Furness, with one of his own clever illustrations. The number is of popular interest.

"The Palm Trees of Brazil," by Prof. John C. Branner, president of Stanford University, is a contribution to Popular Science Monthly for March. Dr. A. F. Galloway of Clark University discusses work and leisure and their relation to genius. Prof. W. G. Summer, University and Prof. W. H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution, are among the contributors.

The Strand Magazine for March is one of varied literature. George W. Cable furnishes the first chapter of "Bylow Hill." "The Educational Problem in the Philippines," by Fred W. Atkinson; "The Confessor and a Provincial Editor," by Paracelsus, and "Dante and the Poet," by William Roscoe Thayer, are leading features of the magazine.

Scribner's Weekly for March deals with timely themes. "Dickens for the Million and the Poor," and the "Quebec Winter Carnival" are features of the number.

The American Boy for March presents a sketch of Ed Gurnett, the Southern California ostrich farmer. Gurnett is one of popular value.

The Pilgrim, Battle Creek, Mich., in its March number presents an illustrated article on "The Pasadena Flower Show," by Miss Mabel Wagoner; and one on the work of the American sculptor, D. C. French, by Arthur G. Parker. The late John Swinton contributes a literary article on authors he has known, which is illustrated with striking portraits.

A special feature of the American Monthly Review for March is a character sketch of President of Harvard University, by George P. Morris, with portraits. There are also illustrated articles on "The American War Issues," by Edwin Emerson, and "The Longest Power-Transmission in the World," by Thomas C. Martin; an account of "The Socialistic Movement," by Paul Tyner, with portraits; "The Best of Scientific Agriculture in the South," by Dr. W. C. Carver, the professor of agriculture in Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute; "German-American Economic and Commercial Relations Historically Considered," by George M. Flak; and "Practical Missions," by Dr. W. M. Bissell.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, is publishing many attractive books of art, and his spring announcements are of artistic promise.

The topics of the Progress of the World, and the frontispiece of the number is an excellent recent portrait of the Prince.

Littell's Living Age for March presents "The Anglo-Saxon Society Woman." "The Revival of a Language" is a clear insight into the present status of the Gaelic and the Provençal speech.

The Cosmopolitan for March contains an account of "The Proposed World's Congress," in the assemblage of 1903. Lavina Hart writes an illustrated sketch of "Motherhood." Roland Phillips tells of "Costuming the Modern Play." William Allen White gives a character sketch of Gen. Harrison. Various themes of popular interest complete the table of contents.

Out West, formerly the Land of Sunshine, contains Charles F. Lummis's contribution on "Oranges 250 Years Ago," an interesting paper which was begun in the February number. V. O. Lange contributes some artistic "Studies in Floral Portraiture." An important chapter bearing on early western history is translated from the Diary of Father Juniper Serra (1769).

The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine for March contains as its initial contribution, "Roosevelt as a Historian." The article is an interesting study of the American navy. James Main Dixon introduces "Eugene Field's St. Louis Friends." Truman Bliss writes of "The Hero of Oregon."

The Black Cat for March is represented in an initial story by Guy Wetmore Carryl. The prize stories of the number, "A Marriage of Convenience," by F. E. Chase, and "A Fair Exchange," by Arthur Dakin Foster.

Mechan's Monthly, edited by S. Mendelsohn Meehan, and published by Thomas Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Philadelphia, is a publication devoted to general gardening, and wild flowers.

Collier's Weekly for March 8 deals with the coming of Prince Henry of Prussia, by George Lynch. Gen. Stewart L. Woodford writes of the Cuban question, and Edwin Lefevre of "The Rise of the Steel Corporation."

The Woman's Home Companion for March is an illustrated number of special interest for its Easter themes, and attention to themes of out-of-door life. The spring modes are an attractive feature.

Harper's Weekly for March 8 is a souvenir number of the visit of Prince Henry, and contains numerous illustrations of timely interest. An article of dramatic interest deals with the subject of "American Plays for American Actors."

Will Carleton's Magazine for March contains a varied collection of sketches of popular interest, and new poems by Margaret E. Sangster.

The Independent for March 6 contains Charles Denby's paper on "Manchuria;" Maurice Maeterlinck writes of "Our Past," and various book reviews and timely editorials add to the value of the issue.

The March issue of the Engineering Magazine discusses numerous popular themes. Walter M. McFarland begins a series of papers on "Marine Engineering." "Electric Power" and "Railway Conditions in the Transvaal" are notable articles. The names of George H. Hull, Sydney F. Walker, A. Cooper Key and others represent able papers.

The Criterion for March deals with the subject of the approaching art and science exhibition at St. Louis, which is sketched by Charles Mulford Robinson, in "The Plan of the Model City." Gen. James G. Wilson contributes "Recollections of Washington Irving."

The Rev. J. Minot Savage, in Ainslee's Magazine for March, has written of "Psychical Research;" Herman Whitaker of "Canada from Sea to Sea;" P. T. McGrath describes "The Grand Caisson."

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce an interesting list of recent books. Leon H. Vincent has added "Molière" to his stories of French society. Arlindo J. Smith has written on "Externalism; a Theory of Infinite Justice;" W. G. Collingwood, who was an intimate friend of "John Ruskin," has written of his "Life and Works." The Riverside Biographical Series is growing in strength and interest, and the art series has two additional volumes, edited by Estelle M. Hurli, "Tuscan Sculpture," and "Van Dyck."

John Lane, New York, announces a new edition of Stephen Phillips's tragedy of "Paola and Fraïscesca," and of Sir Arthur Help's "The Spanish Conquest of America." The second volume of the four, edited by M. Oppenheim, is to be published in March.

The Spectator is enthusiastic over Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," both as a poem and as a play. It is one of the recent publications of the Macmillan Company.

Le Roy Armstrong, author of "The Outlaws," announced by the Appletons, is a well-known newspaper man and has already achieved a reputation as a writer of short stories. He is a native of Indiana, was born in 1854, and is a newspaper man of Chicago, who has contributed to Scribner's Magazine and the Century.

Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, whose "New Tales of Old Rome" was one of the most attractive and interesting of last season's holiday books, has just received the greatest prize a literary man can hope for in Italy. For his recent scientific work and more particularly for the publication of the "Forma Urbis Romae," the Accademia Reale della Scienze of Turin has awarded him the triennial prize of 12,000 lire, called the Premio Bressa, from the name of its founder.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for March a novel of contemporary life in the South, entitled "Aliens," by Mary Tappan Wright.

Charles Scribner's Sons have recently issued the following books: "The Valley of Decision," by Edith Wharton, her first long novel; Paulsen's "Immanuel Kant: His Life and Doctrine," translated by Profs. Creighton and Lefevre of Chicago University; "Melo-maniacs," by James Huneker; and a new permanent library edition of Theodore Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders," with forty illustrations and a portrait of the author.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, is publishing many attractive books of art, and his spring announcements are of artistic promise.

The Indian is destined to play a prominent part in the

new spring novels. One of the half-dozen books in which the aborigines appear is "The Heroine of the Strait," by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of "A Daughter of New France." Miss Crowley's latest book is a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, in quoting in his "American Anthology" the poem of the sea, by L. Frank Tooker, called "The Last Fight," says of it that "it will be hard to find in recent literature a ballad more effective in diction, structure, and dramatic power." Mr. Tooker, who comes of a race of seafaring men, and writes out of his practical experience as a sailor, is a graduate of Yale of the class of 1877, and has been on the staff of the Century since 1885.

"The Treaty-Making Powers of the United States," by Charles Henry Butler, is published by the Banks Law Publishing Company, New York, and the work is announced to be of one indispensable to libraries, and government and legal offices.

The fourth edition of Jacob A. Riis's "The Making of An American," has just been issued. It is barely a month since the book was published. One of the interesting bits of news about it is that an edition for the blind is now being prepared by the State of New York. Very few books receive this honor so soon after they are issued.

Among the announcements of D. Appleton & Co., New York, in which California and the West are represented, is Prof. Willis L. Jepson's "Key to the Flora of the Rocky Mountains." Prof. Jepson represents the University of California. President Jordan and Prof. Harold Heath of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University have written "Animal Forms." The list of twentieth-century text-books is extensive and valuable.

The contents of the International Monthly for March include the following articles: "The Military Rule of Obedience," by Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N.; "Glossa & Carducci," by Richard Garnett; "Contemporary French Philosophy," by Alfred Fouillée; "Decay of the Belief in the Devil," by Fred C. Conybeare; "Fairy Lore and Primitive Religion," by William Wells Newell; "Native American Culture; Its Independent Evolution," by A. H. Keane; "Our Work in the Philippines," by Charles A. Conant; "Chronicle of the Month," by Joseph B. Bishop.

Charles Major (Edwin Caskoden) is the author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," one of the recent publications of the Macmillan Company. The book is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The author wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Edmund Gosse is the editor-in-chief of "The Literature of the World Series," published by D. Appleton & Co. "Modern Scandinavian Literature," by Dr. Georg Brandes, is one of the new volumes of the series. The book is said to be one of admirable interest.

On the lists of D. Appleton & Co. are numerous works of fiction represented by the names of Frank R. Stockton, Frank T. Bullen, E. F. Benson, A. C. Lant, F. Frankfort Moore, Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, Sara Jeannette Duncan, Morley Roberts, W. L. Alden and others.

The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, O., announce that Maurus Jokai's "Told by the Death's Head," has just been translated by S. E. Boggs, who also translated his "Nameless Castle." The story opens with the betrayal of a fort by the hero, Hugo, who, while being tried for treason, confesses to other crimes.

The Great People Series, edited by Dr. York Powell, Regius professor of modern history in the University of Oxford, is announced by the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., to aim to give a view of the process by which the leading peoples of the world have become great and the share they have contributed to civilization. "The French People," by Arthur Hassall; "The Spanish People," by Dr. Martin A. S. Hume, have already appeared. "The Russian People," by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly, is in preparation.

## FRENCH WAY TO GET A DIVORCE.

It is just a year ago today since Mlle. Chauvin, the lady barrister, made her first appearance at the Paris bar. Interviewed on her experiences, she states that the fact that she is a woman seems to be forgotten by both bench and bar, and she no longer excites the slightest curiosity at the law courts. She has appeared in some fifty cases during the year, including a divorce case, when she represented the husband and obtained judgment against the unfaithful wife. She far prefers equity work, however, and never wants to enter an assize court. In the first place, she says one has to tell too many untruths there, and secondly, for her part she resolutely refuses to accept a brief unless absolutely convinced of the justice of her client's cause. Mlle. Chauvin looks upon the sickening leniency meted out to murderers in Paris, and especially to murderers, with disgust and stupefaction, and added that no woman need trouble to get a divorce; she only need to kill her husband to obtain freedom and become a popular idol.—[Paris Correspondence, London Telegraph.]

## “ONE SCHNURRBARTBİNDE, PLEASE!”

It is said by West End coiffeurs that schnurrbartbindes will be fashionable this season.

The German Emperor first introduced them into Germany. He has a large collection of them and needs one several times a day. Without them that fierce upward twist of his mustache would soon disappear. A schnurrbartbinde is nothing more or less than a mustache binder.

It is a contrivance of silk gauze on a wire frame, two leather straps and two pieces of elastic web.

The samples now here were brought over by young men, who are wearing the ends of their mustaches pointing upward like church steeples. The maker avers that the Emperor is the inventor.

The schnurrbartbinde, and all the rest of it, is formed somewhat like a bat with wings extended. When Emperor William summons his hairdresser that functionary brings a binder with him. His Imperial Majesty's mustache is tucked up as he wears it, and the schnurrbartbinde is fastened behind his head. It stays there until the Emperor has had his shampoo, and all parts of the face not covered by the contrivance are shaved. Then the binder is removed and the result is that wonderful upward twist.—[Answers.]



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

#### Another Wave Motor.

**R**ICHARD HENRY HANNAH of Ontario, Cal., sends The Times plans and specifications of a wave motor for which he had received a patent. Mr. Hannah believes that this is the most simple, least complicated and easily adjustable wave motor yet invented.

There is certainly a big fortune in store for the man who first brings out a wave motor that will "mote." Hitherto, all of those that have been brought before the public—and there must be hundreds of them in the Patent Office in Washington—have been failures, to a greater or less extent. Many of them work all right, as long as the sea is in its normal condition, but go to pieces when it becomes rough. A motor that has to stop work whenever there is a storm is evidently out of the question. If we could successfully harness the waves, our present sources of cheap power, oil and even electricity from mountain water would be cast in the shade. With our present experience in long-distance transmission of power the waves of the Pacific Ocean could be made to turn every wheel in California.

#### Diamonds in the Golden State.

**C**ALIFORNIA has diamonds; good diamonds, valuable diamonds, and diamonds of her own "raising." Some of them have been found, saved and marketed, some have been ground to pieces in the jaws of the ore crusher, or crushed to powder under the heavy stamps in the reduction mills, and others—no one may say how many others—are awaiting discovery in the soil of the Golden State.

Some few hundred thousand years ago, more or less, that portion of the American continent now known as California lay at the bottom of the ocean. Then old Pluto punched up the fires of the under world and the submerged land got its back up and shook off the waters of the ocean, leaving the ground plan of the Golden State high and dry. Old Pluto, however, kept right on shoveling fuel into his underground furnace, with the result that this edge of the Western Hemisphere began to blister and break out in eruptions, and there were hot times in this vicinity for a while. As there was no one here at the time to get the benefit of this display, old Pluto finally became tired of playing to an empty house, and turned off the fireworks. All up and down the State, however, are the marks of his little tragedy act. The story is read in the lava, trap and ashes, and in the silent craters which once poured them out.

These marks are not peculiar to California. In various parts of the world are records of Pluto's picnics. In several parts of the world it has been ascertained, too, that something more valuable than ashes and lava were left as a memento of the hot time. The diamond mines of Kimberly, South Africa, are in the bowl of an extinct volcano. It has been learned that the diamonds are mostly found about the sides of the crater, where the precious carbon crystallized upon the walls of the shaft. In India, South Africa and many other places similar conditions prevail, and Pluto's sports have proven profitable to certain persons of investigating mind.

What happened in those craters in other parts of the world happened also in some of the craters in California, to a greater or less extent. To just what extent, it remains for the enterprising prospector to demonstrate. It may be that we have no very valuable diamond fields in this country, and it is possible, that the wealth of a Kimberly lies waiting the fortunate discoverer.

Twenty-nine years ago, Chris. Wisner, a California prospector, found a score of diamonds about a mile north of the town of Volcano, in Amador county. He was seeking gold, and was running a tunnel through a gravel formation, which lay beneath forty feet of lava. All the stones were found in his pan while testing the gravel for gold, and within the space of ten or twelve weeks, the length of time he was engaged on the prospect. Some of these stones were a little off color, but the most of them were clear, and they were the genuine stuff. He made no effort to discover the gems, not knowing their value, and in all probability threw away more than he saved. These stones were not large, bringing from \$10 to \$50 each. A Mr. Schmitz found a diamond in the same locality, which weighed one and one-half carats. At French Corral, Nevada county, a number of diamonds have been found, one weighing seven and one-quarter carats. Some fifty or sixty stones have been picked up at Cherokee Flat, the largest of which weighed more than two and one-quarter carats. In a lava-capped channel near Placerville a number of diamonds have been discovered. Messrs. Jacob Lyon, Thomas Potts, A. Brooks, E. Brentfield, Charles Reed, Jeffries, Thomas Ward, Cruson and Olmstead are among those who picked up the precious stones at that place. The last-named gentleman found one which brought him \$300. One California diamond is known to have brought \$500. A number have sold for \$100 each, and numbers of others for half that sum.

In every instance these diamonds have been found in earth or gravel, mixed with lava and volcanic ash, and associated with other volcanic matter, such as zircon, platinum, iridium, magnetite, etc. These conditions being known, it is strange that more systematic prospecting has not been done for this stone. It remains for

some prospector to distinguish himself by bringing to light the great diamond fields of California.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

#### A New Mexico County.

**T**HE Taos Cresset recently published some information regarding this county, which is in the north central part of New Mexico, and has an area about equal to that of the State of Connecticut. After referring to the mining industry, including the Fraser property, upon which a reduction plant to cost a quarter of a million dollars is about half completed, the Cresset goes on to say:

"Next to the mining wealth are the great agricultural possibilities. There are 200,000 acres or more that can easily be brought under cultivation by building reservoirs and the better use of the water supply. Of this only a small portion has been cultivated and yet there was a time, before the advent of a railroad into New Mexico, that Taos county was known as the 'granary of the West.'

"The land now in use shows well what may be done with that lying idle. The cereals grow abundantly, producing twice as much grain per acre as in the Middle and Eastern States. All kinds of vegetables thrive and fruit—small fruits of all kinds and apples, pears, plums, peaches, pears, cherries, etc.—can be raised in abundance.

"Heretofore the sheep industry has been and still is the principal industry of the county, and some 250,000 are grazed here on the plains and mountain slopes.

"Cattle, too, are ranged to a small extent, and hogs and poultry are right at home.

"The vacant land which is mostly covered by Spanish and Mexican grants, is held in large tracts and can be purchased for less than the broker's commission would amount to in the Middle States, and can be watered for an equal amount which will make it at once as valuable and productive as that already in use, and is held at from \$10 to \$50 per acre, and is well worth it.

"Well water can be had at a depth of from fifteen to fifty feet in most places, and the possibilities of the artesian well are yet to be ascertained.

"Taos, the county seat, and headquarters for the Taos Valley, is a town of 1425 (the precinct figures of the census of 1900,) and is a most desirable residence and health location, the winters being very mild and the general temperature even, with about three hundred and fifty clear days in the year. It is a most desirable place to secure a small patch of land and make a home.

"Taos is reached by stage from Tres Piedras, a station thirty-two miles to the northwest on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, to and from which point the shipping of Taos and the Taos Valley is done. The southern part of the valley makes its railroad connections at Embudo and the northern part at Fort Garland and Antonito, on the same railroad."

#### A New Arizona Town.

**T**HE town of Douglas, in the southwestern corner of Arizona, was named after Prof. James Douglas, president of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company. The Douglas International gives the following information about this place:

"The town of Douglas is situated in the Sulphur Springs Valley, Cochise county, Ariz., about twenty-five miles east of Bisbee, on the line of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad.

"As befits an American town, the streets are regularly laid out, crossing each other at right angles. Commencing at the international line and going north the streets are numbered consecutively, and the streets running north and south are lettered, commencing at A, which is the eastern boundary of the town. Eighth, Ninth and Tenth streets are 90 feet wide; F. G. International and Railroad avenues are 100 feet wide; all other streets are 70 feet wide. The blocks are 300x400 feet.

"As far as physical advantages go, Douglas is one of the most admirably situated towns in the Southwest. Located out on a broad plain that slopes gently to the south, where the purifying breezes of this dry climate can have full play, the good health of the town is assured. A plentiful supply of pure water is obtained at a moderate depth, but at such a depth as to preclude contamination by sewage."

#### A Booming Frontier Town.

**T**HE new town of Cananea, located at the copper mines of the Greene Consolidated Company, near the line of Arizona and Sonora, is enjoying an old-fashioned boom. The Arizona Citizen says:

"R. L. Atkinson of St. Louis has returned from Cananea, where he was the guest of Col. J. B. Breathitt. Mr. Atkinson spent some time inspecting the mines and reduction works of the Greene Consolidated Company and, as all visitors to Cananea for the first time, Atkinson is very enthusiastic over the outlook for the great copper camp.

"The railroad," said Mr. Atkinson, "is now completed almost to the smelter. The railroad has reached the mesa where the town site of Cananea is located and the passengers are landed at the station there. The old mining town where the reduction works are located is situated in the cañon beyond the town site and is called Ronquillo by the Mexicans. The narrow gauge railroad is two miles in length and runs from the smelter to the principal mines of the company. Two large converters are being erected near the smelter and will be in operation in about a month. These converters will greatly reduce the cost of production, as the copper matte which was formerly shipped East at great expense will now be refined on the ground."

"The new town of Cananea is enjoying a great boom."

continued Mr. Atkinson. "Lots which for \$250 Mexican money, are now bringing gold. Col. Breathitt, who has charge of real estate interests, has had the plans for erection of a forty-room hotel, which will be in the near future. People are flocking to the hundreds, and every train into the camp is full. Many of the newcomers are compelled to sleep in doors and a number of others live in tents, unable to secure accommodations in houses, and adobe houses are now being erected on site and in less than two months there will be town there where two months ago there was nothing. Many of the miners, who were employed at the smelter, have gone to Cananea, where they have permanent employment. The company now has a small payroll and new men are being added to the camp every day. The camp is very prosperous and everyone is looking forward to continued prosperity, notwithstanding the high cost of living."

#### A Pigeon Farm.

**T**HE Scientific American recently published a portion of a large pigeon farm near Los Angeles, and the following is a portion of the article. There is more enterprises of this kind in Southern California.

"Nowhere in the world, in all probability, can the same pigeons be seen in the air at one time as in Los Angeles. The great flocks which sweep over the Arroyo fairly cloud the sky at times when over the well-wooded portion. The birds are seen from some feeding ground, and if followed, it is traced to possibly the only pigeon ranch in America."

"Southern California is particularly favorable to pigeons. They have few natural enemies, have no scarce, while the perpetual summer is an inducement. The ranch was started some years ago by a man who believed that the squab supply was not in demand, and he continued until he has seven birds, upon which he sold out to the present owner, who made a study of the question, and entered with the same zeal that an orange grower would put into his fruit. Los Angeles has a ranch which has been traced to possibly the only pigeon ranch in America."

"The pigeon ranch covers about eight acres of gravelly ground in the bed of the Los Angeles, where there is an abundance of water. Numerous enormous ark-shaped loft, or pigeon-houses, of various sizes of architecture are concealed by the pigeons which stand billowing and cooing, upon the ground so that at times from a distance it appears as if some of the snow from the neighboring mountains had dropped upon the roof. The increase of the flock is enormous, as may be assumed. If it should fail, or give out, as did that for the Johnsons, Mr. Johnson would be utterly unable to feed in less than two years he would by calculation possible million birds on his hands. Future demand is better than the supply, and the price sent about forty thousand squabs per year."

"The birds which produce this enormous flock are well cared for, the conditions being all but ideal; the main building is sixty feet in length and twenty feet high; the exterior and interior being covered with boxes, on the outside standing in tiers, there are between 5000 and 6000 nests, all so arranged that they can be reached by stairs from the interior, fumigated, cleaned, etc."

"A rapid evolution is going on in the flock, the person, desiring white birds, is eliminating them by selling them, and, as a result, the flock is becoming white, when it was quite the reverse. The statistics of this unique ranch are interesting. The estimated output for the month is 3000, the price being about \$9000 per annum. The average dozen for the birds is about \$3, sometimes \$10. The expense of maintaining such a flock is not inconsiderable, as, contrary to what is supposed, the pigeons do not forage and fly to feed, rarely leaving their home, thus forcing to keep them in good condition. To accommodate birds are fed three times a day, each meal approximately for all, \$5, so the annual food is \$5500. The food consists mainly of wheat, boiled meal and stale bread. The daily consumption about twelve sacks of screenings, eight sacks of meal and many gallons of boiled meal. The bread and fatten given during the week."

"Being conducted on scientific principles, the condition of the birds is excellent. Once a week the great building is disinfected with carbolic acid and water into every crevice, which keeps them free of parasites. Hundreds of straw are used by the birds annually for nesting purposes, which is scattered on the ground and by the men and soon carried away by the birds. No more interesting place in which to study the life of the bird, and all its stages from the egg to old age and the various diseases the pigeons can be observed. The male bird selects a mate and the pair are constant. Young birds begin nesting when between five and six months old; and when have been deposited, the hatching season begins in eighteen days. The pair divide their duty, though the female has the greater part, and is virtually relieved several hours a day."

"The young birds are fed by the mother 'pigeon milk' of fancy for a while, soon eating in less than a month have passed the 'peepers,' 'woolies,' 'squealers,' given them by their owners, and become squabs and marketable. Belongs to the class of game birds that are continually, differing from quail and grouse, of more pronounced individuality; hence they do not tire of them, and the supply is never in demand, at least in Southern California, the fact that, despite the enormous output, it is in the class of luxuries."

## CARE OF THE BODY.

### VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General questions on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the editor a week before the day of publication.]

#### Mosquitoes and Malaria.

MENTIONED in this department several months ago, Dr. Carl Schwalbe of this city, who has made a specialty of the malaria question, went down to Central America in October last, for the purpose of examining his inquiries. He went to Limon, a shipping port in Costa Rica, on the Atlantic Coast, in the center of a great banana-growing section, where the United Fruit Company has 5000 acres in that fruit, and is continually planting more. The banana will only flourish where the land is swampy. The country around Limon is one of the most malarial sections in the world. "Black water" fever, a rare type, is comparatively common.

Consequently, this is an excellent place in which to study the question as to whether mosquitoes do or do not produce malaria.

The town of Limon has been raised from three to four feet above the surface of the surrounding country, and has been answered. It is therefore comparatively healthy, and on the plantations there is a large amount of sickness. Dr. Schwalbe discovered, as a result of his inquiries, that there are no anopheline mosquitoes. Now this variety of mosquitoes is said, by the advocates of the mosquito theory, to be the only one that carries the infection. Consequently, if there are no mosquitoes to carry the infection, mosquitoes cannot be the cause of the malaria which abounds around Limon. Dr. Schwalbe also discovered that the mosquitoes there all sting in the day, as well as the night. This is another blow at the mosquito-malaria theory, the leaders of which claim that the disease can only be transmitted at night, because the mosquitoes only sting at night. This is to get around the fact that noxious gases escape from the ground at night.

The most unhealthy place near Limon is Zent Station, the headquarters of the United Fruit Company. There is so much sickness there that the company thought of abandoning the station. Dr. Schwalbe visited the place, and found that the building in which the employees live is built flat on the soil. There is a river running under the house and disappearing through the surface into the underlying gravel. This would be sufficient to account for malaria, without having to fall back on the suggestion of mosquitoes.

While in Limon, Dr. Schwalbe bought a dog. Dogs are especially liable to malarial infection and this one developed all the symptoms.

Advocates of this new and peculiar theory that all malaria is caused by stings from mosquitoes have been growing rather low of late. They are ashamed to admit that the big fabric they have constructed is erected on thin foundation, and would rather let the subject completely disappear. Meantime, there is every reason to believe that the old and well-established theory, which attributes malaria to poisonous exhalations from the ground, is the correct one. These gases are specially liable in newly-turned ground. As a precaution, it is well to sleep at some elevation above the ground. At Limon, Dr. Schwalbe added to this precaution the setting of netting saturated with lime over the opening in his room, so as to counteract the effect of the noxious gases.

Schwalbe is preparing an article descriptive of his experiences in Central America for the Southern California Practitioner.

#### Case of la Grippe.

IN this department, on Sunday last, there was published an extract from an article on la grippe, in a publication. In the article the writer showed that la grippe is mainly due to overeating and overdrinking, which lower the resisting power of the nervous system. He showed that the disease is simply an effort to throw off impurities, and that they pass through the mucous membrane, that being the line of resistance. To facilitate recovery, he advised fast and sweating.

Had this article been turned in, when the editor of this department had an opportunity of confirming the truth of these remarks. He was seized one evening with what promised to be a severe attack of la grippe. There were dry skin, high fever, throbbing head, a superabundance of mucus and a loathing of food. He remained in bed all next day, taking no medicine, and drinking plentifully of distilled water.

A decoction of pomelo, made by slicing the entire fruit, peels, seeds and all, and pouring thereon about a cup of water, which is then set by to cool, a tumbler being taken several times a day. This is far better than quinine, a drug which frequently produces injurious after-effects.

That night there was a most profuse perspiration, showing that nature was doing her work.

The next day the patient remained in bed, taking as a drink, a cup of thin gruel and a plate of tomato with plenty of water in between. Again that night he bathed in perspiration, and the next morning felt really well—indeed, better than for many months previously—but remained in bed for another twenty-four hours, as a precaution.

My approach to medicine was a teaspoonful, about once a day, of potash water, made by mixing a teaspoonful of chloride of potash in a glass of water. This should not be taken on an empty stomach, and is very valuable for this purpose in diphtheria. The cure would doubtless have been further facil-

itated had some artificial means of inducing perspiration been resorted to, such as a cabinet bath, or a wet pack. The body was, of course, sponged off with tepid water after the night sweats.

Had the usual drug treatment been resorted to, in conjunction with beef tea, whisky and so forth, there is little doubt that this attack of la grippe would have lasted at least a month, and it might have run into pneumonia.

#### Physicians as Advertising Agents.

THE TIMES recently wrote to an eastern firm which manufactures an excellent hygienic food, adapted to a certain class of invalids—one of the very few foods of the kind favorably reported on by State and United States analytical chemists—that they might greatly improve the demand for their product by doing a little advertising. A letter was received, of which the following are extracts:

"The principal reason that we are not advertising in a general way is on account of the feeling among physicians, that it is a medico-health food, and physicians are appreciating it to such an extent that they are pleased to have the privilege of prescribing it and of having the people know about it through them. We are advertising wholly with the physicians. They seem to appreciate this fact, and from many sources we have been advised that as long as we keep our advertising strictly in the line of the medical field, the various societies would support it much better. This has been borne out in our experience. At first we commenced to advertise somewhat in a general way, and found that it did not pay nearly so well. One dollar spent with the physicians seems to bring us better returns than several dollars in newspapers or general advertising, so that we have adopted it as a system and are following it closely at present. . . . Whenever you speak or write about it is really for humanity's sake."

Now, in the language of the street, "wouldn't that jar you?" The professional ethics of the medical fraternity will not permit them to do any advertising themselves in the papers—that is to say, no paid advertising—but it seems that they are not disinclined to turn an "honest penny" by acting as advertising agents for others.

This leads up to the inquiry: How many food preparations, drugs and other things are thus "boosted" by private arrangement between the manufacturers and practicing physicians? The doctrine of medical ethics seems to an outsider, almost as difficult of comprehension as that of Christian Science.

#### A Simple Diphtheria Cure.

THE following extract from a newspaper has been handed to The Times, with the request that it be published in this department:

"Ruth Lockwood, the nine-year-old child of Thomas Lockwood, a compositor in the New York Times office, became violently ill with diphtheria on a Tuesday night. She was so weak that it was deemed dangerous to try tracheotomy or cutting open of the windpipe. On Thursday, Dr. Nichols of No. 117 West Washington place, who was attending her, received a copy of the Paris *Figaro*, which contained a report made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Delthil, who said that the vapors of oil of tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous exudations which choke up the throat, in croup and diphtheria. Dr. Delthil's process was described. He pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a tin pan or cup, and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which obscures the air of the room. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop; the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membranes soon become detached, and the patient coughs up the microbicides. These, when caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers. Dr. Nichols tried this treatment with little Ruth Lockwood. She was gasping for breath when he visited her. First pouring about two tablespoonsfuls of liquified tar on an iron pan, he poured as much turpentine over it and set it on fire. As the rich resinous smoke filled the room, the child's breathing became natural, and, as it grew dense, she fell asleep with the above results."

#### Dancing.

IN THIS department of The Times, on February 23, reference was made to a physician's criticism on the modern style of dancing, from a hygienic standpoint, the point being that under the stimulus of the surroundings, delicate women often overstrain themselves, and lay the foundation for many ailments peculiar to their sex. In reference to this article, the following communication has been received from a Los Angeles woman, who signs herself "An American Mother of an American Girl."

"In your Magazine Section of The Sunday Times of February 23, under the heading, Care of the Body, you published an article on 'Dancing,' which any self-respecting girl or woman is bound to resent.

"I do not wonder you suppress the name of the so-called physician. If you had suppressed the article, you would have done better.

"His statistics as to distances covered in an ordinary dance may be correct, also his assertion that few of the 'frail American girls' but would be horrified at the idea of walking five miles across country on a cool and pleasant day." If the learned (?) physician would continue his valuable researches, he would, no doubt, discover that the 'frail American girl' is very much in the minority, and that the joyous, light-hearted, light-footed American girl, who dances for the pure pleasure of keeping graceful, rhythmic time to exhilarating music, is the one who covers the three-quarters of a mile in the waltz, and that he himself is hopelessly behind the times when he speaks of the 'galop' and the ordinary square dance.

"He insults every dancing American girl when he says 'under the stimulus of bright lights, lascivious music, and close contact with persons of the opposite sex,' etc. [These were remarks of The Times.—Ed.] What is 'lascivious music'?" I never heard any. In my estimation the words are distinctly antagonistic. If a

thing is lascivious, how can it possess beauty in any form, and music is beautiful? And there is no 'close contact with persons of the opposite sex' in the minuet, the cotillon and various other of the figure dances, which have displaced the old square dances, and yet they are quite as popular as the round dances.

"As for the attractions of the opposite sex, how account for the enthusiastic attendance at the little afternoon dance at our own Normal School, where the 'lascivious music' is produced by one of the girls playing on a tin pan of a piano; the 'bright lights' are the light of God's sunshine, and where five-sixths of the girls dance with each other, for there are only twenty-six young men in the whole school to about four hundred young women, and very few of the former attend the dances.

"I fear the anonymous physician has been pursuing his investigations in places where he should not, and where dissipations other than dancing are responsible to a certain extent for the hinted collapse on the following day. We read in the papers of such places, but he should not publish them as examples of the modern American dancing party, or class the American girl with the habitués of such.

"I advise the doctor to 'go and get wise.'

"It may be true that the 'frail American girl' is very much in the minority, but what percentage of American girls, who reach the age of 25, are free from womb complaints and nervous ailments?

It may readily be admitted that the majority of American girls dance "for pure pleasure of keeping graceful, rhythmic time to exhilarating music." Still, there is a great variety of disposition among women, as among men. There are some girls who cannot grasp the hand of a person of the opposite sex without feeling a thrill of animal passion, like an electric shock. Again, there are many to whom such feelings are entirely unknown.

The correspondent says she never heard of "lascivious music." This shows that she is ignorant on the subject. She should read the Kreutzer Sonata, by Tolstoy, which is based upon this theme. With music you may play upon the human passions as upon the keys of an instrument. This is a well-recognized fact. We may be sure that when the boy David played upon his harp to soothe the nerves of mad King Saul, he did not choose some melody like the "Marseillaise," or the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Nor would a leader, who wished to key his followers up to deeds of valor and daring, order his military band to play "Ben Bolt" or "Home, Sweet Home." Those are not the kind of tunes that make men grit their teeth and wait impatiently for a chance to plunge their weapons into the vitals of the enemy. But there are such tunes, as we all know. Also are there tunes which arouse the sexual instincts.

The correspondent does not understand how anything that is lascivious can possess beauty, in any form. This, again, shows that she has not investigated the question deeply. She should take a trip through the Orient—although it is not necessary to go so far to prove the error of this opinion. Ancient history abounds with stories of women whose beauty has brought the world to their feet, and who, if they were not lascivious, have no fitting adjective in the dictionary. Nor are we, surely, lacking in such examples in modern times. Unfortunately for the world, beauty and virtue do not always go together. Some of the most deadly snakes are models of symmetrical beauty, as are some of the most poisonous flowers found in the tropics.

As to the modern round dance, from the standpoint of morality, or even decency, it would certainly have astonished the eyes of our great grandmothers. It astonished Byron, as we may learn from his well-known verses on the subject, and he was certainly not a man to be shocked at trifles. The modern waltz, in its variety—the bunny-hug and so forth—have, however, advanced to a point which makes the waltz of Byron's time appear old-fashioned and proper. It is absurd to claim that is such close contact between the sexes as this—when they sail around a room closely embraced in each other's arms, under the influence of bright lights and music that is often lascivious—can have no harmful effect upon the delicate female organization of the normal girl. What effect it has upon the average man, we all know—and they sometimes admit it to each other, in the seclusion of the club. If the girl is not affected in any manner by participating in an up-to-date modern waltz, it only shows that she is devoid of the sexual instinct, which, by the way, is the case with more civilized women of this generation than is usually supposed. We have become accustomed to this sort of thing, just as in the big cities they have grown accustomed to the extreme décolleté in dress, and other things of the kind. But because we are accustomed to such things, it does not by any means follow that they are right and fitting. It is not surprising that Orientals, when for the first time they visit a modern ballroom, open their eyes in wonder, and find difficulty in believing that the women who participate are respectable.

This, however, is drifting away from the main subject, which is, that the modern dance, lasting the greater part of the night, and usually held in rooms that are ill-ventilated, is exceedingly injurious to women of delicate constitutions who, under the stimulus of excitement, put forth a degree of exertion which they would be utterly unable to do in the daytime, in cold blood, and in the open air.

The editor of this department is neither a prude nor a bigot. He believes that dancing, under proper conditions, and to a reasonable extent, is a healthy and harmless form of gymnastics, but the modern fashionable ball is neither healthy nor harmless. Morally, it has proved the stepping-stone to many on the downward path. Statistics of prostitution in New York and London show that a larger percentage of women attribute their downfall to dancing than to any other cause, with the single exception of love of dress. It will do the "American Mother of an American Girl" no harm to bear these things in mind, even if she does not believe them.

This is somewhat of a homily, but it is justified by the importance of the subject. As to the closing paragraph of the correspondent's letter, we all need more wisdom, God knows, and so far as the editor of this department is concerned, he is constantly striving to attain it in his own feeble way.

## ANDIRON TALES.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER VI.—THE LITERARY BELLOWS.

"What kept you so long?" asked the Poker, as the Andiron and Bellows came up. "Was our friend Bellows out of breath, or what?"

"No, I wasn't out of breath," said the Bellows. "I never am out of breath. You might as well expect a grocer to be out of groceries as a bellows to be out of breath. I wasn't long, either—at least, no longer than usual, which is two foot three. A longer bellows than that would be useless for our purpose. I simply didn't want to come, that's all. I was very busy writing when they interrupted me."

"It was very kind of you to come when you didn't want to," said Tom.

"No, it wasn't," said the Bellows. "I didn't want to come then, I don't want to be here now, and I wouldn't blow the cloud an inch for you if I didn't have to."

"But why do you have to?" asked Tom.

"I'm outvoted, that's all," replied the Bellows. "You see, my dear Weasel—"

"Dormouse," whispered the Poker.

"I mean Dormouse," said the Bellows, correcting himself. "You see, I believe in everybody having a say in

bellows cakes. But come, let's hurry up with the cloud. I want to get back to my desk. I have a poem to finish before breakfast."

This statement interested Tom hugely. He had read many a book, but never before had he met a real author, and even if the Bellows had been a man, so long as he was a writer, Tom would have looked upon him with awe.

"Excuse me," he said hesitatingly, as the Bellows began to wheeze away at the cloud. "Do you really write?"

"Well, no," said the Bellows. "No, I don't write, but I blow a story or two now and then. You see, I can't write because I haven't any hands, but I can wheeze out a tale to a stenographer once in a while which any magazine would be glad to publish if it could get hold of it. One of my stories, called *Sparks*, blew into a powder magazine once and it made a tremendous noise in the world when it came out."

"I wish you would tell me one," said Tom.

"Are you a stenographer?" asked the Bellows.

"No," said Tom, "but I like stories just the same."

"Well," said the Bellows, "I'll tell you one about Jimmie Tompkins and the red apple."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom. "I love red apples."

"So did Jimmie Tompkins," said the Bellows, "and that's why he died. He ate a red apple while it was green and it killed him."

There was a pause for an instant, and the Bellows redoubled his efforts to move the cloud, which for some reason or other did not stir easily.

"Go ahead," said Tom, when he thought he had waited long enough for the Bellows to resume.

"What on?" asked the Bellows.

with A and went right straight through the Z."

"But the poems?" demanded Tom.

"They were unwritten, just as the title says the Bellows. You see that left everything in imagination, which is a great thing in poetry."

"Didn't people complain?" Tom asked.

"Everybody did," replied the Bellows, "but just what I wanted. I agreed to answer one complaint accompanied by 10 cents in postage. Eight million complaints alone brought me in over and above all expenses, which were few in complaint."

"But what was your answer?" demanded Tom.

"I merely told them that my book stood upon merits, and that if they didn't like my unwritten poems, they could write some of their own on the title of the book. It was a perfectly fair proposition," the Bellows replied.

"I think I like written poetry best, though Tom.

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"What do you think about it, Righty?" he asked of the Andiron.

"Oh, I don't think anything about it," replied Righty. "I haven't watched poetry much. You see, I don't see much of it. People light fires more with newspapers than with poetry."

"What I've seen burns well," observed the Bellows, "and don't make much ashes to get in your eyes; but, say, Wheezy, if you'll do your best, this cloud rather than about your poetry we'll go somewhere."

"Very well," said the Bellows; "fasten your belt tight and turn up your collars. I'm going to be a regular tornado."

And he was as good as his word, for, exposing himself to the utmost limit, he gave a tremendous roar which nearly blew Tom from his perch, and flying off into space and smashed the cloud in separate pieces, one of which, bearing the Poker, was rapidly off to the north, while the other flew south, east and west, respectively.

"Hi, there," cried Righty, as he perceived the damage done to their fleecy chariot. "What are you going to do?" "Pull in—pull in, for goodness sake, or we'll go together again!"

"There's no satisfying you fellows," growled Tom. "First I don't blow enough, and then I'm too much."

"Stop growling and haul us back again," said the Poker.

The Bellows began to haul in his breath again by a process of suction soon had the four pieces bursted cloud back together again.

"By jingo!" panted Lefty. "That was a cape. Two seconds more and and this party been a goner. Even as it is, you've twisted it so I'll never get it back in shape again," said the Andiron.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the Bellows, "but it's all my own fault. You asked me to blow the cloud, and I did. You didn't say where you wanted it blown."

"You needn't have blown it to smithereens," retorted the Poker. "It doesn't seem to ask a question now and then."

"Where then?" demanded the Bellows.

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[To be continued.]

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## A HAPPY FAMILY.

## THE STORY OF A DOG, A CAT, A RABBIT, THREE BOYS AND A GIRL.

By a Special Contributor.

"YOU SEE I CAN'T WRITE BECAUSE I HAVEN'T ANY HANDS," SAID THE BELLOWS.

regard to everything. I always have everything I can put to a vote. Consequently, when Righty here came down and asked me to help blow the cloud over and I said that I wouldn't do it, he called Lefty in, and we put it to a vote as to whether I'd have to or not. They voted that I must and I voted that I needn't, and, of course, that beat me; so here I am."

"Well, it's very good of you, just the same," said the Poker. "You aren't quite as good-natured as I am, but you come pretty near it. Most people would have left a matter of that kind entirely to themselves and then voted the way they felt like voting. You aren't selfish, any-how."

"Yes, I am," said the Bellows. "I'm awfully selfish."

"You're not, either," said the Poker.

"Oh, goodness!" ejaculated the Bellows, "what's the use of fighting? I say I am."

"Let's have a vote on it," said Righty. "I vote he isn't."

"So do I," said Tom.

"Me, too," said Lefty.

"Those are my sentiments likewise," put in the Poker. "Oh, very well, then, I'm not," said the Bellows, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but I do wish you'd let me have my own way about some things. I want to be selfish, even if I'm not."

"Well, we are very sorry," said the Poker, "but we can't let you be; we need you too much to permit you to be selfish. Besides, you're too good a fellow to be selfish: I knew a boy who was selfish once, and he got into all sorts of trouble. Nobody liked him, and once when he gave a big dinner to a lot of other boys not one of them would come, and he had to eat all the dinner himself. The result was that he overate himself, ruined his digestion, and all the rest of his life had to do without pies and cake and other good things. It served him right, too. Do you think we are going to let you be like that, Mr. Bellows?"

"I suppose not," said the Bellows, "but stories about selfish boys don't frighten me. I'm a bellows, not a boy. I don't give dinners and I don't eat pie and cake. Plain air is good enough for me, and I wouldn't give a cent for all the other good eatables in the world except doughnuts. I like doughnuts because, after all, they are only

"On your story about Jimmie Tompkins and the red apple," Tom answered.

"Why, I've told you that story," retorted the Bellows. "Jimmie ate the red apple and died. What more do you want? That's all there is to it."

"It isn't a very long story," suggested Tom, ruefully, for he was much disappointed.

"Well, why should it be?" demanded the Bellows. "A story doesn't have to be long to be good, and as long as it is all there—"

"I know," said Tom; "but in most stories there's a lot of things put in that help to make it interesting."

"All padding!" sneered the Bellows, "and that I will never do. If a story can be told in five words, what's the use of padding it out to 5000?"

"None," said Tom, "except that you can't make a book out of a story of five words."

"Oh, yes, you can," said the Bellows airily. "It isn't any trouble at all if you only know how, and in the end you have a much more useful book than if you made it a million words long. You can print the five words on the first page and leave the other 500 pages blank, so that after you get through with the volume as a story book you can use it for a blank book or a diary. Most books nowadays are so full of story that when you get through with them there isn't anything else you can do with the book."

"It's a new idea," said Tom with a laugh.

"And all my own invention, too," said the Bellows proudly.

"He's the most inventive bellows that ever was," put in the Poker, "that is, in a literary way. How many copies of your book of 'Unwritten Poems' did you sell, Wheezy?" he added.

"Eight million," returned the Bellows. "That was probably my greatest literary achievement."

"'Unwritten Poems,' eh?" said Tom, to whom the title seemed curious.

"Yes," said the Bellows. "The book had 300 pages, all nicely bound—twenty-six lines to a page—and each beginning with a capital letter, just as poetry should. Then, so as to be quite fair to all the letters, I began

with A and went right straight through the Z."

"But the poems?" demanded Tom.

"They were unwritten, just as the title says the Bellows. You see that left everything in imagination, which is a great thing in poetry."

"Didn't people complain?" Tom asked.

"Everybody did," replied the Bellows, "but just what I wanted. I agreed to answer one complaint accompanied by 10 cents in postage. Eight million complaints alone brought me in over and above all expenses, which were few in complaint."

"But what was your answer?" demanded Tom.

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## A HAPPY FAMILY.

## THE STORY OF A DOG, A CAT, A RABBIT, THREE BOYS AND A GIRL.

By a Special Contributor.

Nan was a lank, awkward girl, endow which seemed preternaturally long on one leanness, and which were always invoking the family by kicking against or upsetting Her Pa used to say that she did not know going on at the end of the limbs; they were unware of what Nan lacked in outward grace was by her cheerful, contented spirit and grace. She was never daunted by obstacles, nor untoward circumstances; she knew a way

March 16, 1902.]

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

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difficulty and was the prop and stay of her overworked mother.

Nan had three brothers, who sometimes tried to take advantage of the fact that she was the only girl. They never succeeded.

Nan and her family lived in three rooms and a back porch, second floor back. Narrow quarters for a family of six, especially when they kept one or more pets, which they usually did. However, they knew how to "conserve"—particularly Nan. By transforming the family bedroom into a "parlor" during the day, utilizing the stair landing as a storeroom and as an abiding place for the toolbox, hiding the flour barrel behind the "dining-room" door, and hanging a dry goods box outside the kitchen window for a pantry, they materially enlarged their otherwise crowded quarters, for Nan had come honestly by her long limbs; the whole family was long-legged. However, there was always room for more, despite Ma's protestations to the contrary.

At one time there were three pets in the household—a canary bird, a black cat and a Newfoundland pup of doubtful pedigree.

Shag, the pup, was full of good nature and rarely interfered with the black cat; he knew better. And the black cat kept an eye on the canary bird, who never seemed so happy and carolsome as when Ma ran the new old sewing machine, that dated back to the days of Howe.

Vacation was over. The boys had had fine romps with Shag along the railroad track and among the adjacent lumber yards. They had been told not to go there and that's why they did it and had so much fun. Now the boys were going to school much against their will. Regretfully they looked out of the schoolroom window on the enticing lumber piles that they so loved to clamber over, followed by devoted Shag, while over under the dirty old yard engine was switching cars of all descriptions, some flat and some filled with bellowing cattle. The boys knew the name and number of every engine that ever pulled into the depot, and claimed personal acquaintance with every brakeman, engineer and master of the road—and this was the eastern terminus of the great Pacific Railroad. No small matter, but the two were equal to it.

While the youngsters were languishing in the schoolroom, Shag was left to his own devices, for Nan was at home, looking after the flour barrel behind the door, wherein she thought she detected an unwelcome presence. It was a new barrel of flour, filled to the brim with white flour and covered with a clean white cloth, partly to protect the flour from dust andious intruders and partly for appearance's sake. Shag seemed to be going on under that white cloth. Nan shot out a long arm, pounced upon the moving object, screened by the cloth, giving it a convulsive squeeze, and called for Ma. And Ma found a dead mouse in the clutch of her young daughter. Nan wasn't hardened, only energetic and long-limbed.

Meanwhile Shag was lonely and seeking amusement: he sought the forbidden lumber yard and tried to be useful without the boys. But it wasn't a bit cheerful. His tail drooped and his step lagged. He crept under a lumber pile, where, in happier hours, he had played and barked. Here he lay, with his nose between his extended paws, blinking lazily, and occasionally snapping at an insistent fly, when his attention was suddenly aroused by a white object, bobbing over the way. Up sprang Shag and after it. Sudden life was into both. Away they sped with all the instincts of the hunter and the hunted keenly alive.

Around a pile of lumber, over another, then under a third pile of boards—and Shag howled with rage and disappointment, for his lawful prey was beyond his reach. He scratched and clawed the ground, and yelped with frantic excitement. Just then Nan came along the yard, and, attracted by the noise, stopped to investigate. She thought Shag had thrown discretion to the wind and was after the black cat.

At this time he had dug quite a hole under the boards and the object of his chase, cowering just beyond the reach of his paws. The yard rang with his yelping.

"Way, Shag!" said Nan. "Shame on you to tease me! Go 'way, I say!"

Going down with her head on the ground, Nan under the lumber. A white, instead of a black, met her eyes.

"It's a bunny!" she said, compassionately. "Shag, don't go 'way—." Reaching out her long arms, she took the trembling little creature to her protective bosom, where she quickly wrapped around it, while Shag expressed his feelings by vociferous barking and wild barking around Nan and her precious burden.

The family circle was once more enlarged. The two were wild with delight. In course of time Shag forgot all feelings of hereditary animosity—he possessed all the good nature of his breed, despite his lineage—and became fast friends with bunny.

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named "Grizzly," on account of his growly ways—otherwise a fine lad—acted in the capacity of chainbearer to a company of surveyors. His family were very proud of him on that account. He tramped the country extensively in connection with the chain, and always returned to the bosom of his family with a ravenous appetite.

On this particular day he brought with him something beside hunger. It was something in a gunny sack.

Nan, Joe and Toodles crowded around him as he untied the bag.

"Look out," cried Dick, "it bites." Just then it escaped from its close quarters and dropped upon the back porch.

"It was a coon! A live, biting, snarling coon! Snapping viciously at its captors. The boys drew back in alarm from the sharp claws and teeth of the infuriated animal. What was to be done? They did not want their new acquisition to escape by tumbling down the back stairs, or by backing off the porch to the yard three stories below.

Nan, always equal to any emergency, seized the gunny bag, threw it suddenly from the rear over the vicious little brute, picked it up with a firm grasp, and threw it into the half-empty coal box, shutting the lid with a bang and plumping herself on the latter to secure her prize.

A yell of triumph went up from the boys.

"Nan, you're a trump," they shouted. "Three cheers for Nan," piped Little Toodles.

The coon proved an interesting pet. He was very fierce and unruly at first. And why shouldn't he be? To be taken from his accustomed haunts in the green forests to a dingy coal bin on a city back porch, away from kith and kin, to dwell with a tribe of animals whose speech was to him as Greek; with no facilities for washing his food, much less his face.

It was hard! No wonder he spent his days in rebellious anger.

Gradually, like a true philosopher, he became reconciled to his change of circumstances. He found that the strange kind of animal that had brought all this misery upon him meant him no ill, but really wanted to be on good terms with him. And when they, in their turn, began to understand that "Jack," as they called him, was very fastidious in his habits and liked to wash his food before he ate it, even though it had to be a dry wash, they—imitating Nan's method—took him out of the dark, smoky coal bin and placed him in a nice, clean kennel, which Joe, the skilled one of the family, had ingeniously constructed out of a discarded soap box.

Here he was given a dish of water, wherein he might perform his ablutions agreeable with his wash-bean nature. This change improved his temper to such a degree that ere long he was permitted to roam about the porch at the end of three feet of chain, attached to his domicile.

This was quite an improvement in the situation. Jack became quite good-natured and even playful. He felt inclined to show his teeth when Shag was first introduced to him, but when he discovered, on further acquaintance, what a kind-hearted beast Shag was, he gradually became less stiff in his manner.

However, there never was any affinity between Jack and the black cat. He was willing to make friends with the whole tribe, but never with that yellow-eyed spitfire.

To cut the story short, incredible as it will seem, Jack became as tame as Bunny and Shag, and would take part in the household frolics with as great delight as any of them.

It seemed a bit like old times when Nan, Shag and Bunny, Joe and Jack, with small Toodles trailing in the rear, went racing up and down the rooms. Jack finally became quite happy; perfectly so! He found a place wherein to burrow. And where in all the three rooms and the back porch do you suppose he found a place to indulge himself in this inherent propensity? Listen! Between the mattresses of Pa and Ma's big bed! Yes! During seasons of quietude, when Ma and Nan would sit at the front window, they would see the big bed begin to heave in little hillocks. Then they knew that Jack was at his old tricks and had crept between the bedding.

Nevertheless, the entire family were very happy in their mutual relations. But this is a world of changes; the happiest must learn the pains of woe, and none may hope to escape trial or affliction.

It became apparent that Shag, dear, kind-hearted Shag, who would share his last bone with Jack, even if Jack had no use for bones—was ailing. His fur began to drop off in spots. Horror of all horrors! He had the mange, and—consistent with his kind heart—introduced it to the family! In return, he was banished forever from the scenes of his puphood's joys. His end is veiled in mystery.

Too late, alas! Jack, dear, cunning little Jack, had, in his intimate friendship with Shag—they had learned to sleep side by side—contracted the fell disease, and likewise began to look mangy.

This made the situation serious. Pa and Ma thought, when they recalled to mind Jack's visits to the big bed. Amid tears and lamentations, Jack also was made away with. That is, Dick, in great mercy, carried him back in the gunny bag to his old home in the woods, there to recover from the contamination of an evil world.

But alas for Nan and her family! They, too, began to feel mangy, though they did not lose their hair in spots. Of this we are positive.

For weeks they mourned the loss of their pets and the acquisition of the pest. Nightly, wails of anguish rent the air, when Ma applied the sulphur wash to the mangy back of her progeny.

Spring came. All was well again. And the yellow eyes of the black cat gleamed with triumphant satisfaction.

A. D. G.

New Customer: Is that your dog?

Hairdresser: Yes, sir.

New customer: He seems very fond of watching you cut hair.

Hairdresser: It's not that, sir. Sometimes I make a mistake and take little pieces of shentlemen's ears.—[Tin Bits.]

## EVENING FUN.

A NOVEL SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY—TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.

By a Special Contributor.

Nothing gives greater pleasure, especially during the long evenings of winter, than the ability to perform some simple and yet mystifying tricks, or to be able to suggest some puzzles which seem to be "brain twisters."

Quite a number of soap bubble parties have been given, and the bubble blowing will always be popular. A novelty may be introduced by some member of a soap-bubble party which will mystify all the others if the party doing it can keep his secret. Let the one who is going to introduce the novelty fill the bowl of his pipe, of course secretly, with cotton wool soaked in gasoline. He takes the place at the table and proceeds to blow bubbles in the ordinary manner, but there is this difference, the bubbles which are blown from his pipe will be found to explode in a bright flame when approached with a light, much to the astonishment of the others, whose bubbles are only watery vapor, upon which light has no effect except to dissolve them.

Another interesting trick can be played on the same evening because pipes are being used. Get two empty and clean pipes like those used for bubble blowing, pass them round for examination, and they will appear to be unprepared. The bowls are then placed one over the other, when the performer, by simply inserting the stems in his mouth, commences to blow clouds of smoke from the pipes.

The explanation is as follows: In one of the bowls you have secretly poured a few drops of hydrochloric acid (spirits of salts,) while in the other you have placed a few drops of ammonia. It is not likely that the presence of so small a quantity of liquid, which most likely will have passed into the stem, will be noticed. The union of the two chemicals produces a thick vapor, which has all the appearance of smoke produced from tobacco. To vary the trick and add to the mystery a glass tumbler and a small tea plate may be prepared in the same way, by putting the hydrochloric acid in the tumbler and the ammonia in the plate; to all appearance both are perfectly empty. You quickly place the plate over the tumbler, and cover both with a pocket handkerchief; you then begin to blow the cloud from your prepared pipes and removing the stem from your mouth order the smoke to enter the tumbler; be careful not to get the acid in your mouth; get some one to remove the handkerchief and the tumbler will appear to be filled with the smoke. Everyone will wonder how you managed to do it, but you can keep your secret and make them think you are possessed of occult powers.

To prevent close questioning the amateur should be prepared to follow up a trick with another or else with a puzzle or conundrum which takes the minds of those present from the last trick.

For example, you may ask if they are aware of the peculiar properties of the numbers 37 and 73? They will answer in the negative and you will tell them that the number 37 being multiplied by each of the numbers in the arithmetical progression 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, and so on up to and including 27, all the products will be composed of three similar figures, and the sum is always equal to the number by which 37 was multiplied. For example:

37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27

111 222 333 444 555 666 777 888 999

Add together the three figures in each product and you have the amount of the multiple. The number 73 being multiplied by each of the forementioned progressive numbers, the products will terminate by one of the nine digits, in reverse order: 73 multiplied by 3 equals 219, by 6 gives 438, by 9 equals 657, and so on until the terminal figures are 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1.

## AN ARAB MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

A marriage procession among the Arabs is a very elaborate affair. The camel which bears the bride is decorated with bright henna dye on his neck and shoulders, while there are verses from the Koran inscribed on the hangings. His uncouth legs are often swathed with bright cloths, his head bedecked with plumes and small mirrors, while his back is resplendent with bright-colored bits of tinsel, which glisten against a patchwork of many-hued cloths. A hood or cage conceals the bride, and no doubt adds to the discomfort of the cramped ride on the beast. There are attendants, and last of all the musicians, chiefly drummers, who attract the crowds by their incessant pounding on small but high-keyed instruments.

If the journey to the groom's home is a short one it is lengthened by stops at frequent intervals, and all the while the lover must not show any eagerness to welcome her, no matter what his feelings may be. The Arab may be affectionate, but he cannot with dignity betray emotion. Among the lower classes buffoons accompany the procession with performing bears or other wild animals, and when the bride is wealthy largess is distributed along the route in the form of clothes or coin. When the groom's tent or fixed home has been reached the bride is expected to show great reluctance about entering it, and in some cases she has to be lifted by the husband over the blood of a sheep he has just slain.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

## AN INCENDIARY'S AWFUL VENGEANCE.

On the night of the Russian New Year a terrible conflagration devastated one of the quarters of Tomsk. Thirty buildings were destroyed and eighteen persons perished in the flames. The disaster had its origin in the act of a peasant who, from hatred to a relative, set fire to the latter's house, causing his death and that of his wife and three young children. Fanned by the wind, the flames spread with frightful rapidity among the surrounding buildings.—[London Pall Mall Gazette.]

## DOMESTICS IN AFRICA. UNIQUE NAMES AND METHODS OF THE KAFFIR BOYS.

From the New York Tribune.

**A**VIVID picture of domestic conditions in South Africa was given yesterday to a Tribune representative by Mrs. A. A. Blow.

Mrs. Blow was the originator of the idea of the hospital ship Maine, the gift of Americans in England to the British troops in South Africa. Her husband was manager of a mine in South Africa, and Mrs. Blow lived there for several years. In recalling the domestic problem as it exists in that region, she said:

"Most of the work is done by Kaffirs, who, like the Southern negroes in slavery times, are called 'boys,' no matter what their age may be.

"When the Kaffir boys come from the kraals no one ever uses their native names. As soon as they are brought in contact with the whites they take a 'white' name. This produces results which are not lacking in elements of humor. Among the house boys 'Knife,' 'Fork,' and 'Spoon' were common names. 'Table,' 'Chair,' 'Carriage,' 'Watch' and 'Matchbox' were other names that I had in the house at various times. My butler rejoiced in the stately appellation of 'New One.' It was when the slang phrase, 'That's a new one on me,' was prevailing.

"One of my house boys took the utilitarian name of 'Ham an' Eggs. The Kaffirs are very fond of rice, when they learn to eat it among the whites, and our stable boy thought he had found the nicest name in the world in 'Rice.' But the Kaffirs have the same difficulty as the Chinese in pronouncing the letter 'r,' and so poor Rice always called himself 'Lice.' Down at the mine they would take 'PICK AND SHOVEL,' and all such expressions in common use.

"One day the wife of one of the carpenters sent down to the compound for a boy to do her kitchen work. The boy heard one expression in frequent use at the mine. It had struck him as euphonious and pleasing, and so, when she asked him his name, he calmly replied 'Dam Fool.'

"Why, I can't call you that," said she, horrified. "I will call you Joseph." The boy flew into a rage. He said 'Dam Fool' was a 'moochie gum' (a 'nice name'), and that if he could not have that name he would not work for her. He was so stubborn about it that she either had to use the name or send him back to the compound. Eventually she kept him, and she told me that it was a relief to her feelings sometimes to have a kitchen boy answering to just that name.

### The Cooking is Poor.

"We had ten Kaffirs in the house, but I never could quite bring myself to eat Kaffir cooking. It was apt to be weird. We had an English housekeeper who did the cooking. But one time I took her down to Johannesburg for a week's vacation, and Candise, who was her chief assistant, took charge of the cuisine in her absence. All the boys were fond of Mr. Blow, and Candise was very anxious to serve him properly. One night he brought in a baked custard for dessert. He had seen the cook prepare it, and had followed her example with anxious care. When Mr. Blow tasted it he thought for a moment he was in the clutches of a nightmare. Just to see what the boy could have done to it, he followed the subject up, and it transpired that Candise had flavored the custard with Worcestershire sauce instead of vanilla. They were of the same color, and the simple child of the kraal could go no further in his philosophy. Poor Candise was quite crestfallen.

"The prices of ordinary necessities were frightful," went on the speaker. "We had to pay from \$1.25 to \$1.75 a dozen for eggs. I kept a hundred hens myself, which helped to solve that problem, and many others did the same. More than half the eggs in the country are brought from the Madeira Islands. The boats used to come from there just laden with them. Milk is always sold by the bottle. One never speaks in that country of buying a quart of milk. It is always, 'Go get a bottle of milk,' and it is usually delivered in an old claret bottle. It cost from 18 to 25 cents a quart, and it wasn't very good when you got it.

"Most of our butter came from Holland, in tins, and cost 50 cents for a pound tin. In Johannesburg no one ever thought of drinking any but bottled water. We bought soda water, a hundred bottles at a time. But up at the mine we did drink a little natural water after it had been boiled, filtered and cooled.

### Baked Beans a Delicacy.

"The mine was the only large one in the Barberton district. The three hundred white men employed in it, as superintendents and skilled workmen generally, made with their families quite a little village. Of course, we had stores there, but we got our supplies generally from Barberton, the supply point of the district, or from Johannesburg or Delagoa Bay. There was an 'American Delicacy' store at Johannesburg which was the delight of all the American housewives in the region. You could get canned corn and tomatoes there—things which they never use in Europe; and Boston brown bread in tins, and mince meat, and baked pork and beans, and all sorts of American crackers and pickles and preserves. They don't sound much like delicacies, do they? But when you are in a country where such things are unknown a taste of Boston baked beans is like a sight of the Star Spangled Banner. Nine-tenths of the mines in South Africa had American managers and they naturally brought a great many of their skilled subordinates from America. There was a very large American colony in Johannesburg.

"The Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world in some respects. They are always scrubbing themselves

in hot water and anointing themselves with oil afterward, but the habit does not extend to their clothes. They will take an elaborate bath and then put on old clothes that never saw the washtub. I had all of the house boys dress in white duck, and then they had to keep their clothes clean. In the mines, the boys wear only the 'moochie,' which is about a yard and a half of blue cotton wound about their hips.

### Wife a Beast of Burden.

"We had two thousand boys at the mine. They are secured through a class of men called 'touts,' who are white men, who travel far into the interior, to the native villages or kraals. There they buy the services of the boys from the chiefs of the village. The Kaffirs are absolutely subject to their chief. He has the power of life and death over them. Not one dare to object when he was sent to the mine. If he ran away from the 'tout' he could not go back home, as the chief would punish him. But usually they wish to go to the mines, because they want to earn money to buy a wife. A man's importance in a South African kraal depends entirely upon the number of wives he possesses. The more he has the more labor he can command, and consequently the richer he is. A woman is the most valuable beast of burden the Kaffirs have, and a man's daughters are a source of wealth to him. They are paid for in cattle, and it is a poor girl that brings only five cows. They usually pay from ten to twenty head for a wife. I heard of one wife who cost a hundred head. The fatter a woman is the more beautiful and desirable she is considered, and this one weighed 300 pounds.

"It is for that reason that girls are well kept and well fed by the parents. And, alone out of all the women in the world, I think, the Kaffir woman desires her husband to buy just as many wives as he can, as each one increases his importance and reflects added luster upon her own social position. The wives till the meadow patches and take care of the cattle, while their lord and master does nothing but sit and smoke and brag all day. So, you see, there is good reason for the young men to go to the mines to get money to buy a wife, and for the older men to get money to buy more wives.

### A Wonderful Garden.

"We lived at the mine nine months in the year, when the country is delightful. During December, January and February the thermometer lingers blissfully around 110 and 120 in the shade, and everyone who can goes to England. The altitude gives a lovely climate, something like that of Colorado, although a vegetation of tropical luxuriance responds to irrigation.

"Our home was a typical one of the upper class, a great one-story bungalow, 75 feet long, built of brick, covered with the inevitable white corrugated iron, and with a veranda twenty feet deep. It was 700 feet above the entrance to the mine, and the hills all about were cut into great terraces, which were planted with magnificent tropical plants. I had 200 banana trees, besides oranges and lemons, guavas and pineapples, strawberries, peaches, all kinds of vegetables, and the most beautiful flowers. We even had tea plants in the garden. We raised the finest lemons I ever saw; all we could possibly use, and barrels and barrels for the hospital."

An idea of the enormous supply of native labor may be had from the fact that every foot of this great terraced garden was made of earth carried up the mountain on the backs of Kaffirs, and the irrigation, without which nothing could grow, was given by watering pots in the hands of Kaffir boys.

"It is a gorgeous fruit country," said Mr. Blow enthusiastically. "On White's farm, near Barberton, I saw one field of 18,000 pineapple plants, all in flower. It was like a beautiful ocean of bloom. And there was a proportionate number of bananas, oranges, lemons, mangoes and 'spoon-specks,' a fruit like our smooth yellow cantaloupe."

Mrs. Blow gave a luncheon in the mine which was probably unique in the history of social functions. It was in honor of President Steyn of the Orange Free State and his suite at the time he went up to sign the alliance with Kruger. It was given in a stope of the mine 1200 feet below the surface. The stope made a great hall, 240 feet high, 100 feet long and 75 feet wide, without a timber to break the sweep. A floor had been laid and a great table built in the center. This table, with all the elegant appointments of a fashionable luncheon, was decorated with the orange and green of the Free State, and nasturtiums for flowers. The centerpiece was a pyramid composed of ore specimens which were almost pure gold, interspersed with the feathery maidenhair fern, which grows wild in abundance. Stope and table were brilliantly lighted by electricity, in richly-colored bulbs, and the whole looked like a piece of stage setting. The roast chicken, baked ham, shrimp salad, stuffed tomatoes and various other dishes were cooked in Mrs. Blow's kitchen 1800 feet above and brought down in the mine cages. There were tea and coffee, but they were passed coldly by for the champagne. Each time a Kaffir boy filled one of the champagne glasses he dropped in it a tiny lump of gold; and the stout burghers of the Transvaal and the Free State were fond of champagne that day. There were a number of people at that luncheon who have since become known to the world: President Steyn and one of Kruger's sons, Gen. Cronje, Fraser, who delivered the keys to Roberts at the fall of Bloemfontein; Fisher, who has visited many countries since on the Boer Peace Commission; Mayer, the Boer general; Middleberg, the president of the Netherlands Railroad, the only one in the Transvaal, and others, since widely scattered or dead on the field of battle.

As Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage received \$3000 a year, but since his retirement, six offers of bank presidencies with salaries ranging up to \$100,000 a year, have been offered to him. Mr. Vanderlip, who was his first assistant, is already fixed in a highly- lucrative bank position. In view of the general talk in Washington about the increase of salaries, it would seem that the treasury might safely be left out of any of the plans. It is a sure ladder to affluence.—[Philadelphia Times.]

## LACE TRIUMPHANT.

### LACE OF ALL KINDS IS THE POPULAR FOR THE MODERN GOWN.

[Paris Correspondence London Leader.] is play at the Vaudeville Theater, Mile Marceau, one of the most beautiful women on the Parisian lace gown which was remarkable for mind for the intricacy of its confection. There are less than three different kinds of lace used in the dress material was Venetian point, which formed more than half of the skirt, and Chantilly point, and the incrustations on the bodice formed the entire yoke and more than half the bodice were of black Chantilly.

These three laces were most extraordinary woven, and it would require a minute impossible to describe exactly how they were applied one into the other. As far as one can see, the tablier and upper part of the skirt were thicker Venetian point, while the three flounces which reached nearly up to the waist were separated by flat bands of the same Venetian lace. The high yoke of Chantilly was outlined by a band of Venetian lace, which merged into broad rows in front of the corsage, while the wide sleeves rowed at the shoulder were formed by bands of point alternating with large motifs of the Chantilly. Round the waist was a sash formed of two ribbon velvet—one black and the other white—into long streamers down the train of the gown, knotted together at various intervals. In the corsage was a small chemise of lace.

At the Renaissance Theater the belle Mégard triumphs in two or three most singular. One is of accordion-pleated white lace, the other free from all adornment and the corsage has sole trimming an enormous cape collar of Venetian point lace falling into shawl-points in front, and revealing the pleated corsage in where the points fall aside. There is a high lace at the waist forming a sash, and the sleeves confine the full sleeves at the wrist are of the corsage. The effect is adorably simple and dainty.

At the Palais Royal there is no such gown as this succeeding gown seems to wish to outdo, ceding one. Mlle. Lavergne wears, perhaps, a complicated of all. It is formed of medium-nately-pleated mousseline de soie in a faint pattern alternating in a most intricate design with roses in yellowed Valenciennes connected by cords of narrow Valenciennes insertions; there are small knots of black velvet, ribbons on the waist and on the corsage.

## CURIOSITIES IN COSTUME.

### HOW BLACK CAME TO BE ADOPTED IN WEAR BY MEN.

[London Answer:] The evening coat of colors were brown green, or blue, according to the wearer. It was Bulwer Lytton's habit which changed all this, and condemned him to a uniform somber black for evening. In her letter to her son, the author makes Lady Pelham say, "Apropos of the complexion, I like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you best in black, which is a great compliment, and must be very distinguished in appearance." Immediately after the publication of the letter noticed that the wear of black dress clothes with a bound, and soon colors became quite able.

Black as worn by the clergy has a much more origin. When Martin Luther laid aside the clothes, which had up to that time been his Elector of Saxony sent him a piece of black which was at the time court fashion, and Luther made of it, according to the prevailing custom. His pupils followed his example, and hence became the distinguishing hue of clerical garb. Not, however, for many years afterward that a clergyman's coat became in any way different from the laity.

The blue smock of the butcher has often curiosity. The color was originally adopted by the Guild of Butchers in the Middle Ages at a time each trade had its distinguishing color. The other guilds dropped their colors, butchers because bloodstains are less noticeable upon than upon any other. At a very early period the universal wear of serving men. It was the cheapest of dyes. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem, "Marmion," talks of "an old, blue-smocked man."

It is more than six and a half centuries since the red hat was worn by a cardinal. At the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1245, Pope Innocent IV. granted a distinguished headgear to his cardinals, as all they ought to be ready to shed their blood for their church. They were also given permission to wear the same hat in their arms. The cause of the was the fear that the Emperor Frederick II., just been deposed, was expected to rise again, a bitter war necessary. At that time cardinals often led their retainers to battle in person.

At the coronation it will be noticed by all have the good fortune to see the ceremonial mitres of the archbishops differ from those of the popes. The former bear a coronet like that. This is an innovation of comparatively recent date and was first adopted by Gilbert Sheldon in the different mitres. It is probable that "Your Grace," which archbishops have dukes for a long time past, suggested the coronet.

Before the reign of Charles II. judges wore velvet cap, a three-cornered hat, or a skull cap, the periwig came over from France, and the effect which it gave to an otherwise com-

plete head.

was appreciated at once by judges and doctors, who immediately adopted it. The former have stuck to it ever since.

Barristers, seeing how good was the effect of a wig, attempted to copy their seniors' example. But the judges had no idea of their copyright being infringed, and made things so unpleasant for their imitators that it was nearly half a century later before wigs were universally adopted in law courts.

While speaking of law courts, there are some people who do not know why a judge about to sentence a prisoner to death puts on the black cap. This cap, which is simply a three-cornered piece of silk, is a sign of mourning, and is the most ancient survival of any garment worn today. The text from 2 Sam. xv. 30 is said to be its origin: "David wept, and had his head covered."

### PRECIOUS STONES OF MEXICO.

#### ABSTRACT FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE AMERICAN MINING ENGINEERS BY G. F. KUNZ.

[Modern Mexico:] Mexico has been famous for its silver mines ever since the Spanish conquest; but in respect to gems, although many varieties occur, yet only a few have been obtained in any important amount. Considering the extent of the country in Mexico and in the adjoining States of the Central American Republic, and the richness of the mineral wealth that must surely exist there, our present knowledge of the occurrence of precious stones is remarkably small. The great prevalence of igneous rocks would lead us to anticipate the future discovery of many localities of gems and ornamental stones, when fuller scientific exploration shall have taken place.

At the present time the only gem stone that is systematically mined in Mexico is opal, and the only important ornamental stone is tecali, the so-called Mexican opal. In addition to these may be mentioned the pink sapphire, or rosolite, found in one locality in the State of Hidalgo where it is worked to some extent, and the copper or Bohemian garnet, weathered out of igneous rocks and gathered by the Comanche Indians in Chihuahua, as those of New Mexico and Arizona are collected by the Navajos. Other garnet localities are known, but have not been developed. Topaz occurs at some points, and beautiful amethysts from Guanajuato are well known, but while making superb specimens for the mineral cabinet they rarely afford material for cutting. Great interest attaches to certain semi-precious stones that were used and highly valued in pre-Columbian times, but of which the localities have been lost or only recently rediscovered. Prominent among these is the precious and even sacred Chalchihuitl of the Aztecs, at one time supposed to be turquoise, but now more properly identified with jade. Another is a fine amethyst, different from that of Guanajuato, which was worked into ornaments by the ancient natives. A third stone, used to a great extent by the Aztecs, is obsidian, or volcanic glass. The wonderful clipping and lapidary skill shown in their work on this material in Mexico has never been equaled elsewhere. The principal locality where this obsidian was mined is known and has recently been described in detail, but there were doubtless other localities, as there are several varieties.

Of the rarer gems, diamond, ruby, sapphire and emeralds, few occurrences are reported, and none are being mined; reliable information about them is limited. San-Jago Ramírez, in a work on the minerals of Mexico, published in 1884-85, "Noticia Historia de la Minería de México," relates on the authority of another person, that in the Mexican war of independence, Gen. Vicenzo Guererro, while selecting a camping place for his men, in the State which now bears his name, but at a point not named, found some diamonds. Their mode of occurrence, however, as described, makes it almost certain that they were only brilliant crystals of quartz. They are described as having been found loose in the interior of large, hollow pebbles, and were, in other words, stones. Some of them are said to have been set in earings, and to have been pronounced octahedral diamonds. Others have been purchased by a lapidary at the camp. But the accounts are vague, though one specimen of carats is said to have been presented by Gen. Guererro to the museum of the Mexican College of Mines. No crystal could be found and identified there would be a better understanding of the facts.

They have never been definitely found, though it has been reported from Durango and at one or two other points. However, it is not at all certain that these stones were not pyrope garnets. A single rolled pebble of blue and white mottled corundum is the nearest touch to sapphire yet obtained. It was brought from San-Jago Geronimo, Oaxaca, by Dr. Knight Nefel of New York, and identified by the writer. It occurred among pieces of agate and chalcedony. Emerald, or perhaps a finely-colored beryl, is reported from three points on the hill of Cerro Gordo, in Guanajuato, and in the town of Hidalgo, near Tulancingo, at Tejupilco, and is found in mica schist; and a few small specimens of good, but imperfect, are in the Escuela Minera Nacional, and bear the label of a locality in the State of Guerrero.

### DUELLING ON THE CONTINENT.

#### ONE OF COMEDY THAN OF TRAGEDY IN PRESENT-DAY AFFAIRES D'HONNEUR.

[Paris:] Duelling still flourishes on the continent, although one occasionally hears of a fatal result. There is far more comedy than tragedy in the so-called *affaires d'honneur* of the present day. Nothing could have been more farcical than the Débâcle-Buffet affair, in which, it will be remembered, a party, while loudly proclaiming his intention to die to the death, took every possible care to avoid each other. The duel between Count Boni de Castellane and De Rozières, director of the *Figaro*, is another recent comedy. It is said that considerable astonishment was expressed when it was found that the journalist was wounded. Such an outcome of the fight was

unlooked for, and when it is considered that the bullets used by French combatants are generally faked, little surprise need be expressed at the farcical termination of so many duels.

French journalists are famous for their duelling propensities. Once every year the Paris newspapers publish a list of their correspondents and contributors, with their various accomplishments appended after their names. In these lists records of former duels stand out prominently among their achievements. In fact, it would seem from an examination of these lists that it is a sine qua non for the tenure of his position that every Paris newspaper man should fight at least one duel a year.

However, many of these duellists seem to enter upon their encounters in a very happy frame of mind. The eminent French critic, Sainte-Beuve, during an encounter with an offended author, lifted an umbrella to protect himself against a few raindrops. His second pointed out that this was offering a much better mark to his adversary. "I cannot help it," answered Sainte-Beuve, "I came to stand fire, not water."

A good story is told of a noted Russian swash-buckler who fought a duel with a Polish painter. The latter gentleman was the insulted party, and, on the advice of an ingenious friend, selected field cannon as his weapon; and the officer, finding that nobody would back him up in a refusal, had to acquiesce. Two field-pieces were procured, gunners employed to load them, and the combatants were instructed how to pull the firing string at a given signal. The Russian fought to have known that an upward inclination of the cannon, however slight, would cause the balls to go whizzing yards above the combatants' heads. But he was so unmoved by the novelty of his position that, when the two guns went off with an appalling noise, he gave a leap into the air and fell flat on his face. A second shot being proposed, he would have none of it, but apologized.

Not long ago a French critic was challenged to a duel by a comedian whom he had offended. The two combatants formed a striking contrast—the critic being extremely corpulent, while the actor was small and spare. But before they took positions the actor gravely approached his opponent, drew a line with a piece of chalk on the latter's waistcoat, and said: "Let us equalize the chances; any hit I make outside this line shan't count." Of course, the critic laughed, and in a moment both were good friends once more.

Unfortunately, present-day affairs do not always end so happily, even though started in jest. For instance, a cavalry officer at Cologne got into a dispute with a young professor. When the epithet "Schafskopf" (sheep's head) was uttered it became evident that an encounter was inevitable. But the officer was a good fellow, and decided with his comrades that there should only be a pretense at a duel, as the cause of the quarrel was so absurd.

It was decided that the two duellists should be placed thirty paces apart and the charge not be rammed (a loose charge makes the bullet deviate,) but the officer was to fall and pretend to be dead, and after the professor had been well frightened there was to be a reconciliation and a breakfast.

The parties appeared on the ground, the seconds called "Time," the professor fired, and the officer fell to the ground as had been planned. The young professor was thrown into hysterics of remorse and terror. But when the onlookers were about to explain to him the joke they found to their horror that the officer was really dead. The professor's bullet had severed the carotid artery.

### STARS THAT WIND THE CLOCK.

#### HOW THE TENTH OF A SECOND A WEEK WORKS ASTRONOMERS.

[Answers:] You cannot draw a chalk mark across the sky. But an astronomer can obtain just the same result as this would give by stringing a spider's web across the object glass of a telescope, and then pointing the instrument up to the center of the heavens. In this way it is quite easy to notice when any particular star passes across the zenith—the part of the sky which is directly overhead.

Besides all those hundreds of people who enjoy astronomy as a scientific amusement, and make the watching of stars their hobby, there are in the world a dozen or so of men whose duty it is to watch certain stars, and note the exact second at which they cross the zenith. Upon these few human beings, and the instruments which they control, depends the correctness of the world's clocks.

Most people imagine that the only reliable time-guide is the sun. They would be ready to vouch for the correctness of a clock set each day to twelve o'clock when the shadow on a sundial pointed to noon. A clock set thus would nearly always be incorrect. By sun-time the clock would be fast in November, while in February it would be slow.

The world's only reliable time-guides are the stars. Not all of them, but certain chosen stars, in number about six hundred. Long observation has taught astronomers the precise second at which these stars cross the top line of the sky. These stars never vary so much as the hundredth part of a second, and by their aid it is possible to ensure the correctness of the great central clocks in Greenwich, Paris, Washington, which give the time to all the other millions of the world's timepieces.

The care with which the central clocks are set is amazing. The average man is quite satisfied with his watch if it gains or loses no more than half a minute a week. The astronomical clock tender would be frantic if his timepiece dropped even a tenth of a second in a similar period.

The telescope used for getting star time is not a big one, generally only five or six feet in length. It is not movable from side to side like an ordinary telescope,

but fixed, so that it always points directly to the meridian. Across its object glass are fixed equi-distant eleven fine wires or cobwebs.

When one of the time stars is nearly due to cross the meridian, the observer sits down at the eye piece of the telescope, holding in his hand a telegraphic key, attached to a chronograph. Presently a dot of light comes flitting across the field of vision. As it crosses each wire the man gives the key a little squeeze, which the pen of the chronograph records with absolute accuracy.

So, afterward, there are eleven different records of time, by means of which it can be discovered whether the great clock has varied the tiniest fraction of a second from correct star time. This test is made every night in most observatories, though the clocks are such perfect machines that only unusual alterations in temperature disturb them.

There is one other matter to be taken into consideration in this time taking from the stars. No two persons see a thing with equal quickness. It takes quite an appreciable fraction of a second for the eye to telegraph what it has seen to the brain, and the brain to send the message on to the hand. This personal error or delay has to be discovered in the case of each individual observer before his observations can be absolutely relied on.

England's standard time comes from Greenwich, and the telescope through which the time stars are observed points exactly to longitude 0 deg. Longitude 0 deg. is, in fact, the spider's web drawn across the center of one of this telescope's lenses. At two minutes before ten each morning a bell rings, and the government telegraph lines are left free all over the country, so that the great Observatory clock may give all England the exact time.

The master clock in the Naval Observatory at Washington has a far greater task than has the Greenwich time-keeper. As it ticks the stroke of twelve, time-balls fall 3000 miles away to the west in San Francisco, and 1500 miles to the south in Havana, as well as in some hundreds of cities all over America.

#### AN INTRICATE NUMBER.

"Number, please!" The dulcet tones of the invincible "hello" girl trilled the query into the waiting ear of the wad at the other end of the circuit.

"Give me two pairs of aces," came the answer.

"Do you think you're playing draw poker?" interrogated the girl at "Central."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I'm calling a telephone number. Kindly let me have four ones."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the operator. "Can't you make your call clearer?"

"I'm doing the best I know how. Can you connect me with one, one, one, one?"

"Guess you've got the wrong number; try again."

"No, I haven't; it's in the book. Maybe you specify it as eleven, eleven."

"Say, do you think this is a policy shop? What number are you calling?"

"I'm trying to tell you. See if you can give me one hundred, eleven, one."

"No, you mean one, one, double one. Why didn't say so? I'll connect you."

"Don't bother. I just wanted to discover how you called for that strange collection of figures. Good-by." —[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

#### SPEED OF THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Some years ago Griffit made some observations (recorded in the Field, February 19, 1887,) in a closed gallery on the speed attained by "blue rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were all considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is a rather fast-flying bird, yet the average speed is not very great. Thus the average made in eighteen matches (the Field, January 22, 1887,) was only 36 English miles an hour, although in two of these trials a speed of about 55 miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is apparently about 35 miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short-distance flights at the rate of from 45 to 52 miles an hour. The longest recorded flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Fla., to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1183 miles, made in 15½ days, or only about 76 miles a day.—[Popular Science Monthly.]



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## TOYS NO OTHER CHILD HAS.

## A LITTLE PHILADELPHIA GIRL'S MARVELOUS PLAYTHINGS, WHICH HER FATHER MADE.

[Philadelphia Inquirer:] Little Miss Edna Higginbottom is the proud possessor of the finest and most novel collection of mechanical toys in existence. It can be safely asserted that no similar set of playthings is to be found in the whole broad United States, not even the children of indulgent millionaire parents being able to boast such ingenious and attractive toys.

Edna lives near Frankfort, this city, and her father, who made everyone of the toys himself, is an expert machinist and all-around mechanic, employed on special work in one of the large uptown machine shops.

This marvelous collection of mechanical toys consists of a Ferris wheel, a carrousel, a toboggan slide, a set of swings, a scenic elevator and a loop-the-loop, all of which are exact copies of the real things themselves, and, like their originals, are run by real machinery.

In the parlor of the Higginbottom home these wonderful toys occupy a large platform, laid out to represent a recreation park. There are shaded gravel paths, dotted with benches, beautiful green lawns and elaborate flower beds, and scattered over the grounds are to be found various places of amusement just the same as would be seen at a real park.

A gas engine, also built by Mr. Higginbottom, and installed in the cellar, operates the entire mechanism by a series of clever devices. When once started the two elevators in the scenic tower go up and down alternately, carrying doll passengers, and the carrousel starts to whirl to the accompaniment of a small music box working automatically underneath, and which furnishes the strains usually supplied by the lusty carrousel organ. The only portions of the entire work not made by Mr. Higginbottom were the animals for the carrousel and the silk covering for its top. The latter was delicately fashioned by his wife out of the richest materials, and the animals, accurately mated in pairs, were carefully selected from all the toy stores in the city.

With the starting of the machinery the Ferris wheel also begins to revolve, and the cars of the loop-the-loop drop from the incline and pass around the thrilling curve in a thoroughly realistic manner that must certainly create terror in the hearts of the doll passengers.

The whole charm of this unique collection of toys lies in the fact that they are all perfect working models of the originals, reproduced in miniature with faithful and painstaking accuracy.

Mr. Higginbottom, as has just been stated, is a skilled mechanic, and in his cellar, operated by the three-horse power gas engine constructed, is a complete machine shop, including a lathe, band saw, drills and many other appliances. Here, in the evenings, he has worked for over six years on the now complete model outfit. So thorough is he in his work that not one single piece of the mechanism has been purchased, every small bolt, cog and screw being his own handiwork.

The Ferris wheel is made entirely of brass, with the exception of a steel axle, which rotates in oiled bearings like the gigantic original. Its cars, constructed of elaborate scroll saw work, swing gracefully from their supports as the wheel turns around.

Every year an addition is made to the display by some new feature, while one of the older toys is abandoned. This year Mr. Higginbottom constructed the loop-the-loop, which takes the place of the toboggan slide as the new feature. The loop-the-loop is the most fascinating of all the models. He saw the original at Atlantic City once, and from an examination lasting ten or fifteen minutes was able to return and reproduce it in exact miniature. The construction of loop-the-loop presented several difficult problems, one of which was to regulate the slant of the incline to just that nice point where the car would pass through the loop and still retain the momentum necessary to carry it around to the starting point. So complete in every way is the model that the cars, filled with tiny dolls, rise one at a time and descend through the loop, and the second car does not start on its journey until the first is well out of the way. The noise made by the cars while passing through the loop resembles the whirr of the original to such a degree that you might shut your eyes, and imagine you heard the real loop-the-loop from a distance.

Everything about the miniature scenic park is reproduced with such faithful accuracy as to excite both wonder and admiration. When Mr. Higginbottom started six years ago to build the mechanical toys he did so with the intention of making them durable. Each year he has made them a part of his daughter's Christmas display, adding every season a fresh toy to keep up the novelty of the thing. Crowds of neighbors and the neighbors' children blocked the street in front of the Higginbottom house on Christmas night, and every day sees a dozen or more visitors, some from the immediate vicinity and others from many squares distant, applying for admission to see the marvelous mechanical toys in operation.

When in motion the toys present an animated and interesting spectacle, the ingenuity displayed in the construction of the whole affair being such as to almost convince the spectator that he is viewing the real thing from some distant elevation.

## THE TITLE OF NICHOLAS II.

Although the majority of newspapers, when speaking of Nicholas II., call him the "Tsar," many of our confreres designate him yet under the name of "Czar." Of these two names, which is the correct one? "Tsar," undoubtedly; there can be no mistake about it. The national title of the Russian sovereigns is not, as it has been said by some etymologist, more ingenious than educated, the corruption of the word Caesar, like the German Kaiser, for instance. The cause of this error is that at the beginning of the eighteenth century we only knew the Russians through the Poles, with whom we had international intercourse long before we got acquainted with the Muscovites. The word "czar" is the Polish form of the word "tsar," with a slight difference of pronunciation which distinguishes the words derived from the Slavonic language. We know that all the Rus-

sians, like all the Slavs, belong to the Greek Church, use the Cyrillic alphabet containing thirty-eight signs, still employed in the sacred language, but reduced to thirty-one in the common language. The Catholic Slavs, like the Poles, having kept the Latin alphabet of twenty-four signs, were compelled to resort to combinations of double letters to take the place of the "sibilant" consonants which are found in the Cyrillic alphabet. The "cz" forms one of these combinations; hence the Polish orthography which was adopted at first by some illustrious writers like Voltaire and Saint-Simon. The same rule applies to the derivatives of the word tsar; tsarine, tsarevna, tsarevitch, which some authors persist in writing czarine, czarevna, czarewitch. These words are even spelled cesarine, cesarevna and cesarevitch, as a tribute to their imaginary origin. But the word "tsar" has no Latin etymology; it is not the translation of the word "caesar." The proof of it is that Peter the Great added the title imperator to his title of tsar during the first years of his reign. Concerning the true etymology of "tsar" we may be obliged to look for it in the Persian "sar," which means king, and is an old Chaldean word. —[Paris L'Evenement.]

## THE BOY AND THE BEAR CUB.

There is a sort of indescribable fascination in the thought of having a real wild animal as a pet. A dog is well enough in his way, and so is a cat, or a pony, or a squirrel; but where is the boy that would not thrill clear down to his boots with the idea of having a pet bear, or a pet catamount? Well, such things have been, but it never turned out one-half so nice as it seemed at first.

Thereby hangs a little tale. A certain ardent sportsman, a friend of the writer's, went to the Adirondacks last summer on a hunting excursion. While there he and his party killed and old she bear and captured her cub, a little roly-poly of a beast, about the size of a very young Newfoundland puppy. Now this sportsman had a boy at home, about 4 years old, whom he had promised that he would "bring him something" when he returned from his trip. So he concluded that this cub was just the thing. It was so young, and so very little, that he thought there would not be the slightest trouble in taming and training it.

Of course the boy was delighted with his pet, just as he would have been with a puppy, for he was too young to know or think anything about the "wild animal" part of it. It seems that the father came in for that sentiment and took a real pride in the fact that his boy had a sure enough live bear for a pet.

Everything went along very nicely for a while. The boy and the cub had a mighty good time of it, romping in the yard. In fact, the cub acted pretty much as a puppy would have done under the circumstances. But as the months passed the cub grew very fast and it was not long until it was as big as two or three puppies, and it got to be pretty rough, too; not maliciously so, but in play, for it could not be expected to know just how far it might go in its romp with a boy.

One day when the boy and the bear were having an unusually good time on the lawn and there was nobody in particular about, the family were alarmed by a series of shrill screams from the boy, and it was noticed, even in the excitement of the moment, that the screams were growing fainter and fainter.

It seems that the "hired man" was the first to reach the scene, and he was just in time to rescue the boy from being hugged to death! Perhaps the bear did not know exactly what he was doing; he might even have thought that he was giving his little playmate a particularly strong evidence of his affection; but if nobody had heard the boy's screams there would certainly have been a funeral at that house, and the little fellow's epitaph might have been: "Died of too much Pet Bear."

## DEMAND FOR BICYCLES.

"The impression prevails that the bicycle fad has run its course and that wheeling is on the wane," said a Nassau-street dealer, "but, on the contrary, the use of bicycles is steadily increasing, as is shown by our trade and by the inquiries we are receiving as to our 1902 wheels. Probably it is true that there is not so much heard about bicycling, but that is because the novelty has worn off and the men who use the machines for sport or in going to and from their work do not talk as much about it. The fact is that the demand for wheels comes now from a different class than formerly. The bicycle is now more of an everyday vehicle, and probably less of a mere pleasure machine. The reductions in prices and the increased durability of the machines have made them useful to people of moderate means in going to and from their work, and the steady increase in this use of the wheel more than makes up for the losses to the trade due to pleasure seekers giving up bicycling for golf and automobiling." —[New York Times.]

## ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILES.

The shortcomings of the automobile storage battery have been too well debated to need recounting, the principal charges against it being its uncertain mileage due to deterioration and its high maintenance cost. It has commonly been assumed that the only weak point of the electric vehicle of whatever kind was in the battery and that the electrical and mechanical efficiency left little room for improvement. How far from the truth this latter statement is, only those know who are intimately connected in a technical way with the electric vehicle business. When vehicles of the same weight and speed vary so widely in electrical and mechanical efficiency that one will require 50 to 75 per cent. more energy than another, something is wrong. And yet this, we are informed by engineers who are in a position to make accurate observation, is a common occurrence.

A battery manufacturer with a reputation for batteries of great mileage capacity per pound smiled knowingly the other day when the subject was broached, and remarked that batteries got both the blame and the credit for many things the battery maker has nothing to do with; that automobile builders would do well to look into the efficiencies of motors and running gears, as

well as search for better batteries. One battery maker, who might easily make capital out of ignorance on the part of builders and users as to some of the new age tests, the statement is significant.

This gentleman, however, took the broad that the more that is known about motor gear efficiencies, the better it will be for maker in the end, even if he does have a credit for large mileage on one charge of maker. Hence we understand that he is also with a campaign of education and practical on efficiencies. It is, of course, true that will give the highest possible efficiency of electric vehicles as they commercially turned out there is little doubt these remarks we have dealt with the but obviously the availability of the Edison year would in itself, while helping the not cure any of the drawbacks due to the of motors and gears. —[Electrical World and



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Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Painful

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the curse for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a "sober," "uptight," social drinker or drunkard. Impaired appetite for alcoholic liquors after using Remedy. Indorsed by members of W.C.T.U.

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## THE SHOP ON WHEELS.

From London Answers.

early 3 o'clock in the morning, and Josiah began to despair of doing any more trade things to be so quiet," he muttered, in disgust. "It's more like a country church-town." He had a pleasant habit of talking to himself, the result of so often having no one with him. "I don't think I'll take the old shop home," he said with a threatening look at his giant coffee urn. "I'll go home, and break you up for old iron!" he continued, turning to the teapot for symmetry's sake. "What's the good of talking about the state of a coffee stall at the corner of Sloane street for more than ninepence in two hours? I shall do that's what I shall do."

one of the advantages of Mr. Pim's business that came not to him he could take his wares, and in them. "I said confidentially to the sugar basin, "I'll give you twopence to us!"

Once even Mr. Pim's sagacity was at fault. The young men who was leading the way called out: "A coffee stall! Who wants coffee?" A lady in the party at once said: "I would like to have some coffee at a street stall we stop?"

young man, who was evidently a humorist, that they might as well die there as anywhere, party pulled up, much to Mr. Pim's astonishment demanded coffee, hot.

He was not at all flustered at this inrush of patronage. Indeed, he often boasted that at his hotel—as he sometimes used to call his home—had served all classes of society, from noble

and dodgers.

the party with hot coffee of the most striking quality in his power, talking all the time, as was his custom, to the various

world, and no mistake!" he said in whisper to his most intimate friend, the

"I suppose you see some funny sides of me?" he asked, turning to Mr. Pim.

the hotel proprietor, in the same slow, voice. "I get all sorts and conditions I've had lords and loafers, prime ministers, rogues and vagabonds, wise men and—especially at the noisy young gentleman

"How do we come under?" asked a young pair of beautiful gray-blue eyes to Mr.

who had been reading human nature in the night for nearly half a century, eyes to her for a moment, and, after a young fellow who stood by her side, said,

"My child, you come under no heading. You qualified yourself."

and again at the young fellow by her side, striking face, and said to the girl: "I accept," said the young man. "Why should I not? I have painted a good many pictures and got nothing for them. At any rate, I shall get coffee for this."

So the following night he brought his materials with him, and worked away for over an hour, with apparently a keen sense of enjoyment.

"How is it that you've come down in the world?"

"Is my opportunity really coming? I wonder if I shall make use of it?"

"What about me, old boy?" asked the young man. "Am I among the sheep or the goats?"

"At present you are among the goats," said the old coffee stall keeper grimly.

The young man was evidently half-offended, and said sharply:

"Oh, I think it's time we got on, Miss Trent?"

With a nod from the girl, and a somewhat gruff "Good-night!" from the young man, they went away, leaving Mr. Pim to his own caustic, shrewd thoughts.

"That's the way of the world," he muttered to his friend the coffee urn. "A crowd goes by, and, out of the whole crowd, there's one man, and perhaps one woman, who is worth noting."

He proceeded to pack up his utensils, chattering to his silent companions all the time.

"Yes; we shall see him again," he said. "Up the tree or in the gutter. Who knows? She doesn't know; and yet it is she who will write his fate. And perhaps she doesn't even know that his fate is in her hands. That's the pity of it—she may not even know that the fate of a man is in her hands!"

A couple of years rolled by, and still Mr. Pim wheeled his temperance hotel night by night to the corner of Sloane street.

He was still making caustic observations on the ways of the world at large, and holding confidential chats with his coffee urn.

But his coffee urn was not his only companion, for many improbable people have stopped at his hotel, and learnt to appreciate the queer old man's acuteness.

There was one man—a young man—who had taken to coming almost every night—or, rather, morning—to drink one of Mr. Pim's cups of coffee.

He was very pale and shabby-looking, and there was a pinched, sharp look about his face that told quick-eyed Mr. Pim clearly enough of the tale of semi-starvation that is being told.

Hardly anyone would recognize in him the well-dressed young swell who once stopped at the stall at 3 o'clock in the morning, with a young lady who had singularly beautiful gray-blue eyes.

But Mr. Pim had not forgotten the fact, though he had not once referred to it.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Pim, one night to his queer customer. "And how's the world been using you?"

"Oh, well enough!" said the young man quietly.

Mr. Pim looked at him keenly. People who are half-starved and wear shabby clothes don't often speak of the world as treating them "well enough."

"I paint pictures which the world won't buy," said the young man; "but I don't know whose fault that is."

"Can't you manage to paint pictures which the world will buy?" asked Mr. Pim.

The young man looked at him with a smile.

"Of course I could if I wanted to," he said.

"Only you don't choose to," remarked the old man.

"No; I don't choose to," said his customer.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. Pim, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm blest if I wasn't right when I said you were the one man in the crowd worth noting!"

"When did you say that?" asked the young man.

"A couple of years ago," said Mr. Pim, "when you stopped here one night with a party of toffs. You were differently dressed then, and you had a young lady with you."

The young man colored slightly, paid for his coffee, and went away hurriedly.

But one night when he was visiting the coffee stall he took out his notebook and made a sketch of Mr. Pim and his temperance hotel.

"Oh," said Mr. Pim, quizzically, when the sketch was finished, "so you're the young man who paints pictures that the world won't buy? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you care to scribble a copy of that on the front of my stall, for my customers to look at while they drink their coffee, you can come here for coffee every night free of charge."

The young man laughed.

"What's the good of a sketch of you?" he asked.

"That's my business," said Mr. Pim. "It's a business offer; you can take it or leave it, as you like."

"I accept," said the young man. "Why should I not? I have painted a good many pictures and got nothing for them. At any rate, I shall get coffee for this."

So the following night he brought his materials with him, and worked away for over an hour, with apparently a keen sense of enjoyment.

"How is it that you've come down in the world?"

asked Mr. Pim suddenly. "You used to look as smart as any of them."

"Because I'm what most people would call a fool," said the young man. "I can earn a good enough living, if I chose to do so, by sketching for the illustrated papers. But I've got a conceited notion in my head that I'm fit for something better. So I plow away at a class of work which the public won't buy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Pim quickly. "You won't mix chicory with your coffee."

Now, there is a certain celebrated artist in London who loves art for itself, and not merely for what it brings in. He is a queer, wandering, Bohemian character, who delights in roaming about the great old city at night, when, he thinks, he sees more of real human nature than in the day.

He was an occasional customer of Mr. Pim's—a fact which Mr. Pim no doubt had in his mind when he asked for a sketch to adorn his stall—and not long after it was finished it happened to catch his eye.

He looked at it carelessly. But it seemed to rivet his attention, and he put down his cup of coffee to look at it more closely, while Mr. Pim smoked his pipe in observant silence.

But the great man was not satisfied with merely looking at the sketch, for he took out a glass and examined every bit of it anxiously.

"Who painted that?" he asked at last.

"A young friend of mine," said Mr. Pim briefly.

"A young friend of yours?" echoed the artist incredulously. "What's his name?"

"I don't know his name," said Mr. Pim; "no more do you."

"I know the name of every painter in London."

"Yes; but you don't know the name of this one," insisted Mr. Pim. "He doesn't advertise in any paper, and he doesn't run about asking the successful for help."

"Tell me his name!" said the artist impatiently. "Tell me his name, I say! We haven't many artists in England; let me find this one quickly!"

That was how the tide turned.

In two or three mornings the great man had taught him more of painting than he had learnt in so many years. More than that, he introduced him to the public; so that his work got fair attention, and he no longer had to slip out at night to take his walk in order to hide his shabby clothes.

In some way the public heard of the strange manner in which he had been discovered; but there was a circumstance connected with his career which never became public—no, not even when his marriage with the beautiful Miss Trent was announced—and that was a pile of letters, carefully hidden away in his trunk, which had cheered him week by week, without once disappointing him, all through the long time of struggling—letters which had only one message: "I am waiting for you. Struggle on; fear nothing."

Not once had they met after that night when he first knew her; but Mr. Pim could have told how once or twice a young lady, carefully wrapped in a long cloak, had come to him late at night, merely to hear him talk of a customer who was very, very shabby, and very poor.

## FLOWERS OF SUNSHINE.

Let us strew the flowers of sunshine.

All along our brother's road;

They may keep his steps from error,

Or lift his heavy load.

Let us strew the flowers of sunshine.

Where the poor and unloved roam;

We may win them away from evil

To a pure and happy home.

Let us strew the flowers of sunshine.

Up and down the sin-worn earth;

Of flowers to cheer and brighten,

There is a cruel dearth.

AD H. GIBSON

## THE EVIL OF IGNORANCE.

We should not mourn over the fortified legions, or even over the garrisons retained on our soil. Our greatest cause for anxiety is our own ignorant populace. Most of our patriots groan over "outside woes," but they are off the track. Our chief woes are internal. The outside woes are the result of internal disorders. Internal disorders are fomented by the unemployed and ignorant. So we come back to the point we began with, viz., the importance of education and support of the people. Hence we welcome the establishment of industrial schools, agricultural and commercial schools in various places. This is attacking the evil in the right way; not by the executioner's ax, nor by weak and aimless pity, but by removing the root.—[Pekin Sin Wan Pao.]

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**Siphons**

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 They are clean and wholesome, and  
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 She found on the shelf  
 A surprise to herself  
 BISHOP's good SOUPS &  
 BAKED BEANS**



Bishop's Soups and Baked Beans are distinctively good. Don't judge them by the other kinds you've tried. Ask your grocer for Bishop's.

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## Women's Suits Couldn't Have More Charm Than These.

The news of our new arrivals in spring suits seems to have spread like wild fire. Many of the lovely costumes were scarcely unpacked when folks began to come and ask to see them. We have outdone our big success of last year. Women tell us that nowhere in the city are such fetching ideas, such winning designs, or such exclusive ideas. Even as low as \$8.75 we have a natty little tailored costume that is refined and becoming. We have suits up to \$50, made by the most skilled tailors in New York, and you would think they were worth \$75. A woman just can't help buying at Hale's, if she once sees what an entirely different and nicer assortment has been arranged for her than she will find elsewhere.

### New Jackets \$4.75.

You would hardly think that a swell little jacket would be possible at this price, but when you see these you will be surprised as well as delighted. They come in eton style, made of all-wool cover cloth in tan only. 6-shantoon style, with double breasted front, and silk lined.

### Children's Raglans \$3.00.

The little folks can be just as well dressed and just as stylish as anyone with these handsome little raglans selling at \$3.00. Made with bell shaped sleeves, half fitted back, and stitched seams.

### Shirt Waists \$1.00.

Made of madras with corded stripes in shades of blue and pink. They also come in plain shades. Have stock collars, full dip front.

### Dressy Skirt \$3.00.

Made all wool, fine cheviot skirt, made with colored sateen, lined with three rows of silk and satin. It is a very full skirt, and its effect is very fetching.

### Shirt Waists \$1.00.

Made of madras with corded stripes in shades of blue and pink. They also come in plain shades. Have stock collars, full dip front.

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COFFEE. Comes  
ages and no one  
it is roasted until  
yourself. Rich, are  
best coffee for every  
roasted, roasted and

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Los Angeles.

### Men's Hdks.

Very large size, plain, hemstitched hdks, 50c.

Plain hemstitched hdks, heavy thread, 50c.

Very pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, 50c.

Very colored bordered hdks, hemstitched, various patterns, 10 cents.

Very poor quality of Turkey red hdks, in various patterns, 5 cents.

### Ribbons.

The very kind wanted, the very kind you expect to get so cheaply, the very kind that most thank us for.

In all sizes, 1 inch wide, in shades of pink, blue, red and cream, 5c.

Very fine faced liberty satin, extra heavy and wide, 25c yard.

Very colored ribbon, 6 inches wide, for bows, red, white, old rose, lavender and cardinal, 25c per yard.

Very colored faced liberty satin ribbon, with fringe, in all the new changeable patterns, 10c per yard.

### Beautiful Taffeta 89c.

No reason why—it's just one of those breathless sales that keep everyone wondering what the Hale store will next. Full 27 inches wide and quality is more than superb. The luster, richness, purity and softness of silk luxuriant.

Will delight you who are fond of silk luxuriant.

comes in a deep, clear black—night black—soft as the wind; beautiful to touch and the sight.

last time the special lot was gone in a twinkling. We've several hundred yards for tomorrow. Regular \$1.25 tomorrow 89c.

### 1.25 Heavy Peau de Soie 98c.

Another bargain than black silk couldn't be made, because this is such a silk—L. D. Brown & Sons—make the offer still more fetching.

guaranteed, very durable, soft, pure, and every store we know of has.

### 98c Tomorrow While It Lasts.

### Magnificence in Wash Fabrics.

Such a display as Los Angeles never saw.

Every store in the City will tell you that it is headquarters, but if you will ask yourself or any other woman who is acquainted with the different firms she will tell you that Hale's is the headquarters of headquarters. You can't ask for anything in the way of wash goods we can't supply, effects are here that could be had elsewhere. More than this, Hale's prices are temptingly little.

Below are especially low prices made for tomorrow's business.

12c Dimity 8 1/2c.

This is an exquisite dotted swiss used extensively at this season. It comes in colored gauze, stripes, and dots.

### 35c Batiste 25c.

New spring mercerized batiste, 22 in. wide, stripes, and woven figures. A very decorative fabric for spring and summer gowns. The value is most extraordinary.

### 15c Chiffon 12 1/2c.

These are beautiful satin striped chiffon. "Nowhere in the city such a vast big assortment to choose from. Many of the patterns are exclusively to be had at Hale's.

### Jackinet Batiste 15c.

You may have this in either plain or striped effects, and it is very quality.

Handy need tell you that the price will make it go quickly.

12c Zephyr 30c.

It is a delicate sheer zephyr in the newest spring colored

### Sun Bonnets.

Picturesque new effects—Special low prices.

Newest styles in sun bonnets and yet prices that hardly do justice to the most old fashioned sort. Something so quaint and becoming about these, every woman, miss and child will want one.

Ladies' shaker sun bonnets, in red, garnet and blue, laundred ruffled with narrow lace.

25c

Children's pink and blue pique poke bonnets, edged with lawn ruffles.

25c

Children's checked gingham, plain calico and white lawn corded crowns, well made and good shape.

25c

Children's fine lawn sun bonnets, figured and plain, white lace edge.

50c

Children's colored lawn hats, corded brim, fancy straw crown, large lawn bow.

\$1.00

Children's cream and colored Mousseline Hats, corded brim and crown, with three rosettes of mousseline.

\$1.50

Children's pink colored lawn Hats, with lawn ruffles over brim, narrow satin ribbon ruffles, large bow in front.

\$2.25

### Embroideries. Laces, Too.

A handful of items taken from the largest lace stock in the city. Nothing you can ask for that Hale's isn't able to supply.

Fine nausse edges, 1/4 to 1/2 inches wide, 5c yard.

Machine torchon laces, 1 inch to 2 1/2 inches wide, 10c to 15c yard.

Machine torchon laces, 3 inches wide, choice patterns, 8 yards for 25c.

Beautiful line of fancy galloons and bands in Irish crochet and Valenciennes. Prices, 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, to 75c yard.

Black silk French lace, 8 in. wide, in point de esprit effects; regular 35c quality for 17c yd.

Black French silk waisted galloons, 1/4 to 1/2 inches wide, 10c, 12 1/2c and 15c.

Handsome Suit \$11.50.

This is one of those neat little costumes that are becoming to most every woman. It comes in a gray covert cloth, every thread wool. It has an elegant jacket with a belt of fine silk and silk lined. The skirt is trimmed to match the jacket in the newest eton style, and comes in one of the newest and most popular designs. If you have the least thought of buying a suit you should see these beautiful gowns.

### Elegant Suit \$25.00.

The little folks can be just as well dressed and just as stylish as anyone with these handsome little raglans selling at \$3.00. Made with bell shaped sleeves, half fitted back, and stitched seams.

### Shirt Waists \$0.50.

50c shirt waists aren't wonderful but these are. They are made of new, handsome percales in neat stripes in colored effects of pink, blue or tan. They have soft collars and cuffs, plain backs, full front, and come in all sizes.

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### Elegant Suit \$25.00.

The moment you see this skirt you will recognize how much clever skill has been expended on it. It comes in brown, gray, black or caster; jacket is in the new skinned eton style, but you may have them in the collarless eton. They are all handsomely trimmed and the jackets are silk lined; skirt is trimmed with folds of the same, and you can imagine what a charming effect they have.

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## THE RICH NORTHWEST.

## Coal and Iron.

The production of coal and iron measures the growth of modern civilization everywhere. It is easy to predict the future of a country rich in the two minerals which stand for energy and strength. The great Northwest has leaped into prominence as the home of the precious metals, so-called. The crowds have passed unnoticed the timbered areas, the vast coal measures and iron deposits of Washington and British Columbia for the glittering but elusive prizes locked in the ice and snow of far-away Nome and the Klondike.

## The Northwest—Its Growth and Needs.

Agriculture, trade and commerce have, however, followed the trail of the gold miners. The early history of California and Australia is repeated in the Northwest. Here cities and villages, the homes of a busy population, are springing up as if by magic. Not only have we here a great population of miners, but one whose necessities make the largest demands on the artisan and manufacturer.

The population of the State of Washington alone is 600,000. The increase since 1880 has been fully 50 per cent. Coincident with the growth of population is the expansion of commerce North, South, East and West. Alaska is already commercially under tribute to this favored region, and the Orient and the islands of the Pacific will surely be bound to it in the ties of great commerce.

Geography and the fiscal policy of the nation make this relation a certainty in the future.

## AIMS OF THE COMPANY.

The wants of this growing country are the opportunity of the Tacoma Company. Its plans look to nothing less than meeting the western demand for iron and steel.

## Our Opportunities.

The total consumption of iron on the Pacific Coast already amounts to over 1000 tons daily. Let us ask what the demand will be ten years hence, with the population more than doubled and the commerce of the Pacific sure. At the present time the freight charges on iron from the East, the source of all of our supplies, is \$13 per ton. This single item means a clear, additional gain of \$13 on every ton that the company will manufacture.

## Coal and Coke—Iron and Steel.

The work planned for the Tacoma Company may be stated in a line. It will bring together, at the point on Puget Sound already selected, the coal and iron found abundantly on the property. It will mine coal; but marketing coal is not the end of the company's business. Its abundant coal supplies will be turned into coke; but neither is the manufacture and sale of coke the end sought. The coke is one step, and only one, in the process of manufacturing finished iron products. On the one hand, we control a half-dozen great coal fields, carrying limitless quantities of the best coking-coal, and located within thirty-five miles of tide water.

## Cheap Transportation.

We are in close touch with the railroad companies, which insure the lowest transportation rates. Our mines are so fortunately situated that their products will be carried in chutes to the barges which convey it to the company's works. Railroads can never bleed us with excessive charges.

## Transportation Problem.

Our ores and the reduction works are both located on tide water, and we shall own the ships which convey the ore to the place of treatment. Our coal properties, again, are so near the company's works that short and inexpensive electric line will furnish our own transportation from mine to tide-water should the necessity for it arise.

## Finished Products The Aim.

We have, already, ore in practically limitless quantities. The ore, besides being of the highest grade, is self-contained, as far as the operations of the furnaces are concerned. It contains only traces of sulphur and is free from titanium. By the addition of a small quantity of hematite, found abundantly upon the holdings of the company, this ore is self-fluxing, and the quality of the iron thus produced is pronounced by expert authorities equal to the best Swedish. We shall doubtless sell pig iron, but this is no more than the sale of coal and coke, the goal of the great enterprise we are inaugurating. The pig iron will go to the markets of the world in the shape of rails and bars and trusses, and all the multifarious forms in which iron is demanded in modern life.

## Business Realities.

This is no dream of ours. The idea is planted in business realities. More than ten years ago the far-sighted men now at the head of the Tacoma Company began putting together the great coal and iron areas which are now the property of the company. It already has secured coal and iron sufficient for its needs for years to come. It has at its command great capital, and its constant aim is to increase it. Its present representation is the highest possible and private wealth known, that the company is something more than a company. It is, in fact, a movement analogous to the great United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company.

## Community Development.

The development of this great enterprise means the building up of a great industrial community. The company realizes all this, and its far-reaching plans extend to matters incidental to the general scheme outlined above. The growth of this community means greatly-enhanced land values at the seat of the company's operations and corresponding profit. We are not prepared now to go at length into this branch of our subject. It is sufficient to say that the company will be the nucleus of the site of this community of its own creation. The inevitable rise in values, the unearned increment, will inure to the stockholders of the company. The profits of the factories, stores, shops and bank so necessary to community life will all go to swell the dividends of the parent company.

## MANAGEMENT.

## Firm Basis.

Elsewhere will be found condensed sketches of the lives and business relations of the officers of the Tacoma Company. In an especial degree the success of a mining enterprise depends on the character, integrity and business ability of the men in charge. Our space and inclination alike forbid that we attempt more than to briefly outline the careers of the men who guide the fortunes of the Tacoma Company. "Good wine needs no bush." The position and standing of these gentlemen in business life are a sufficient guarantee of honest and efficient administration. Eight great dividend-paying enterprises, including mines, banks, collieries and lumber companies, stand to their credit. The Tacoma Company will be their ninth.

## Successful Men.

These men have all been successful. They have the fullest knowledge and experience of mining and the broader relations of business life. Their reliability has been attested in a thousand ways. Their talents and wealth have been tested unceasingly at the disposal of the company.

Take the advice of one whose great fortune came to him largely through investments: "Never invest except with successful men. Show me an investment in which successful men are interested and pushing and I go blind."

## SOURCES OF PROFIT.

This company had at its very inception and before a single share of stock had been placed on the market, a large aggregation of very valuable properties. These in many cases are now productive. Properties like the Marble Bay holdings insure dividends at once. This mine is a division property now and has been since it was first opened. Our great coal and iron interests also only await the installation of machinery, as fully planned, to make large profits and corresponding dividends certain. These dividend makers may be concisely pointed out as follows:

## Dividend Makers.

- The immense deposit of high-grade iron at Redonda and Texada mines.
- Coal and coke from the Snell mines.
- Coal and coke from the various Hayward properties.
- The lumber obtained from some 7600 acres of fir, spruce and cedar.
- Lots at the townsite—some 1200 acres fully controlled by the company.
- The company's stores and bank.
- A smelter to be located at Marble Bay or the townsite.
- The great gold-copper property, now yielding \$8000 per month.
- The inexhaustible lime and marble deposits at Marble Bay. Wharves, townsite and hotel at Marble Bay.
- The great gold-copper and iron deposits on section 16, Texada Island.
- Profit from the company's steamers and barges operating in Puget Sound.
- Rolling mills, etc., to be located in Puget Sound.

A glance at these items, covering business already mostly in hand, shows the enormous values back of Tacoma shares.

## A Conservative Company

STEEL RAILS  
STRUCTURAL  
STEEL  
AND IRON

## OFFICERS:

THE TACOMA COMPANY  
STEEL CORPORATION  
ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF WASHINGTON

## CAPITAL

Set aside for Treasury Stock

Shares







## Mail Orders Carefully Filled.

Shopping by mail is safe and economical. We have a corps of expert people in our Mail Order Department to do your shopping for you, and all orders are filled same day as received. People living at a distance can seldom secure all such goods as they may want at their local stores—and most often there are but few goods of any one line from which to make a selection. Send us your orders. If you don't see what you want advertised, write us about it. We either have it or can get it for you. We do a cash business; no discounts to any one. What others advertise we sell for less.

The Methods of Lady Baden-Burnett, Sto  
HERE are so  
into one's heart  
without her  
there comes  
of friendliness and  
sense of well-being, a  
truth and goodness,  
no goodness, true  
and tenderness, drawn  
therefore a part of our inner  
nature, always open  
now never recognized.

These books are  
ways simple and clear  
springs of existence,  
with an art which is  
those only who are in  
books which we can  
of others, except in  
brief comm  
cause we feel ourselves  
the just and deep  
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man or vulgar reason  
a friend, tenderly ch  
are anxious to guard  
preach. We admit the  
book, in our talk with  
to descend upon  
the opinions of these few—spirit  
the book itself.

Youth and H

It might be questionable  
books have any real value.  
It may be argued that  
the world is complicated  
and often ideal.  
Doubtless in the case of youth,  
idealism is a source of  
clouds of glory.  
God, who is our best  
spiritual teacher, is  
an ideal, and beyond  
idealism beyond con-

As we grow older,  
sense of divinity are  
by the contact of the  
world, and the instinct  
of youth when they  
till their hot hearts  
when they are summoned  
to reason, sure that  
what they have  
that each one will  
know from within,  
in the interval; now, while it costs us  
now, while we behold  
the precious faculty of  
maturity, we do  
what we can with the  
time, doing the  
best we can believe that  
is needed. There are  
books among them,  
and apart from them.

CLIMATE.  
EFF

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and IV. Climatology and

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Water and Climate.

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hardly be remarked  
mainly the only ones  
have enough, indee  
time to time, call  
the most important  
the first two volumes.

We have now started a sale of thousands  
of pairs of men's and women's Oxfords—all  
new spring shapes and have priced them at  
least one-third less than Jacoby Bros. marked  
them.

The great sale of the \$125,000 stock of foot  
wear which we bought of Jacoby Bros.,  
and which is on sale only at the "Hamburger  
Store"—has become known throughout South  
ern California. Such values were never before  
heard of—as good bargains were never given.

We have now started a sale of thousands  
of pairs of men's and women's Oxfords—all  
new spring shapes and have priced them at  
least one-third less than Jacoby Bros. marked  
them.

Women's \$4.00 Finest Vici Kid Oxf  
ords—Made with Louis XIV leather; fash  
ion's ideal for spring; turned soles; white  
leather; all sizes; \$2.95.

Women's \$2.00 Paris Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.45.

Women's \$1.50 Dongola Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Women's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes, Dongola kid, and Vici kid and box calf:  
\$1.65

Men's \$5.00 Oxfords—Either patent  
kid, vici kid or patent leather; all made  
in this season's styles; the product of  
the best leather houses; \$2.95.

Men's \$2.00 Kid Oxfords  
with full extension edges; turn about  
size of a half-dollar; low, common sense  
leather; all sizes; \$1.45.

Men's \$1.50 Dongola Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Men's \$2.50 Oxfords—Stylish  
foot-form; low, turn about sole; new  
improved military heel; awl  
stitch; full leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Men's \$3.00 Oxfords—Stylish  
foot-form; low, turn about sole; new  
improved military heel; awl  
stitch; full leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes, Dongola kid, and Vici kid and box calf:  
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Men's \$1.50 Dongola Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes, Dongola kid, and Vici kid and box calf:  
\$1.65

Men's \$5.00 Finest Vici Kid Oxf  
ords—Made with Louis XIV leather; fash  
ion's ideal for spring; turned soles; white  
leather; all sizes; \$2.95.

Men's \$2.00 Paris Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.45.

Men's \$1.50 Dongola Kid Oxf  
ords—Finest leather tips, flexible sole;  
white leather; all sizes; \$1.65.

Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes, Dongola kid, and Vici kid and box calf:  
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